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DITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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THE RELIGION OF MARK RUTHERFORD

By John Middleton Murry

I HAVE been reading the newly published volumes of Mark Rutherford's letters*, and I have been struck once more (for it is now a dozen years since "Pages from a Journal" first wove their quiet spell about me) by the extraordinary "quality" of the man—of the man rather than the mind or the work; for the first element to be insisted on, were one to attempt the almost impossible task of defining this "quality," would be the manifest oneness of Mark Rutherford. His letters, his novels, his journals, are radiations from a single living centre, functions—to use a mathematical term—of one unchanging soul. Unchanging, do I say? Unchanging, in the sense that all true organic growth is essentially contained in the seed from which it springs, or as the compass-needle through shocks and storms quivers always towards the pole. Unchanging, yet ever flexible, as must be the soul of a man who is wholly turned towards the discovery and the service of a living truth, and is sufficiently attuned to it to know that it will not be found in definitions, but rather in the note of a

* *Letters to Three Friends*. By William Hale White. *The Groombridge Diary*. By Dorothy V. White. (Milford.) Two vols. 21s. net.

strange, still voice, which needs to be listened for, in men and works and the world.

Mark Rutherford, who could listen for the voice, could also use it. By the patience of his quest for truth, he became true. And we, in reading him, are made continually aware of this beautiful veracity : with what is true in ourselves we respond to it, and if that is our business, we try (as I am trying now) to communicate some sense of it to others. It is not easy : I grope for a wo d, and as sometimes happens, one recurs again and again to my mind. Mark Rutherford's writing is *suffused* with the beauty of truth. There is in him no brilliant, blinding flame ; no flash of lighting ; but a gentle and steady glow. And again this suffused light of his is somehow cool : though he struggled with questions which have fevered men, no trace of feverishness remains. Assuredly he had felt the fevers—for they are impossible to escape—but he waited for utterance till they were past. It was necessary to him that what he said should have the endorsement of his whole being, the imprimatur of his enduring self. Until that was given, his lips were locked.

To-day we begin to feel what is the reward of his impassioned integrity. (Impassioned may appear to some eyes a strange epithet for Mark Rutherford : but that will be because they do not see below the surface. Reticence like his is bought at a price : it is not, it is utterly different from, the conventional device of understatement, with which amusing tricks can be played, but nothing more : this reticence is achieved only by a passion for true statement, by an unflinching suppression of the momentary ego in favour of the enduring self.) As he was single, his work also is single ; the various parts cohere into one whole : and now that the turbid tides of popular applause and popular reaction which surged about the great figures of the nineteenth century have begun to ebb, Mark

Rutherford's work remains, not gigantic, perhaps not even great, but secure against decay, because it was moulded by a true man after his own image. In his work, Mark Rutherford was himself, the more surely because he knew how hard a thing that is to be. He digged down to the bedrock in his soul, and his works rest unshakable upon that firm foundation.

He had many questions and no answers. Or rather he had one single and all-comprehending answer for which he could find no words; it lay so deep within him that he could not bring it to the surface, and because he knew how deep it lay he turned aside from the more facile surface-statements of conventional religion. " Do I believe in God? " he said one day. " There is nothing else in which I *do* believe." And precisely because this belief of his was so profound and comprehensive, his God was truly ineffable; not to be uttered or defined, but to be felt and worshipped both in the world without and the world within. Such a God is not an answer to problems: were he to be an answer to them, he would become other than he is, for problems are the formulation by the partial human mind of the mysterious and simple reality of life with which the whole being alone can make contact. Mark Rutherford's belief in God did not help him to any philosophic reconciliation.

> " There is so much unaccountable, undeserved misery in the world (he wrote in a letter of 1897), that I find the only thing to be done is not to think about it. I do not mean that we ought to refrain from thinking about the sufferer, but that philosophizing and attempts at reconciliation are useless. We must simply be silent, and not only be silent, but refuse to reflect upon the subject, and we must busy ourselves rather with what is productive of quiet content and joy. Every moment wasted on insoluble problems is so much taken from time which might be spent in the absorption of sunlight."

Our first impulse is to contrast this declaration with

the words which Keats put into the mouth of the goddess who guarded the shrine of the ultimate Truth :

> " None can usurp this height (return'd that Shade)
> But those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest."

But in reality there is no contrast. It is only the man " to whom the miseries of the world *are* misery " who can write as Mark Rutherford does. He is preaching to himself a counsel of perfection which he cannot obey : the miseries " will not let him rest," though he longs to rest. The man who has truly felt their torment, not as a mere dilemma of the intellect upon which he can indulge himself in speculation, but as a hidden throbbing wound in his soul, cannot turn aside to busy himself " with what is productive of quiet content and joy." This is what he longs to do, but cannot do : instead, he is driven onwards to discover the meaning of it all. And men like Mark Rutherford, and like Keats, do discover the meaning ; only it is impossible for them to say wherein the meaning consists. For the reconciliation they achieve is not an intellectual reconciliation : if it were so, it would be easy for them to say wherein it consisted, and easier still for the next-comer with a pennyworth of dialectic from the schools to prove that their reconciliation was nothing of the kind. But the meaning which these chosen spirits seek and find evades their conscious utterance ; it cannot be spoken. But it can be shown, it can be communicated. It is to be found in the very texture of Mark Rutherford's work : we make contact with it through his " quality."

When I think about him, and the men like him—and the greatest are like him in this—I wonder why it is so hard for some people to accept, or even to understand, the vital distinction : that the deepest things may be revealed, but may not be uttered. To have accepted that seems to me the beginning of wisdom, and the har-

binger of peace. And yet, when I look about me, I see that those who are most vociferously adamant against this suggestion are often those who talk most loudly about Art, about the meaning and value and sacrosanctity of Art. I find it hard to understand how, if Art does indeed mean so much to them, they can be blind to the fundamental truth by virtue of which alone Art can be a mystery to be revered. Art holds the place it does in our secret loyalties—so it seems to me—because it does reveal what cannot be uttered. That, and no other, is the test of its authenticity. Does this poem, this picture, this piece of music convey to us some meaning which, we realize as we sense it, could be conveyed to us by no other means? If we can truly answer "Yes," then we are in the presence of the mystery of Art. I know of no other sign.

Certainly there are little mysteries and big ones, mysteries of Shakespeare and mysteries of Herrick, but all alike are members of the same mystery. And this hierarchy of mysteries must culminate in the mystery of God. I do not want to talk about God any more: I would be glad if I could, once and for all, banish the name from these pages. We do no good by talking about him, for though God, which is the name we give to the mystery and meaning of human life, may be revealed he cannot be uttered. We do harm, we mislead, when we talk about him. He becomes an uttered God, who is either assimilated to other uttered Gods, or denied in the name of them. And in the clamour of the conflict between uttered Gods, the sense of the unutterable God, the maker of Heaven and earth and all that is therein, is frittered away and lost. But if, as I hope, the name of God will henceforward be banished from these pages of mine, let it be understoood why he disappears: it is because when we utter him, we falsify him. The God we speak is not the God in whom we believe.

And sometimes lately I have thought (though it may be an impossible dream) that what the world is waiting for is union in the awareness and worship of the God who is ineffable. If men could only be content to allow what their liturgies describe as ineffable, to remain ineffable,—unspeakable and therefore unspoken,—something would have happened to the mind and soul of man: they would be changed, and that change would mark a new epoch in the history of the spirit of man. It is because we insist on speaking the ineffable divine, on holding it in the grasp of the intellectual mind, on organizing it into systems and institutions, that troubles and disquiet begin. Against every formulation of the divine a counter-formulation is pitted: against a God of Love, a God of Cruelty is arrayed, and the opposing armies hurl against each other the charge of blasphemy. The opposition, and the waste of opposition, will go on and on; for opposition is inevitable, because these partial formulations are untrue. Against a God of Love a God of Cruelty *must* be pitted: against a God of Life a God of Death: for every utterance of the nature of the divine demands its opposite, lest the majesty and truth of the meaning be weakened.

It is not easy to forgo utterances and systems, into which when we have our own certainty we can pour our own meaning, and to which in the moments when certainty leaves us we can in some way cling. But surely it is far better, far more truly consonant with our human dignity, if certainty leaves us, to face the fact and admit to ourselves that we no longer know. After all it is unlikely that having known the divine, we should be wholly deserted by our knowledge. What is far more likely is that if we have had the temerity to utter the ineffable, our utterance will be discomfited and brought to nought. In that case the truth of the matter will be not that the divine has deserted us, but we have deserted the divine: the meaning has not betrayed us, we have

betrayed the meaning. We pay for our treachery by a sense of desolation and abandonment. It is far better to acknowledge the offence and understand the penalty than to turn for support and comfort where no enduring support or comfort may be found. This is not to propound a general rule. Probably there are those who cannot stand alone; but it seems to me that the spiritual hope of humanity rests chiefly on those who can. Of these Mark Rutherford was eminently one. Never was a man more profoundly religious than he; never was one more resolute in refusing to accept consolations which he did not feel to be true.

> "I have been thinking much (he wrote to an old and dear woman friend of his in 1905) on one point of resemblance betwen my sister Henrietta and yourself. She never fell away into any artificial religion. She never believed that a supernatural creed was necessary for the training of children. The example of father and mother was, she knew, the only effectual religion for a child. I wish I could discover one or two more people of her temper. How you find it, I cannot say, but I see so many examples, especially amongst young women, of weak clutching at ceremonies and creeds and occasionally of perversion to extreme forms of Anglicanism. They have no strength of their own to stand without this poor and hollow support. It used to vex me and provoke opposition. It now merely saddens me and I hold my tongue, reflecting that it is an indication of what no argument can cure. If they are relieved by genuflexions and incense and candles, and if life becomes any simpler to them through doctrines of which they can give no intelligible account, I must not quarrel with them. So they are made."

In that letter is revealed one aspect of Mark Rutherford's attitude: in order that hasty conclusions shall not be drawn from it, here is another:—

> "I think you would admit (I am sure I do) that at any rate the symbolism of Catholicism, as, for example, at Candlemas, is sometimes expressive of deeper truth than anything that can be put into words. Catholicism herein shows profounder insight than Protestantism into the

> nature of truth and of man. Catholicism knows what words cannot do. Protestantism struggles to put everything into words. The vital part of religion is wordless and purely symbolic." (February, 1911.)

Contradictory? Inconsistent? I do not find them so: to me the underlying substance of both letters is the same instinctive aversion from the *utterance* of the divine. It is to be apprehended, experienced, lived, but not spoken.

Believing this, Mark Rutherford necessarily stood apart and alone. He could not do otherwise if he was to be loyal to his own sincere and characteristic profession: "No religion is possible unless veracity lies at its base." But the essential barrier between himself and the Churches may be seen from another angle and described in other terms. For although Mark Rutherford is rightly assimilated to those writers who, like Keats, were made religious seekers by the imperious nature of their art, he differs from them in that he was saturated through and through in the tradition of Christianity. As readers of *The Autobiography* know, he was trained to the ministry of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and expelled from the training college for his refusal "to slur over a difference between himself and his teacher on the subject of the inspiration of the Bible," that is to say, for being more scrupulously Christian than his masters. To understand the exact quality of his religious belief it is therefore necessary to approach it in terms of his relation to Christianity. Mark Rutherford was primarily a follower of Christ, and like other followers of Christ who have the sympathetic imagination to understand their leader, he found an irreconcilable conflict between Christ and Christianity.

> "I don't want to be egotistical (he wrote in December, 1901), but I will boldly affirm that even the parsons do not and cannot believe that there was as much God in Jesus Christ as I believe there was. Please observe the 'cannot.'

The official theory absolutely prevents a true appreciation of the Divine in Christ."

It would take too long to explain this last sentence to those who have no immediate sense of its meaning: one can only say that to Mark Rutherford it was necessary that Christ should be wholly and entirely human in order that the true splendour of his sacrifice and the full triumph of his tragedy should be manifest. Whether Mark Rutherford's judgment was at fault in imputing to all parsons an implicit belief in "the official theory" is another matter: but a man who has abandoned the ministry because he refused "to slur over a difference," has the right to exact a like integrity from others. For Mark Rutherford the parson who did not accept the Church's theory had no place in the Church: by remaining in it he came under the ban of the first article of Rutherford's creed: "No religion is possible unless veracity lies at its base."

Christ on the one hand, then, and professed Christianity on the other. These were to Mark Rutherford distinct and opposite, as they were to Dostoevsky. The outbreak of the Boer War, the staring evidence of the utter lack of any true influence of Christ in the ordering of the nation's affairs, stirred him to this outburst of irony and despair.

> "If you have the opportunity I wish you would ask the first clerical person you meet of what use Christianity is. I really begin to believe that it is not only of no use, but that if it could be swept out of existence we should morally gain by the disappearance with it of whole continents of cant. The great majority of the English people, excepting a few like the Quakers, the Bishop of Hereford, and the Dean of Durham, read and approve the *Daily Mail*, or the *Telegraph*, or the *Times*, and in so doing must put Christ in a cupboard and turn the key. They dare not look at Him and ask whether He would have approved this war. 'Oh,' but they will perhaps say, 'what has Christianity to do with politics?' If it has nothing to do with politics or daily life it is not a religion. A religion

is not a tangle of metaphysical subtleties nor a nostrum for preserving eternally the salt that keeps our carcases from putrefaction. Another possible excuse may be disagreement as to facts, but upon all that are important there is none. The real truth is that our so-called Christianity is the merest external film which the slightest bubble of passion or interest can wreck in an instant. Some good creatures, knowing in their hearts all that I have said to be indisputable, turn away and seek for refuge in Shakespeare and the musical glasses. I cannot, and if I were twenty years younger I would go about the country and put this simple question incessantly, provided Christian brickbats and hobnails did not murder me, 'OF WHAT USE IS CHRISTIANITY?' Say frankly it is dead, that it is an exploded enthusiasm, and I shall respect you. I do not respect hypocrisy either at early communion or in the conventicle." (July, 1901.)

In a subsequent letter he tries to make his meaning still clearer.

"As to Christianity, you mistake me. I never intended to discuss the general question whether it does good or harm, but I affirm that if we were genuine believers in the Gospels, if we were true disciples of Jesus, not of the official, symbolic, ecclesiastical Christ, but of the real Galilean of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, we should not be at war in South Africa. . . . Furthermore, that the attempt to reconcile our modern ways with the teaching of the New Testament produces a condition of mind worse than that in which we should be without the New Testament, because we have immorality plus hypocrisy, and because the embrace of opposites is damnation to the soul, incapacitating it for any vision of the truth."

Mark Rutherford, it will be said, asked too much of his fellow-men. But was it really too much? For remember, he was not asking men to follow "the real Galilean," but to be honest and take His name off their banner when they marched to war.

Perhaps, even that is too much to ask; and perhaps, in his despair, Mark Rutherford missed the grain of comfort that is hidden in the fact that though men deny the real Galilean in their acts, they cannot wholly root

him out of their hearts nor disown him with their lips. Things have not changed in the twenty-odd years since he wrote; and we have learned a little more from the experience they have brought us. Whether honesty of the sort Mark Rutherford demanded is any more likely to-day, who shall decide? There is COPEC on the one hand, and on the other the *Times* invoking the authority f a Jesuit father in order to confute the COPEC resolu-on that war is clean contrary to the teaching of Christ. 'hou shalt not commit adultery, the venerable raightener explains, is an absolute command; Thou halt not kill, a counsel of perfection. But why not the ther way about?

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"I will say so much for myself (he wrote to his wife to be on Easter Day, 1908)—that I believe you will find the truth in me, and that everything which is vital to you is vital to me, or, in other words, we both live by one Life, which is the Light of the World. This community will come out by degrees. I cannot formulate it. . . . You know that to me the Bible has been from my childhood no mere collection of magic formulas by which to secure safety from eternal punishment. It has been far, far more than it is to the sects and Churches, as I see them. The Jesus-character, I do not mean Christ Himself, is the highest I can conceive possible, but in how few is He really effectual! The whole of Him is not taken and used for the modification of

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> our thoughts and actions; hardly do we take the least part. . . ."

I have no claim to be an authoritative interpreter of Mark Rutherford's religious experience; but I will make this guess, that somewhere in himself he understood why it was impossible for men to follow "the true Galilean"; and by this understanding I do not mean a mere admission of man's infirmity. I mean far more; I mean a secret and inexpressible comprehension why the ordering of the world must be thus and not otherwise. He could not utter it; no man can. "What can be shown, cannot be spoken." But because it could be shown, it was shown, and, by reading the signs and listening for the voice, I am as certain that Mark Rutherford, by his own predestined path, reached this comprehension as I am certain that Shakespeare reached it by his, or Keats by his.

WINTER BIRD

By Katherine Mansfield

My bird, my darling,
Calling through the cold afternoon!
Those round bright notes,
Each one so perfect
Shaken from the other and yet
Hanging together in flashing clusters!
The small soft flowers and the ripe frui
All are gathered.
It is the season now of nuts and berri
And round bright flashing drops
On the frozen grass.

LUDOVITJE

By Pauline Smith

OUT on the stoep in the moonlight Alida spoke of her son Ludovitje.

See now, she said, how they shine in the night, like stars on the land, the little white flowers in Ludovic's garden. Under the orange trees he planted them, and always he said: "For Grandfather's grave I will grow them. . ." And now they grow there for his.

See how it was with my darling! Weak he was from the day he was born, and weak he was all the days of his life, but who was there in all the Platkops district that walked so close with God? When they said to me in Platkop dorp: "Surely, Alida, the child is now also weak in his mind?" it was as if my heart must break to hear them. And in the Market Place I cried: "May God forgive us that we have not all such weakness! Full of the grace and glory of God is his mind, and all that know the child may see it." And I said to them also: "True it is that Ludovitje goes but seldom to school because of the fever that comes so often upon him, but long ago he has learnt to read, and his book it is the Bible. Yes! The Bible is his reading-book, and tell me now, for stronger minds where is there a greater?"

Yes, so it was that I spoke with them in the Market Place. And afterwards, when Marqwasi the Kaffir came, many times I thought of it.

The year that Grandfather died and Ludovitje planted his garden, that same year it was that my husband Piet got a gang of Kaffirs from the Tali district

to build him a dam in the Credo mountains. Far up in the mountains they built it, leading the water from there in sluits to our lands in the valley. Piet had often to go to the dam, to see the Kaffirs at their work, and always when he could Ludovitje would go with him. Early, early in the morning they would go, riding together in the stump-cart up our long kloof that lies so beautiful at the foot of the Credo mountains. There was no road for them to go but a track only that the Kaffirs had made, and so rough it was that, as they drove, the cart would toss and swing like a branch in a storm, and the little kopjes would dance before their eyes. And always Ludovitje would sing to his Father the 114th psalm—"The mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like young sheep." Yes, when they sing that psalm in Platkops church I see again my darling riding to the mountains with his Father.

The Kaffirs that worked for Piet were such big strong men as do not belong to our part of the colony. They came from far up-country and they did not yet believe in the Living God, the Heavenly Father. But when Ludovitje came among them, singing his psalm, they would stop in their work to listen to him. And quickly they also came to sing it. Yes, these men that did not yet believe in the Living God, the Heavenly Father, came so, as they builded our dam, to sing the 114th psalm—"Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob, Who turned the hard rock into a standing water and the flint-stone into a springing well."

So they would sing, and Maqwasi, that was the head of the gang, would say to the child Ludovitje: "Tell us now! Who is this King of Jacob? And where is now this springing well?"

And Ludovitje would tell him. Of the [illegible] of the Children of Israel he would tell him, and of G[illegible] guidance in the Wilderness. Of God's goodness [illegible]

mercy to those that love Him he would tell him, and of the pure River of Water of Life that He has given us.

Maqwasi would say to him : " Where runs now this River of Water of Life ? "

And Ludovitje would answer : " Clear as crystal is the River of Water of Life and close by the throne of God and of the Lamb it runs."

Yes, so it was that my darling spoke with Maqwasi the Kaffir, and always he would say to me : " Wait now ! Maqwasi will yet be a pearl in my crown."

There came a day, when the Kaffirs had nearly finished their work, that Ludovitje grew ill again of his fever and Piet went to the dam alone. When he saw that the child was not with his father Maqwasi came to Piet and said : " Master ! How goes it with the child ? "

And Piet said to him : " The child lies now so sick on his bed that there is not one of us that knows how it will go with him."

Maqwasi said to him : " Master ! Let Master now give Maqwasi leave to go to the child."

And Piet answered him : " Go then ! "

So it was that Maqwasi put down his tools and ran from the mountains down the long kloof to our farm in the valley. All the way from the mountains he ran, and presently he stood in the door of the room where Ludovitje was lying. Gently, gently he came, but Ludovitje heard him, and sitting up in his bed he held out his arms and cried : " Maqwasi ! Maqwasi ! Clear as crystal is the River of Water of Life and close by the throne of God and of the Lamb it runs. Can you not yet believe, Maqwasi ? "

And Maqwasi, standing there with tears in his eyes, answered him : " Master ! Now I believe."

Yes, God knows how it was, but from that moment Maqwasi believed.

All that day, and the next day also, Maqwasi stayed

with us at the farm. When the young doctor came the next morning from Platkops dorp he thought at first that Ludovitje was better. But Ludovitje himself said to Maqwasi : " This night I shall see my King."

All that day the people came from the farms around us to see the child, for all through the valley it was known that Ludovitje had saved Maqwasi the Kaffir and that he now lay dying. When the house was now so full of people that many were out also on the stoep there came the teacher from the farm school and all the scholars with her.

The teacher asked him : " Shall I sing to you, Ludovitje ? "

And Ludovitje answered : " Sing now the 114th psalm, and Maqwasi, that is the pearl of my crown, will sing it also."

And she began to sing, and the scholars and Maqwasi with her, and all the people that were in the house and on the stoep.

And when they had sung " Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob, Who turned the hard rock into a standing water, and the flint-stone into a springing well," Ludovitje, who lay with his head on my breast, cried out aloud : " A dove ! A dove ! See now, a dove in the window ! "

And we looked, but could see no dove.

And Ludovitje cried again : " To the River of Water of Life he flies before me ! I come, Lord Jesus ! I come ! I come ! "

And he half rose from the bed and held out his arms. And falling again, with his head on my breast, he died.

That night when the child lay in his coffin Maqwasi come to Piet and said : " Master ! Let me now dig a grave for the child on the kopje that lies behind the house and looks towards the mountains. Surely it is towards the mountains that the child would lie."

Piet said to him: "The kopje is clay-stone, and who an now dig a grave through clay-stone?"

Maqwasi answered: "Have I not dug for Master dam in the mountains, and can I not now, with my ools, dig a grave for the child in the clay-stone?"

So he dug the grave. Like a little room in the clay-tone he dug it, and there we laid the child.

When Maqwasi's work at the dam was done and it ras now time for him to go back to the Tali district, 'iet went to him and asked him to stay. "Work now or me on the farm, Maqwasi," he said, "and surely for he sake of the child I will deal well with you."

But Maqwasi answered him: "Master! For the ake of the child to my own people I must go. To tell hem of the River of Water of Life I must go, that they lso may be pearls in his crown."

Yes, back to his own people Maqwasi went, to speak rith them of the River of Water of Life. And before e went Piet said to him: "See now, Maqwasi! All nen must die, and what is death that we should fear it? Dig for us now, before you go, graves for my wife and ne that at the last we may lie one on each side of the hild. For it may be that when we come to die there rill be no man on all the farm that can dig through the lay-stone like Maqwasi the Kaffir, and where then shall re lie?"

So Maqwasi dug for us graves in the clay-stone. One n each side of the child he dug them, and left us, and rent again to his own people, spreading the Word of iod among them.

Inconsistency.—A word to those who talk of inconstancy. There is as much of it in him who stands hile another moves, as in him who moves while another stands. (*Landor*.)

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S MIND

By Jacinto Benavente

In embarking upon an inquiry which of necessity is largely personal, I must first ask indulgence. Even when dealing with others, I shall be interpreting their thoughts and creative processes by standards which are peculiarly and frankly my own.

Classic rhetoric (literary criticism, as it is called to-day) has for the sake of convenience divided poetry into sharply defined and limited types, which do not, perhaps, altogether make for clarification. These are subjective or lyric poetry, in which the poet expresses his own feelings and emotions; objective or dramatic poetry, in which he expresses the ideas, passions, and feelings of the characters who appear in his story; and subjective-objective or epic poetry, which formerly included only the epic poem, but which to-day includes the novel, which is a mixture of both lyric and epic elements, of the subjective and the objective.

This classification is quite obviously [illegible] simple. The entire literary heritage of [illegible] is accommodated in three pigeonholes. If [illegible] is difficult in the material sphere, how much more difficult, indeed, must we find it in the dominion of the spirit? Objective? Subjective? The ego? The non-ego? Is there such a thing as pure subjectivity, even within the sphere of one's own consciousness? Can there be any clear internal perception without something from the outside which distorts and [illegible] it? Was there ever a lyric anywhere into which drama did not enter? Or can drama exist without the lyric [illegible]

lany lyric poems are miniature dramas which might ery readily be staged, while, on the other hand, many ramas, genuine plays in so far as their dialogue form s concerned, are lyric poetry, the performance of which ould be out of the question upon the stage. The ramas of Byron and Browning belong to this category, nd it would be easy to add others, among them plays f Shakespeare, the dramatist *par excellence*. There an be no doubt but that there are plays which gain othing by performance, whose principal charm is estroyed when they are materialized upon the stage. A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" are not more effective when acted. What dvantage is there in seeing Titania, Oberon, and Puck, ith all their troupes of fairies, sylphs, and elves in the ne, or Caliban and Ariel, in the other, presented with npossible propriety, when the imagination is their ideal ingdom, in which alone they draw the breath of life? cannot bring myself to believe that the theatre will ver be a proper place for the lyrical visions of a poet, o matter to what limits the scenic art may be developed. Vho can visualise the *mise en scène* of one of Beethoven's symphonies or sonatas?—although the act must be accepted that the dance has progressed to point where there are dancers who are equal to a octurne of Chopin, or capable even of a requiem mass. These delights are not for the vulgar. They appeal to n intellectual group that will always be with us to ppreciate the exquisiteness of these aesthetic leaps and ounds, which aim at the beautiful, and are a refinement f murder.

It is well, however, to encourage experiment of every ort, as long as experiment does not pass beyond the [illegible] stage, where it is of interest as rehearsal. To try everything is wise, but not to insist or persevere. The unusual has its uses momentarily—man requires diversion and play. But art is more profound and more

serious, because art is the most exalted impression of the spirit. As the Evangelist has told us, all manner of sins may be forgiven except sins against the spirit. Cubism and Dadaism have their place as incidents in the history of art—unless they may more properly be regarded as accidents. Such things do no harm. They amuse, but after a time the pleasure wears off. In art the restless is fugitive. Only what is immortal is serene.

We may, then, safely assume that the theatre, making due allowance for every manner of rehearsal and experiment, of adventuring after the new, will continue to be in the future what it has always been to the great dramatists of the past—a place adapted for the presentation of plays; that is, it will continue to be a true theatre. And in the plays that are presented the author will continue to disclose himself chiefly as the creator or animating spirit of other beings who are the more dramatic the more their characters are their own. The prime essential of the playwright, for this reason, is universal sympathy for whatever is human, curiosity, a bent for disinterested observation which must not be allowed to stop short of complete a-morality. In other words, the playwright must detach himself from any consideration of moral ends as he studies the characters which he creates. All of them have an equal right to dramatic life. The morality of their actions must be left to the spectators to be induced in their own consciences, where rewards and punishments will be distributed as the case may be. Shakespeare is never the judge, the avenger, in his tragedies. He is never solicitous to bring about the triumph of good in his plays, in which good and bad alike succumb, victims of an implacable fate. The spectator does all the moralizing. In life we always fall to moralizing in the presence of blind fate. We never feel the necessity of a superior justice on high so imperatively as we do in the presence of injustice. It is then that we have need of it, and it is because we do have

need of it that justice will some day come to dwell among men. God is born in us in the ideal inspiration of our spirits, and man himself will one day bring good to dwell upon the earth, at once as the son and the father of God.

The playwright, accordingly, is a disinterested observer, much in the position of God turned artist, in whose sight there can be no secrets through all the lives of his characters. There can be no secrets because the author has lived the lives of them all by virtue of his gift of sympathy. He has loved with the lover, committed crimes with the criminal, grown now sublime and now vulgar, now passionate and now serene. It is incumbent upon him to be capable of every virtue and of every vice. Popular opinion is not far wrong in its attitude towards authors who create odious and repulsive characters, the embodiment of debased, perverted passions and ideas, suspecting uneasily that the thoughts and feelings of the characters may be those of the author himself. When a character expresses himself vulgarly in order to be in character, it is the author who finds that his manners are assumed to be cheap. Hence the maxim that even fools should be clever upon the stage, in order to obviate the embarrassment of having their folly imputed to the playwright. Complications of the sort skilful practitioners of the dramatic art have learned to avoid through the introduction of a personage who fulfils in the play the function that the chorus does in Greek tragedy, acting as interpreter between the author and his audience, as a preceptor, or ringmaster, so to speak, through whom the author succeeds in becoming vocal, and with whose assistance he warns the audience at every step that he is in no wise to be held responsible for what the people of his play say and do. A surer skill and a nicer art dispense with such an intermediary and allow the characters to live their own lives and to express themselves after their own

hearts freely. But this result is only possible when th
audience is willing to collaborate in part at least wi
the playwright, and to anticipate his explanatio
through its intelligence.

This interpenetration of author and characters, whi
is so essential in the playwright, this identification wi
and sharing of the imagined life of each, is not comple
until the characters take on life of their own and co
to be independent of the author, reducing him at last
the position of a mere medium, amazed and astonish
at his own conceptions as at something utterly forei
to himself. When this point is reached, and he
longer recognizes himself in his work, we are in th
presence of the phenomenon of inspiration—what th
ancients termed *numen*, the familiar *demon* of Socrate
I am no believer in any other inspiration. What we c
inspiration is nothing more than labour previous
stored up, capital of the mind and of the heart, whi
we are accumulating continually without being co
scious either of its quantity or its worth.

The much discussed and much studied Freud,
acute observer in the field of psychoanalysis, h
demonstrated the influence of the subconscious in o
lives very plainly. Impressions which have be
received in our earliest years reappear in the life
reason to our bewilderment. The dark, hidden corne
of consciousness are ransacked by our dreams, whi
there is something mysterious in our lives that
reminiscent of other, previous existences. Nothing
lost in life, nothing is destroyed, but everything chang
and is transformed, with Shakespearean touch, in
something rich and strange. When we write, the su
conscious rises to the surface and takes us by surpri
and we ask ourselves : " But when did I believe this?
" Can this be the play that I conceived? " Striki
examples of this power of the [illegible] are sca
tered throughout literature, of this over-mastering of

author by his work, so that he finds that his conception has been clarified at the very moment that it seems about to be devitalized most irretrievably.

It would be idle to urge examples of the complicity of the subconscious in the creative processes of art, although there is no work of any sort, no matter how insignificant, in which its influence is not disclosed. The subconscious is never strange, it is never external to an author, it is not a supernatural gift which descends into his intelligence like divine inspiration. It is always and everywhere the product and result of impressions which have been garnered and stored. No work was ever written into which the author did not put something of his life. As Bernard de Palissy cast tables and chairs into the oven in which his jars were to be baked, so that with the sacrifice he might maintain its heat, the artist casts fragments of his life and of his soul into the oven of his imagination. The dramatist in particular, although he may appear to be concerned with others, to be less absorbed than other writers in the details of his own petty life, in a word to be less lyrical, is, on the contrary, constrained to feel even more intensely than they because he is compelled to enter into the lives of his characters. If he is a real dramatist, he must be at once poet and lyric poet, lyric with the lyricism of each and every one of his personages, and this is only possible when he lives in each and every one of them.

The psyche of the dramatist, therefore, must be completely detached from the preoccupations of his own personality. He is himself a spectator of himself, and it is his mission to observe in his own passions and feelings the possible passions and feelings of all mankind, and in the passions and feelings of other men, possible passions and feelings of his own. His life is the life of all men, and the life of all men his life.

Is this to imply that the dramatist must practise all the crimes as well as all the virtues because he is gifted

with the power of understanding and feeling them? Assuredly not. The understanding and the will do not travel by the same path. How disillusioning it is to an author's admirers, and how excessively distressing to women, to meet the man, only to find that he is not the person one might imagine from his works! The writer who is all delicacy and grace of fragile ornament, turns out to be a mere vulgar bourgeois, with a healthy appetite. The master painter of scenes of debauchery and licentiousness, in the flesh is an impeccable father and a model husband. The dignified, serious author, who weighs and gravely assays our habits and vices, is revealed to be a shocking compendium of evil living and a horrible example of every one of the vices so vigorously censured by him. It would seem that art saps the will, or else that life, like the offended god, punishes the bold Prometheus who presumes to rob her of her divine fire, and compete in the creative act with her.

But there is still further danger, and the greatest peril which besets the artistic temperament lies here. Sometimes the artist is not content to wait to receive his impressions of life as they come, but sallies forth in quest of them, or even invents them when they are not found. Such impressions are always artificial and result only in an art that is artificial as well, tenuously drawn, a fabric of psychologic subtleties. No doubt the precious has its place in art. At the same time, it is well to distrust the artist who attempts to justify a piece of preciosity by declaring that it is the way that he saw it, that the experience presented itself to him. Obviously the reply is: "But how is it that you came to see it that way? Because you went out of your way to see it, you were in search of the emotion. The emotion was not spontaneous."

I should advise ladies always to avoid artists who are in search of new sensations and emotions either in friendship or love. They are extremely trying to those

vith whom they are brought into contact; as the
opular Castilian proverb has it, they are little angels
rom another's house. Such men are egoists, taken
ıp with their own divine selves, and the consequences
ıre not pleasant when they whisper love. Anybody's
nisfortune to such a man is no more than proper tribute
o his genius. Never fall in love with a genius, ladies,
or a man of temperament. All that is left of tempera-
nent at home is temper.

To complete this picture of the playwright, it is
mportant to consider the methods by which he works.
We may enter the kitchen though the pleasures of the
lining-room suffer through the experience. A play
nay originate in any one of several ways. The author
nay have first an idea, and then cast about for the
haracters who are fitted to symbolize it most
ıdequately, either through natural disposition, or
ecause of particular circumstances in which they are
laced. In plays of this nature everything is
ubordinated to the idea. The characters are merely
ooked to the destination which the author has picked
ut. The unexpected is always happening in art, and
here are times when the characters, through their
ıative vigour, become more potent than the precon-
eived idea, and so betray and devitalize it. What the
lay loses as drama of ideas it gains as pure drama. Or
he point of departure may be the character of a parti-
ular person—a miser, for example, or a man who is
lominated by ambition. The playwright here selects
ı central character around whom the play is to revolve.
Sometimes the play has its origin in an abstraction,
nuch as the idea of an animal suggests itself to the
nind, with all the characteristics of its kind. When we
hink of a lion, we first imagine an indefinite lion, the
ypical lion. Then, gradually, we become aware that
ve are thinking of a definite lion, of an individual, of
ome lion which we have especially noticed or admired.

It is the same with the characters of a play. In character drama we sometimes proceed from the general to the particular, and at other times, reversing the process, begin with a particular person whom we have seen and known, to arrive at a character of greater amplitude and significance, passing over even into the realm of abstract symbolism. After all, in one way or another, every one of us symbolizes something in life.

Once the character of the central figure has been determined the next task of the playwright is to exhibit it in the most suitable light, to place it in such situations and to relate it with such other characters as are best adapted to set off its own nature in all its modalities. The miser will be contrasted with spendthrifts and prodigals, and if the crisis may be precipitated within the family circle, and made emphatic through his own children, as in Molière's *L'Avare* or Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, the antithesis and the dramatic conflict will be heightened immeasurably in effect.

Other plays are born of a particular environment, an historical epoch, perhaps, or are suggested by some aspect of society. In drama of this type the background is of more importance than the characters, who are inevitably subordinated to the background, which is the veritable protagonist. Plays which have been adapted from novels frequently exemplify this procedure, as is the case with the dramatizations of Zola's *L'Assommoir* and *Germinal*, where the ambient in which the characters move is the factor which determines what they are.

In this connection a digression suggests itself which is the burden of my theme. The success of a playwright in the creation of atmosphere and the representation of life, is dependent almost entirely upon the art of dialogue. To me dialogue is all important. Little suspected by the spectator, and even less by the critic, only the actor, as the play's interpreter, is in a position

to realise to the full the significance of this factor in his art. The art of dialogue is a question wholly of rhythm. Dialogue without rhythm is dialogue without soul. Words are the expression of what we think and of what we feel. Our minds, like our hearts, have their rhythms. Language is the pulse by which this rhythm is revealed. Sometimes it is rapid and violent, at other times majestic and slow. To sense this interior rhythm is to possess the secret of art—rhythm of the febrile blood, rhythm of tears, bleeding like a string of pearls into a crystal glass; the wavering rhythm of indecision, rhythm of languid melancholy, or tortuous rhythms of deceit; the full, clear rhythm of truth; the rhythm of wingèd, aspiring love, or of kisses in the arms of those most dear, hot on the lips of desire, sometimes perfect in accord, at others strident and dissonant, lurching and stumbling as it blunders on—in a word, the rhythm of language in harmonious cadences or in acrid flats and sharps.

We react to nature with varying rhythms. There is no landscape, nor colour, nor glint, nor rock, nor flower, which does not accelerate or retard the beating of the heart as it attracts the eye, and which does not sing in its own way an *andante* or an *allegro* or a laughing *scherzo* as we pass. There is no emotion of which we are capàble which does not struggle for expression through the music of words. How important it is, then, to catch these words, which are the exact expression of what we think and feel, and which could not be other than what they are! Rhythm is so important that it is sufficient of itself to impart national or even local character to any work. To say that music is French or Spanish or Italian is to sense the rhythm of the country in the rhythm of the music. In books of provincial or purely local scope the prosodic rhythm is more vital than the vocabulary, or than the peculiar idioms of the neighbourhood, and easily distinguishes

an Aragonese from an Andalusian in Spain, or, a native of Córdoba in Argentina from a citizen of Buenos Aires, though both employ identical words. A book might be written in the words, idioms, and proverbs peculiar to a locality, embodying all its most characteristic linguistic idiosyncrasies, and yet fail to suggest the locality for the reason that the language would appear unreal. On the other hand, an exact impression of reality may be conveyed exclusively through the rhythm, without the aid of any of the words or idioms most distinctive of the locale. There are authors who employ a vocabulary of the purest Castilian, scrupulously chaste, and who never commit the slightest infraction of grammatical rules, who nevertheless contrive to convey the impression that they are writing in a foreign tongue. The truth is that they are deficient in musical ear, in the sense of rhythm, which in language is everything. Without a perfect appreciation of the music of words—to be without which is to be without emotional sense—it is as impossible to be a dramatist as it is impossible to be a poet. And it is impossible to be a dramatist without being a poet.

The unfailing instinct of the actor has confirmed me in this. Actors have remarked that it would be impossible to change so much as a single word in my plays; that my prose is difficult, but that when once it has been learned, it is never forgotten. Pardon the parental pride. I may not always have been successful; yet as Shakespeare has said: "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." I am always attentive to the inner rhythm of the mind and the heart when I write, and the significance of this—but what should its significance be? As a famous French actress exclaimed when she acknowledged her admirers' applause: "They do well to applaud me, for I have given them my life." To write like this

with the nerves, with the cry of the heart, with one's very blood, out of the intimate soul of oneself and one's neighbour, is precisely this : to give one's life.

That this portrait of the playwright's mind may not be incomplete, I have pictured myself as being a little vain of my work. Dramatic fare is exceedingly various, and the secret of its preparation lies in what we call technique, and technique resolves itself largely into a matter of seasoning. It would be difficult to say whether it can be learned or taught, just as it would be embarrassing to be asked whether it is easy or difficult to be a dramatist. A wealthy young gentleman once entertained a poet in his house, and burst out suddenly —with that assurance which money so readily affords— "I say, is it hard to be a poet?" All that the poet could think of in reply was: "Easy or not at all." "To be or not to be."

Is study, then, wasted effort? Is art in general, and the playwright's art in particular, a native gift wholly alien to all effort of the will? Is the true artist the unconscious artist, limited to being a mere instrument as he labours, little less material than his paper or his pen, so that, with Scriptural phrase, the voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are Esau's hands? Let us subscribe unquestionably to predestination without giving hostages to the fatalists. We have only to read the lives of great men, or to examine the course of our own lives, to be convinced that there is a natural predisposition in every one of us which leads us, as the theologians have it, without driving us, in the direction of a definite spiritual bias. Even those events of our lives which apparently sweep us furthest from our goal are seen in the end to have been fortunate short cuts, without which something would have been lacking in our development, and we should not have arrived so quickly nor with such rich skill at the direct fulfilment of our desires. If it were not for natural inclination, at

the basis of which lies this benevolent predestination many of the professions which are indispensable to th welfare and harmony of society would cease to be. I all were to elect freely, all would choose the most bril liant professions. Society is like an orchestra. Every body appreciates the position of the conductor, or eve of the first violin. One might descend as far as th clarinet. But the drum and cymbals! Nevertheless the drum and cymbals are essential to an orchestra i order to produce the proper instrumental effect. W should all admire the divine wisdom which has not pre disposed everyone to the baton or the violin. A natio would be unfortunate all of whose citizens wished to lea the orchestra.

Natural predisposition, no matter how fundamental must be supplemented by study. Never leave anythin to so-called inspiration. Even what is most thoroughl unconscious in a work of art, after all, is merely some thing hiddenly conscious, or subconscious, that is, no conscious at the moment at which it appears. Many artists prefer to pose as geniuses to being exposed a laborious students. They feel the need of supernatura aid in their work. "I never studied. I do not know how I write, I have no idea how I paint." Fascinat ing talk, but it would be idle to believe them—coquetrie of the artistic temperament. Genius?—somebody ha said that genius is the capacity for taking pains. Genius, we may be assured, is the reward of hard labour, although what is labour to the artist may appear to b leisure to the rest of mankind. The artist strolls about, the artist is *distrait* and relaxed, the artist smokes o sips at his coffee—evidently the artist has nothing to do. Men who rush about the world and are frantically activ —active, moreover, in a purely material way—pass th artist and smile contemptuously. Others who hav nothing whatever to do and who do nothing and thin of nothing, because others do it for them, smile, sup—

and the humiliation is worse. "He is enjoying an easy time—nothing to do. What a life! And these artists wonder they have no money." The artist, as he overhears these remarks, in his confusion too often confirms the vulgar opinion, half modest, half abashed. "He is doing nothing, you can see—absolutely nothing!" But in this apparent idleness the great works of the spirit have been born, for all life is labour to the man who is a true artist; his mind is unceasingly active, his sensibilities for ever on edge, his nerves tense and vibrant, so tense and so vibrant at times that they throb and they break, and the finely tempered accords, the delicate harmonies of art, give place to soul-destroying discords, the chatter of madness and the silence of death.

The art of writing, the playwright's art, art of whatever description, approximates perfection in the degree in which it is successful in reflecting the life of the spirit freed from all the trammels of finite expression in words. Music is for this reason the highest and divinest of the arts, because it approaches more nearly than any other that universal harmony of the spheres which Pythagoras perceived as the order and essence of all created things. To write is a limitation, as is anything we say or do. The universe itself is a delimitation, a fragment of the infinite, as any work of art is but a piece of the creative artist's soul. The best of a work of art is not what it expresses or contains, but what escapes from it. Men are like cups into which have been gathered a few drops of water from an infinite sea. The sea was not conscious of itself, and its will was to become conscious, and it became conscious through limitation. The spiritual task of each and every one of us is to reintegrate his consciousness with the unconscious infinite that is unknown. We are like wires, alive for a moment with a mysterious force which we understand through its effects, but not at all through its cause—poor creatures crawling between the earth and the sun! Messages

which determine the fate of empires, of the peoples, flash along the wires, and trivial messages, which deal with humble, familiar things. So we spread out the network of our wires to receive the messages which God's spirit communicates to man. Whether the message be weighty or humble does not concern the wire; there is no reason to be proud, no occasion to be depressed. If we aspire to be good, it will not matter who is best.

Some artists have been consumed with the thirst for immortality. The ambition has been born in their souls to perpetuate their names that they might live for ever down the procession of the centuries. My ambition is more simple. I have come to entertain a different conception of immortality, to remain content with the oblivion into which my works must fall at last with my name. If an intelligent rose, a rose endowed with feeling, were assured that it should be the last in the world, and that, preserved with sedulous care, in all the perfection of its colour and its fragrance, it should be exhibited for ever in the glass case of a museum to be admired eternally by sages and poets and all the pilgrims who might come to see—as the last, the one and only rose that should evermore be seen, might not the prospect of this dead immortality rest a little heavily, a little sadly upon the rose? Would it not dance more lightly in the wind if it knew that when it was withered and forgotten, its petals and its leaves scattered and returned to dust, other roses would bloom in spite of its fading, and that year by year, in each unfolding spring, roses would come in troupes of thousands, fresh and fragrant, to flourish on the flowery branches in the gardens of the rose?

Immortality to an author is to blossom in so many future works that his own will be remembered no more. There is no higher immortality.

SEE-SAW

By Katherine Mansfield

SPRING. As the people leave the road for the grass their eyes become fixed and dreamy like the eyes of people wading in the warm sea. There are no daisies yet, but the sweet smell of the grass rises, rises in tiny waves the deeper they go. The trees are in full leaf. As far as one can see there are fans, hoops, tall, rich plumes of various green. A light wind shakes them, blowing them together, blowing them free again; in the blue sky floats a cluster of tiny white clouds like a brood of ducklings. The people wander over the grass—the old ones inclined to puff and waddle after their long winter snooze; the young ones suddenly linking hands and making for that screen of trees in the hollow or the shelter of that clump of dark gorse tipped with yellow—walking very fast, almost running, as though they had heard some lovely little creature caught in the thicket crying to them to be saved.

On the top of a small green mound there is a very favourite bench. It has a young chestnut growing beside it, shaped like a mushroom. Below the earth has crumbled, fallen away, leaving three or four clayey hollows—caves, caverns—and in one of them two little people had set up house with a minute pickaxe, an empty match-box, a blunted nail and a shovel for furniture. He had red hair cut in a deep fringe, light blue eyes, a faded pink smock, and brown button shoes. Her flowery curls were caught up with a yellow ribbon, and she wore two dresses—her this week's underneath

and her last week's on top. This gave her rather a bulky air.

"If you don't get me no sticks for my fire," said she, "there won't be no dinner." She wrinkled her nose and looks at him severely. "You seem to forget I'v got a fire to make." He took it very easy, balancing on his toes. "Well—where's I to find any sticks?"

"Oh," said she, flinging up her hands, "anywhere, of course——" And then she whispered just loud enough for him to hear, "They needn't be real ones—*you* know."

"*Ooh*," he breathed. And then he shouted in a loud, disarming tone, "Well, I'll just go an' get a few sticks."

He came back in a moment with an armful.

"Is that a whole pennorth?" said she, holding out her skirts for them.

"Well," said he, "I don't know, because I had them give to me by a man that was moving."

"Perhaps they're bits of what was broke," she said. "When we moved two of the pictures was broken, and my daddy lit the fire with them, and my mummy said—she said"—a tiny pause—"soldier's manners!"

"What's that?" said he.

"Good *gracious*!" She made great eyes at him. "Don't you *know*?"

"No," said he. "What does it mean?"

She screwed up a bit of her skirt, scrunched it, then looked away. "Oh, don't bother me, child," said she.

He didn't care. He took the pickaxe and hacked a little piece out of the kitchen floor.

"Got a newspaper?"

He plucked one out of the air and handed it to her. *Zis, zis, zis!* She tore it into three pieces—knelt down and laid the sticks over. "Matches, please." The real box was a triumph, and the blunted nails. But

funny—*sip, sip, sip*—it wouldn't light. They looked at each other in consternation.

"Try the other side," said she. *Zip!* "Ah! that's better." There was a great glow—and they sat down on the floor and began to make the pie.

To the bench beside the chestnut came two fat old babies and plumped themselves down. She wore a bonnet trimmed with lilac and tied with lilac velvet strings; a black satin coat and a lace tie—and each of her hands, squeezed into black kid gloves, showed a morsel of purplish flesh. The skin of his swollen old face was tight and glazed—and he sat down clasping his huge soft belly as though careful not to jolt or alarm it.

"Very hot," said he, and he gave a low, strange trumpeting cry, with which she was evidently familiar, for she gave no sign. She looked into the lovely distance and quavered:

"Nellie cut her finger last night."

"Oh, did she?" said the old snorter. Then, "How did she do that?"

"At dinner," was the reply, "with a knife."

They both looked ahead of them, panting. Then, "Badly?"

The weak, worn old voice, the old voice that reminded one somehow of a piece of faintly smelling dark lace, said, "Not very badly."

Again he gave that low, strange cry. He took off his hat, wiped the rim, and put it on again.

The voice beside him said, with a spiteful touch: "I think it was carelessness——" And he replied, blowing out his cheeks: "Bound to be!"

But then a little bird flew on to a branch of the young chestnut above them—and shook over the old heads a great jet of song.

He took off his hat, heaved himself up, and beat in its direction in the tree. Away it flew.

" Don't want bird muck falling on us," said h lowering his belly carefully—carefully again.

The fire was made.

" Put your hand in the oven," said she, " an' s if it's hot."

He put his hand in, but drew it out again with squeak, and danced up and down.

" It's ever so hot," said he.

This seemed to please her very much. She too g up and went over to him, and touched him with a finge " Do you like playing with me?" And he said, his small, solid way, " Yes, I do."

At that she flung away from him and cried, " I never be done if you keep on bothering me with the questions."

As she poked the fire, he said, " Our dog's ha kittens."

" Kittens!" She sat back on her heels. " Ca a dog have kittens?"

" Of course they can," said he. " Little ones, yc know."

" But cats have kittens," cried she. " Dogs don' dogs have——" She stopped, stared—looked for th word—couldn't find it—it was gone. " The have——"

" *Kittens*," cried he. " Our dog's been an' ha two."

She stamped her foot at him. She was pink wit exasperation. " It's *not* kittens," she wailed " it's——"

" It is—it is—it is," he shouted, waving the shove She threw her top dress over her head, and began t cry. " It's not—it's—it's. . . ."

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, he lifted hi pinafore and made water.

At the sound she emerged.

"Look what you've been an' done," said she, too appalled to cry any more. "You've put out my fire."

"Ah, never mind. Let's move. You can take the pickaxe and the match-box."

They moved to the next cave. "It's much nicer here," said he.

"Off you go," said she, and get me some sticks for my fire."

The two old babies above began to rumble, and, obedient to the sign, they got up without a word and waddled away.

(*June*, 1919.)

ROSA MUNDI

There in a solitude of silence slips
The sun's red rose down to the damps of night,
The long grass soon will hide that saddening light,
Bloom past mature, touched with frost's embering lips.
All the earth eyes seem that way bent, red rose!
Lovestruck the lark leaps up to heard farewell
With one last flash, the jester's passing-bell;
The red rose falls, the windwave darkling flows

Through the concealing grass, to-morrow's hay,
The brown owl on the tall post mews and peers,
But that divine bloom's gone; the white owl veers
His body of a fish far down that way
Where dropped that petal. Along the cattled glade
The trees are weeping women, the pearled downs
Put off their glory, and the eyesight drowns,
As though through tears, where the lost blossom's laid.

And true, man finds himself to tears betrayed;
Though youth and joy laborious in the bright
Their stratagems had manned in tears despite,
But like a spy the shadow passed their enfilade.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL

By Roger Dataller

A FALL.

Cæsar had been restless for something more than an hour and a half, wandering hither, thither (within the limitation of the place), swinging his head slightly from side to side, and turning sharply well within his own length. The rattle of his chains, the clinking of metal, had exasperated us.

"Damn thee," said Sturgess the trammer, "damn thy hide! Be still! Did ye ever see sich a hoss in all thi life? A bloody clothes hoss ud make a better pony nor 'im!"

"He's put out about something," I said. "He's strange. He may be ill for all we know. It may be belly ache."

"Belly ache be b——" snarled Sturgess. "If 'e'd belly ache 'e'd roll abart an' make a noise." (To the pony) "Be still—damn your rags." No sooner had these words left his mouth than crack! crack! went the props, and the roof fell down like sand, bearing on one's back and shoulders like some terribly weighted blanket. I gasped for a moment, choking and wheezing, with my head between my toes, bowed in a bewilderingly cramped fashion, my knees protruding on either side, and my left hand closing convulsively upon the rubble beneath my fingers. I choked and spluttered and thought "O God! O God! it's come!" And as I strained upwards against the preponderating weight, quicker than lightning there flashed right through my mind, a veritable catalogue of childish recollections

from that portentous moment when careering round and round the yard at home, I had overturned the mailcart and spilled my youngest brother in the dust—for the fraction of a second—no more, I heard his terrified squalling—flicker! flicker! flicker! quicker than the kino, impressions crowded in. During which time (so far as I remember) I continued to wheeze and choke, and to say " O God! O God!" Then came a perceptible loosening of the burden, voices were speaking in the distance, a light flashed out, away, above, and lifting up my head I saw the face of Sturgess and that of another man. I don't remember anything else save that just before I fainted, I made a strenuous effort to draw my knees together and found that I could not for the very pain of the thing.

So far as the past and its recurrence is concerned, I can give you no really definite impression, nor indeed could any other man under similar circumstances. And if you think there is any doubt about the matter, why then, go yourself, and labour in the place, and make a personal testing of the whole business.

" *ESSAYS.*"

The undermanager's desk is littered with a hotch potch collection of letters excusing absence, mostly on the ground of illness and of indisposition. Weird and wonderful the notepaper our colliers use. One recognises sugar bags, railway labels, Bible flyleaves, and paper indeterminate; funeral parchment, black-edged envelopes—the cheapest kind of writing material. Sometimes a heavily-scented lavender parchment—ornately boudoir-like, à la Grande Dame!—whence? Whither? Who can say? Needless to explain, the spelling is uniformly bad, the handwriting juvenile, in some cases very juvenile, and occasionally feminine. The wife, one feels, has been called in and takes a hand

as she demonstrates—(how often crudely) that h
Jack So and So isn't feeling very well as . . . p
example. . .

Dear Sir,
I am veary polly and have got dear-year and cant
come yours truely.

Or this :

Please i catched my leg a Satturday lifting a tub a
i cant flow my work up so i would feel intirnley thank
to you if you would make a report of it for fear i wou
hav to be off."

Or this old-world communication :

Sir,
I am unable to follow my Employment through
Small Strain Which Acured On Friday But W
Resume work in A Day or Two.
Your obedient servant.

Or this on the leaf of an out-of-date diary :

Sir I, am J. W. Webster, ill.

Contrast with these a number of really juven
essays, written by youngsters of some seven years, a
members of Marion's class at school, and miner
children in the main.

"My Father."

My father gos to work. Wehen he comes home h
his has black has sut. he coms home at afternoo
When he comes home he has is dinner. he gos to wo
at nighte. When he comes home he bringht so
monny back. He gos to bed after dinner.

My father gos to work to get some mony to get so
food whit it. at nigth he goes to bed and on a
he gos to my gromars he sed to my mother will

With you on satadedi soon the peeanow (piano) will wont toonin. at not he come in to supper. He saed I will have some chips and a fich. he gos soping for my mother he gos to get some trouses for himself and a cap for him.

My father gos to wak for mony to keep ues we bay food for us to aet our Nell she waks at keethli (Keighley) We had not inuf to keep us all So. She went a waye so we cud live aply (happily).

I hawe gota father and some fathers has dide (died) and the ladys gets some roses and daffodils and croces and tulip and put on the graffes. and when the flowers are ded they get some morr and my father gos to the clob and the wisd-driv (Whist Drive) and the foraje (forge) has well. to get some mony.

"My Mother."

I have got a mother at home and she warks hared and when she woshes some time is mase her pooly and then she mite die and my father will go in the cab and then myt bey some flower eles my anty will bey some. and then when the flowers are ded my dad will bey some more.

My mother washes clothes and works very hard My washes pots. and pays the rent some time she only gives the rent only a bit of money because he dosnt bring much money home at satuedays. and some time my mother makes some custard and some buns and some think else. It is a Jelly the Jelly shivers I had some Jelly for my tea yestueday our Jim was late foris she gets my dinner ready befare I come home from school.

WELL?

There are one and a quarter millions of us. What are you going to do about it? We are human as yourselves.

"If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not d And if you wrong us, do we not revenge?" Who you reader of these lines? And what your infor tion? Are we still the worshippers of whippets?— hoary wife-beaters?—the drinking den loungers?— rapacious *condottiere* of the Picture Press? Do y remember our President's cloth cap, and hold it agai us? Or that, earning fabulously, we squandered wealth in riotous living, in grand pianos and chinch furs? Thus the daily, thus the Sunday Press!!! W how these things creep into print amazes me. Do men who pen such dirt really believe the written wor They may do. Let us regard them generously a assume they do. But there is a daily round which s remains curiously unreported. Split thumbs are romantic things. Chronic rupture offers small delig even to the reading public. A bursted eye is a lit boring—(you will readily understand that I am exclu ing the recipient?). A crushed foot? Any damn fo can crush his foot! And when the collier, emergi into God's own sunshine, finds that his eyes are stream ing tears, and that his eye lids are uncontrollably flutte ing—well, it's only nystagmus! And doesn't he g "compo" dammit? Well then . . .

I find to-day is quite representative in its toll human limbs. Here it is.

	Nature of accident.	*Occasion.*
Name.	Bruised right leg.	Fall of coal.
"	Wrenched inside.	Twisting tub on [illegible]
"	Injured eye.	Flying piece of coal.
"	Injured lower part of spine.	Fall of coal.
"	Injured inside.	Between corf and prop
"	Sprained back.	Lifting full corf.
"	Crushed fingers.	Caught between tubs.
"	Injury to back.	Fall of dirt.
"	Injury to back.	Fall of coal.

CONTACT

By W. Griffin

MRS. RUSPER opened the door of the dining room an regarded the table with anxious eyes. She sighed it seemed to be all right. The orange-shaded ligh shining out of its Chinese blue vase looked warm an comforting, the table centre of white silk with golde threads and patterns round it was special, just as Jac had asked on the telephone. The claret stood in fron of the fire ; it was too near and might be mulled, so sh moved the fat-bellied silver-topped jug away. One c the curtains had not been pulled properly across th window, but a slight twitch, a rustle of the brass ring as they slid along the pole, and that was put right. I seemed a shame to shut out the warm spring night but her husband's digestion was sensitive to draught and she dared take no chances. There were too man omens about . . .

They had come with the war, the omens, and now although the war was long over, they would not g away. She had not minded them in the war ; they hel her thoughts kindly, like holding a child's hand. Bu now they were disturbing. Jack had telephoned tha he was coming down to dinner, and had asked that th dinner might be "special" to put the old man in a good temper. These words were an omen, if eve there was one, and his mother wondered what new dis contents were coming to her home, as if there were no enough already, since the war. Prices, servants prices . . . It was difficult to name the discontent

one by one, but together they were massed lik
full of ghosts, a shadowy fog that poured ro
over the heart, cold and dispiriting. Yes, th
Powers behind the omens, and so it was impor
the table should look nice. It made such a dif
Never neglect ritual was a sound law in these

In the drawing room she found her daught
standing by the fire, her left hand resting on the
piece. Joan's ring caught the light, the topaz
Bunny had given her in that week that had
full of laughter, his last short leave at home b
had been shot down flying over the Germa
And above the topaz ring was the thin platinu
black enamelled, that Joan had bought for hers
Bunny had been. . . . Strange unknown peo
young ones during the war, leading a life ap
of high fantastic symbols. It was useless to a
why? They smiled and went on. She rem
when Joan had shown her the little black ring
finger. "Did you buy it for yourself?"
asked. Joan nodded, and then, "And that
mother dear," was all she had said. She had
to touch Joan then, but she could not put out he
Joan was a stranger for a moment, and yet h
mate, how dear.

Perhaps her father was right after all. Time
Joan's neck was already sunburnt; it showe
against her white dress. Not that Joan wou
that; she had to live out of doors. Of cour
healed! . . . Oh, the omens! You could n
sure of anything when the omens were on the wi

Joan smiled at her mother. "I'm afraid Ar
going to have kittens again. Probably that
tailed Tom down the hill. It's no good,
we'll have to change her name. She's too ca

Not quite nice, of course, and in such a casu
But she smiled back at her daughter.

"I suppose I'll have to get my hat-box ready," Joan sighed; "Artemis is so particular."

"You spoil the animals, Joan."

"O well." It was a shadow of a shrug, Joan o her guard for a second.

Mr. Rusper came in. "This collar is very rough but I couldn't find a better one."

"I've changed the laundry three times this yea but they're all just as bad."

"It's high time they pulled themselves together The excuse of the war won't last for ever. Thes people think that because we put up with things then and willingly, too, of course, we'll always stand it They'll find out their mistake soon." He drew ou his watch and compared it with the silver clock on th mantelpiece. "It's past the half-hour. Dinner no ready yet?" (Oh, the omens.)

"We're waiting for Jack."

Mr. Rusper snapped the cover of his watch. "I didn't know he was coming; you never told me."

"I forgot, dear. He rang up only just to say he would come."

"He knows the dinner time." He turned to Joan. "You young folks are becoming lazy-mannered, my dear." . . . Jack's key was heard in the lock. Joan moved quickly to the door, and her swift whisper was heard outside. Jack came in.

"Awfully sorry, father, know you hate being kept waiting, but I couldn't help it." He kissed his mother. "If you don't mind, I won't change, didn't bring my things with me in fact; so I'll just cut along and wash, and you'd better start."

Mr. Rusper looked at his son, and was mollified. A good-looking boy, no doubt of it at all. Did his bit, too. Nothing very distinguished, just the honest Englishman's bit, without too much grumbling.

"Give you two minutes." Jack fled, and Mrs. Rusper pressed the bell-push at the side of the fire-place.

It was all right. Cook had respected the omens, the dinner was propitiatory, and Mr. Rusper accepted the burnt offerings. Jack chattered. Joan glanced at him now and again; chattering was Jack's defence against unpleasantness, "machine-gun barrage," he called it. There was a strafe coming somewhere, for Jack did not dare to risk a pause in the conversation. His father did not notice it; Jack's high spirits, his slang, were wine to him; he warmed his hands again at the fires of his youth. Even when with upraised eyebrow and plate pushed back, he inquired with elaborate politeness the meaning of one of Jack's esoteric phrases, and grimaced at the barbarism, he was enjoying it.

"George Graves, father!"

Mr. Rusper speared an olive. "H'm. It's meaningless to me, but I suppose I'm in the outer circle of darkness, and you'll say that the further you go from the Albany the less meaning there is in anything." He turned the sentiment over in his mouth; it had a bouquet undoubtedly, essence of urbanity. (The omens were disappearing, specks in a windy sky. Still, specks.)

Mr. Rusper played his part with relish, the indulgent father recalling chimes heard at midnight. Jack played up carefully to his father. But once, Joan remembered, not many months before, the cues had missed. Jack had debts. Enormous debts they seemed to his mother and sister, and his father had been excited and angry. Jack met the storm with sulks, and muttered, "It's all very well for him, Joan, he had his time; but our crowd had a little war on, and we were bilked. It's not fair to grudge it now." She remembered, too, the last angry sentence of her father, "Just because you fought in the war, you think you can do nothing for the rest of your life." He was so

red and angry when he had said it, poor little Daddy, angry with himself, with Jack, and with Joan for hearing it. He paid the debts at once, and bought a History of the War, to refresh his memory, he said. He flogged his mind against forgetfulness; it was all a civilian could do.

There was a lull in the firing. Mr. Rusper passed the port. Jack filled his glass and lit a cigarette. Joan refused the port, but Mrs. Rusper felt that she deserved hers.

"How are things in the City?"

Jack paused before he answered. Joan saw his lips quiver and his eyes darken with fear like a dog's. Mrs. Rusper looked up from her port, there was something in the air.

"Rotten. Business at a standstill. Ships don't pay working costs."

Mr. Rusper cut and lit a cigar judicially. "I'm not surprised. What can you expect with a Government like this, buying votes with other people's money. Bread and circuses; Imperial Rome!" It was a well-known prelude, and soon the theme was picked out, embroidered, run into different keys, resolved and struck again. And through it ran, "I've been cheated . . . cheated . . . cheated. What I made and saved is worth less than it should be." The discontents were up and out and trooping. Port had lost its savour for Mrs. Rusper; high up wheeled the omens and their wings were like distant thunder.

Joan rose, and her mother followed.

"Another glass, Jack?"

"Er—no, thanks, father."

"Well, we may as well go into the other room."

In the drawing-room Joan sat back on the sofa and picked up a book. Mrs. Rusper took a chair by the fire, and out of a wide silk bag brought wool and began to knit. It was a war disease from which she had

ever recovered. Khaki during the war, and now dark
blue for the Deep Sea Fishermen. Her husband, too,
had his disease, newspapers. Two in the morning,
two at night, and on Saturdays three, with one on Sunday,
except when there was a crisis when he took two.
It was a drug. He had learned the habit in the war
when newspapers saved him from thinking. But now
he was thinking, pouring out a stream of criticism of the
Government, labour, the United States, professional
football, all the signs of post-war decadence. Dinner
and the warmth of the room had flushed his face, and
his breath came short. Jack was not listening. An
unlit cigarette drooped from a corner of his mouth.
Suddenly he stiffened, moved the cigarette, and over
the top of her book Joan watched him moisten his lips
with his tongue.

" Father, I've got something to tell you."

Mr. Rusper grunted at the interruption while his
wife let her knitting slide on to her lap; work was
impossible with the omens brushing against her face.

" I'm leaving the New Occident."

Mr. Rusper was surprised undeniably, but his voice
was very quiet : " And why, may I ask? " Don't you
find the best shipping company in London satisfactory? "

" Oh yes," Jack giggled. " I find them all right,
but they're not of the same opinion about me it seems.
They've kicked me out."

" They've kicked you out." Mr. Rusper did not
seem to be sure which had been insulted, his son or the
shipping company.

Jack's face was frightened; he had hoped for an
earlier explosion. " Yes! I think they made an
unnecessary fuss. You see, I met one or two fellows
I'd known out there, you know, and we had lunch
together. I was a bit late getting back, and I dare say
was a bit on, too. You can't help it if you run across

fellows like that. And as luck would have it one of the Managers wanted to see me—and I wasn't able to tell him much, and he got sarcastic, so I suppose I gave him some cheek. Anyway, he fired me. Said they had given me every chance, as he knew it took some time to settle down after France. Then he added something about my general work. I don't know what he meant, because they've never complained before, not seriously, that is. Of course, it took me some time to learn the ropes." He ended lamely.

"When did this happen?" Mr. Rusper's voice was calm, but he ran his finger along the rough edge of his collar; this too was an omen.

"Yesterday."

Mr. Rusper stood up. "This is a fine thing." He paused, and his voice thickened. "Good God," he burst out, "is there never going to be an end to this nonsense? Met some fellows from France, you say, and were too drunk to do your work." He waved down a protest from his wife.

"Always the same damned rotten excuse. You young puppies think you can play the fool for ever because you were in France." A memory stirred in his mind, but the yeasty bitterness was working within him. "D'you never think of us, of men of my age, what we have to put up with, what we have to give up? We worked when we were young, we did what we could in the war, and now the little that's left to us has to be spent on young slackers like you, who haven't manners or grit or decency."

He stood before the fire, gesticulating in short circles with the stump of his extinct cigar.

Joan watched him with curiosity. She was surprised to find herself so detached, until, before her father's increasing bitterness, his tremulous, almost tearful invective, she recognised that she too, and all her friends and Jack's friends, and . . . Bunny . . .

all the crowd of restless, unimpressed, critical wanderers home from the wars, were guilty alike. The war had taken her father and put him firmly and not gently on one side, and in the new beginning of things after the war he had been forgotten. Like an old doll that you find in a cupboard. She was ashamed that she should think of her father like that, and angry with him for his wide attack on Jack and her and all of them. "I've been cheated, cheated, cheated" was still the refrain of her father's speech. The little luxuries on which he had counted until they became as necessities, a chance of munificence in patriarchal spirit, an orderly retrospect on life, and a comfortable patience for the future, the dignity of age, all these had been stripped from him, and it seemed that no one cared. He had so little of life left to him and the young so much. He was jealous of them, jealous, and they were indifferent even to his jealousy.

The whips were smarting now and Jack too was standing, angry, expostulating, querulous. The war . . . the war . . . the war. . . . There lay defence and attack for each in turn.

So fantastic were these two figures gesticulating and shouting before the fireplace, like leaping shadows of the flames, that Joan could not find them real. They were near to blows, her father and her brother; she knew that, and yet this bubbling anger, the down-dragging bitterness, and the roaring excitement were far away, impersonal. She looked at her mother. Mrs. Rusper sat stupefied, but there was a look in her eyes that Joan had seen once or twice during the war when she had been told of one more circumstantial horror, or of one more attack "held up," hung up in the cold mist of morning on wire and hidden machine-guns. What she pictured in the words she never said. But now it was the same look, and like a flash a word leaped to her daughter's mind. Mad. Mad. That

was Mrs. Rusper's judgment. War—like that—in the misty morning; war like this before the fireplace. Men were mad, mad.

Her father was waving his arm towards the door; Jack's hands went into his pockets; through the spell which had been suddenly cast upon the two women, and still bound them, they heard a few broken words. "I'm finished with you . . . I am going . . . grown up . . . a bit steep after the war. . ." A door banged and the haze broke and lifted. Jack was no longer there. Her father was shaking, white; he was old, old, in a minute. She noticed—how had she never noticed before?—his pouched eyes and the trembling underlip like a baby's, an old baby's. Her eyes brimmed. Mr. Rusper turned and groped towards the door; he was seeing nothing but himself, thousands of himself in their homes everywhere, cheated, thrown on one side. Joan heard him moving in the dining-room. With the tears sliding down her face on to her knitting sat Mrs. Rusper. There was nothing to say, nothing to do. A word, and they would hear the argument again. And then . . . camps, hostile camps once more. Glaring at each other over intervening years. Later on, of course, in a day or two, it would be smoothed down, and made straight and they could all begin again. Could they? There was the little devil of doubt whispering. The war stood between them like a wall, between father and son, mother and daughter. They had pretended that it united them; that was not true. At times their hands touched over it, and the wall disappeared, but now it stood high and rough and menacing and they shouted angrily and brooded suspicion. . . . Lonely, lonely, each one of them. . . .

The house was quiet at last, but in the silence the air still shook and quivered with spent passion. Joan sat in her room barefooted waiting for sleep. She

thought of her mother. What comfortable words would she find for her father, face to face with him in the unjudging all-comprehending intimacy of their room? It must be terrible to see men as her mother did. She shivered though her head was hot, and her skin dry and tingling. Would sleep ever come, quietly, gently, over her throbbing heart?

She crossed to the window and opened it wide. The evening air moved by her like a moth, brushing her eyes and cheek with downy wings. Sweet it was, bearing the blossom scent of musk from the garden which lay below her in velvety shadow.

In the firs at the garden end stars were tangled deep in the branches, like silver balls. But up in the pale sky they were golden. That could not be a shooting star that fell across her eyes, like a lamp? A lamp! She remembered now those little lamps crossing and recrossing, loops and eddies of light high up in the darkness, the deep vibration of the engines, the patter of the machine-guns, and in the distance spurts of light orange and pink, and the heavy booming that choked. And that one lamp that went down spinning, first wide slow circles of light, narrower, narrower, a thin spiral, a swift plunge as a star falls in the sea, then trembling silence. Was it so that Bunny died? Alone up in the night, rings of silver against the black sky, and that plunging fail? She would have liked to talk now without having to explain, and with him she need never explain. "Bunny, my dear love, Bunny." Did she really speak the words, hoping as her eyes strained into the night that there could be an answer?

The wind turned on tip-toe and was blowing into her face now. She leaned from the window, drawn out tense by the stillness. Was she dreaming or did she hear far off a drowsy humming in the air, like a hornet droning by, but high above her and out of sight? Was that another star that floated again past her eyes, or

. . . a lamp? It might be the air mail winging out on her late journey. But she was flying so high, her engines were only a sleepy song in the distance. See, too, she does not move away, hanging there, that tiny lamp. Hanging there before her eyes, far away yet somehow very near, friendly, like a signal. Pain held her a moment and she closed her eyes. The warm night wind touched her eyelids and her parted lips. There was a secret in the night. She must hear it, it is a whisper now, quite near, quite near! Listen! The pain ebbed from her like a tide, a sweet numbness flooded her, and she looked again for the friendly lamp, but it was gone.

THE QUARRY

By Wilfrid Gibson

As the windhover
Drops on the shrew
Love, O young lover,
Swoops down on you,
Bears your heart heavenward,
Tears it in two—

Swift with his capture
Soars through the light—
Yours the fierce rapture
Of agonised flight
Talon-torn terror-winged
Into blind night.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCIENTIST.—It is probable that the old attitude towards science, as a difficult but debased activity, something formidable but "materialistic," is not now very common. Einstein's theory, although by no means generally understood, has played a great part in convincing people that modern science is almost as "spiritual" as theosophy. References to a "fourth dimension" always produce this effect; an unimaginable degree of abstraction and profundity is indicated. And relativity theory flourishes in this region—the region which requires, as Barry Pain has so splendidly said, "a sixth sense, a double soul, a fourth dimension, and a boy to push behind."

This being the flavour of modern science, then, it is easy to understand that even poetic souls may be enamoured of it. Almost alone amongst modern novelists, Mr. H. G. Wells has tried to convince us that a scientific man may be an artist, that his incentives and emotions are quite comparable to those of a poet. Mr. Shaw goes further; when you have advanced beyond music and painting and poetry, he says, you will want to meditate on the properties of numbers. But neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Shaw can tell us at all intimately what a creative scientific man really feels about science. They can guess, for they are both creative artists themselves. Unfortunately no first-class scientific man has told us very much about his feelings, if we except certain writings of Kepler, and some of Michael Faraday's letters. It is for that reason that this autobiography by Professor Pupin *From Immigrant to Inventor* (Scribners, 18s. net), is of exceptional interest. Professor Pupin is not, of course, a scientific man of the first order, but he is a great deal more than a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water. Science moves him in the same way that it moved Faraday and Maxwell and

Einstein. Their achievements are to him what great music is to the genuine musician. This account of how a Serbian peasant boy became a professional man of science is the history of a man to whom truth and beauty, as revealed in modern physics, were dominating spiritual influences.

The book is charmingly written. We see a vigorous, enthusiastic, *poetic* soul irresistibly attracted by the wonder that he vaguely sensed in the profoundest scientific speculations of his time. His instinct was sound. After graduating at an American college he came to Europe to learn more about that enigmatic and mysterious "thought-adventure" called Maxwell's theory of light. Maxwell had been dead four years; hardly anybody in the world had clear ideas about the meaning of the great and subtle theory with which he founded modern physics. Pupin found that, at Cambridge, they could give him an exquisite mathematical training, but they could not tell him the meaning of Maxwell's theory. In truth, he was not ripe for it. That mathematical drill was necessary. He went to Helmholtz in Berlin, his imagination still haunted by Maxwell, and there, at last, he began to see. His was as truly "spiritual" a quest as that of the Buddhist priest who goes to Lhasa. He carried Campbell's "Life of Maxwell" constantly about with him. He brooded over his sayings. He read all Faraday's papers, for he was told that Maxwell had seen in them the germs of his theory. He read them in Scotland, thinking that the Scotch air and scenery might help him to see in them what a Scotchman had seen. When he visited his mother in Serbia he talked to her about what he knew of Maxwell's theory, and we can judge how he talked from her comment: "Your teachers who gave you that knowledge are as wise as the prophets and as holy as the holiest saints in heaven."

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pages. And those who are not students of science should read it, for they will know the feelings if they do not know the object of the feelings, and they will know much better than before what science is and what it means to the scientific man.—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

A NOTE ON GEORGE FOX.—" We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day star arise in your hearts." Such the text, developed by the preacher in the sense that the sure word of prophecy was the Bible, and when George Fox, fresh from the revelation that ended his long search, stood up and declared that the light was not the scriptures but the spirit of God, he threw down the gauntlet to Protestantism in defiance of the fact that his own illumination was, in part, a product of literature. And such, also, were his immediate followers, those gathered together by the strength of his religious genius. They came from all over Puritan England, a Bible-soaked England whose main popular diversion (there were no newspapers, nor, in the modern sense, either politics or books) was amateur theology. They staked all upon the inner light, maintained that the ground of knowledge is immediate revelation which " may not be subjected to the examination either of outward testimony of the scripture or of the natural reason of man as to a more noble or certain rule or touchstone," set out to do without teachers, " college professors," and " steeple-houses," and used a ritual of bodily and mental silence as their means of preparation for the promptings of the spirit. These people did not realize their culture, the circle of ideas that was around them more closely than the air they breathed, so that promptings were ready-made in them, the promptings of God as lived in the life of Christ. Within the bonds of their divine prejudice they were free, strong, and as

once extraordinarily prolific in good works and luminous with common sense. Yet even amongst this peculiar people it soon became evident that "religion" cannot do without organization and discipline. Fox himself discovered it and devised a church that stands alone in self-operating exclusiveness. And in the middle period of Quakerism, narrowly Puritan, cut off from the culture of the day, and swinging back to the Protestant dogma of an infallible scripture, is much evidence of the fact that intelligence is necessary to full salvation. The swing-back to biblicism appears as an accomplished fact in the nineteenth-century reappearance of the Quakers as an evangelical body. And to this day there is in most Friends' meetings a numerically dominant Protestantism, modified, it is true, by the legacy of Fox, the persistent framework of Quaker culture. And within this lively framework, the nucleus of the society, the heirs of George Fox hard at work amidst their so diverse beneficent activities "expressing Quakerism in terms of modern thought," suffer much searching of heart. For more than any other religious group are Friends aware, even while they speak and write, of the danger of words; aware how rarely the testimony of the mind is above suspicion; aware that "the world" accepts only the testimony of a man's life.

Meanwhile, from all sides, light begins to fall upon the essence of the spiritual adventure inaugurated by Fox. William James, the expounder of religious experience, remarked that the Quaker religion is something that it is impossible to overpraise, and to-day we have the strange spectacle of an Anglican divine publicly crowning these people who live without "the Sacraments." The conviction grows that within this small sect is the vital core of English catholicism. Students of Quaker activities past and present, have revealed the fact that to Fox and his followers may be traced nearly all practical attempts to frame daily and national life on the

pattern set down by Christ in his Sermon. The leaven is traceable. Almost every secular reform of modern times originated as a small experiment made by the Society of Friends, a leap in the dark, taken in the face of precedent, experience, expediency, evidence, and all the rest of it.

And these people have lived with a book. They have enthroned the Bible by putting it in its place. Unthink the Bible and you unthink the Quakers; you unthink Christendom. Christendom is those who try to live more or less Christwards. Urged from within and without. And Christendom has largely been kept going by literature. Thanks to literature the challenge of Christ reaches many people. And now and again astonishing things happen. They happen when, like Francis, men take Christ at his word. Against such the Church itself, even the Church that claims absolute external authority, is powerless. Fox was persecuted because he defied the Church, did not recognize his debt to its safeguarded words, to the Church as a teaching body, a casket of books.—DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

BOU-OUM OR OU-BOUM?—It was only to be expected that Mr. E. M. Forster's novel when it did come, after a silence of fourteen years, would be a remarkable one. What might further have been expected was that it would in itself contain an explanation of that abnormal interlude. *A Passage to India* (Arnold, 7s. 6d.) does this: it tells us that the miracle is not that Mr. Forster should have taken fourteen years to write it, but that he should have written it at all. For evidently the best part of those fourteen years was occupied not in writing this very fine novel, but in wondering whether there was indeed anything on earth, or in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth, worth writing about. And even then, in that long space of years, Mr. Forster did not *decide* that there was. No, the balance faintly

clined, the pointer dribbled over towards "To be," ıd the silence was interrupted.

I scarcely think it will be interrupted again. The lanning of Mr. Forster's next novel should carry him ell on to the unfamiliar side of the grave. It will take im, I imagine, a good deal more than fourteen years find the word which will evoke a different echo from ie primeval cave of Marabar: and I fancy (such is my ith in his intellectual honesty) that he will not speak gain without the assurance of a different reply.

But what is the echo of the cave of Marabar? This what it is absolutely:

> "The echo in a Marabar cave . . . is entirely devoid of distinction. Whatever is said, the same monotonous voice replies, and quivers up and down the walls till it is absorbed in the roof. *Boum* is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or *bou-oum*, or *ou-boum*,—uttery dull. Hope, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeak of a boot, all produce *boum*. Even the striking of a match starts a little worm coiling, which is too small to complete a circle, but is eternally watchful. And if several people talk at once, an overlapping howling noise begins, echoes generate echoes, and the cave is stuffed with a snake composed of small snakes, which writhe independently."

And this is what it was to an elderly woman who was gifted (or cursed), like her creator, with "the twilight of the double vision":

> "The echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a moment when she chanced to be fatigued, it had managed to murmur, 'Pathos, piety, courage—they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value.' If one had spoken vileness in the place, or quoted lofty poetry, the comment would have been the same—*ou-boum*."

A cave of Marabar is the symbol of the universe for Mr. Forster: no wonder then that he should have waited so long before inviting an echo from it. He might almost as well have waited an eternity. "It is a good book"—*bou-oum*; "it is a bad book"—*ou-*

boum; "it is a good bad book"—*bou-oum*; "it is a bad good book"—*ou-boum*.

To be or not to be? was once the question. But now, *Ou-boum* or *bou-oum?* Of these one is as good as the other. And yet, I wonder, is that indeed the only echo which reaches Mr. Forster's metaphysical ear? Is *ou-boum* or *bou-oum* really the rich and rippling recompense for the dropping of this novel into the everlasting void? If it is, then Mr. Forster is a hero: but if it is not. . . .

I am speaking not of the outward fiction, which is brilliant and dramatic and absorbing, but of the inward significance of *A Passage to India*. That is the same (though expressed in how different a dialect!) as the significance of Mr. Joyce's savage and hyperborean *Ulysses*. The outward fiction politely declares: "I am revealing a strange and unknown continent—India—as it has never been revealed before." That is true. But the inward significance whispers: "I am obeying the word: Command that these stones be made bread." And that not even Mr. Forster can do.

One after the other they go, the talents of our age, dropping into the void. *Ou-boum* or *bou-oum?* The echo of *A Passage to India* is one of the greater ones: so many of the others are no more than "the little worms coiling, too small to complete a circle." Mr. Forster's echo completes a circle utterly. And that is a great achievement. But what then? When the subtle, delicate, wistful voice of Mr. Forster evokes the same response as the vulgar braying of******? Is it enough to have given companions he would despise a symbol they will not understand? Can it be that one so skilful should have lost his way because he has forgotten a simple but difficult truth: that the head cannot really find room for that which the heart rejects, or both will wither and grow old? Can it be that, like his own Mrs. Moore, Mr. Forster

> "has come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time—the twilight of the double vision in which so many elderly people are involved. If this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation—one or other of those large things, that huge scenic background of stars, fires, blue or black air. All heroic endeavour, and all that is known as art, assumes that there is such a background, just as all practical endeavour, when the world is to our taste, assumes that the world is all But in the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity."

Whether or not this is Mr. Forster's condition, in that last half-sentence is contained the genesis and the import of *A Passage to India*.—J. M. MURRY.

THE MINER'S ATTITUDE—A REJOINDER.—I am not at all certain whether W. J. L. (writing in the June ADELPHI), can be admitted as a serious critic of mining conditions. The only answer that can be made to the curious assertion that "the intricacies of the Mines Acts are imbibed with his (the miner's) mother's milk," is that it is simply not true. The General Regulations of the 1911 Act would alone make a fair-sized magazine; and furthermore, your ordinary miner is so little versed in these intricacies, being aware of certain rules only when he breaks them, that his Trade Union official, (to whom he is apt to turn in moments of dilemma) on this account alone, has long been indispensable to him. Without overstressing the matter, and simply as a point of detail, I could relate how a few months ago, when a digest pamphlet was issued by the Ministry of Mines, the several roads converging on the pit were littered with discarded Regulations—but let that be.

To generalise—as W. J. L. does—about the miner's life being "very much like that of any other workman," takes one nowhere. "The red blood running"—

strangely reminiscent of Mr. Bottomley—is a little playful gush indicative (I should say) of one who does not habitually gaze upon it. Personally I should never refer to the sticky stuff in quite the same terms. I've seen a deal of it to-day.

I wonder if the more serious objection of the "onlooker's atmosphere," upon which my critic lays stress, is really prompted by the absence of that joyful, valiant note of labour with which the miner leaps to meet his "fascinating" foe? Seriously speaking, I love that joyful, valiant note. But it is not in a coal mine. And it is not enough to indicate that miners who abandon their occupation are wont to return to it. All that represents very little when confronted with the problem of "absenteeism," insoluble as ever it was, and particularly acute even in the working of the good Pit where I am. The truth of the matter is that the "fascination" to which W. J. L. refers is glamorous enough in the depths of an armchair, but to the habitual underground worker astonishingly thin; and that the miner, impelled by economic necessity, and chained by habit to his unpleasing occupation, *endures*.

It would be easy for me to take W. J. L. to a certain school, where fully seventy per cent. of the boys assembled are marked out for the mine; other avenues of occupation being so few. Of course they accept the initial training gleefully enough. The manly standing they acquire and the novelty of darkness are at first absolutely intoxicating. . . .

But if W. J. L., in urging what he believes THE ADELPHI to stand for, really imagines that some other miner will step forward and represent an atmosphere different in essence from that pervading my "Journal" (which, by the way, is a MSS. of some 50,000 words), then all I have to say is that he is nursing a fond delusion, and will have to . . . continue waiting. The "oogle-google" of the nursery will signify as much in

the sense of literary expression, as the miner can relate of his own experiences. As for myself? Well, mornings for me are still at four. I shall stay inside my hole and write.—ROGER DATALLER.

MAN AND THE MASSES.—It is hard to see what else could be done with Ernst Toller except put him in prison. Something had to be done about him. He could not merely be left to carry on. As the judge said the other day about that Amritsar business, grave situations demand violent measures—or words meaning the same thing. It was not as though Toller were content to talk inflammatory stuff about loving-kindness. He was so restlessly active. If people should give heed and start to put such principles as Toller's into practice there's no telling how far they may go. Not that they are likely to pay more attention than the fishes did to St. Francis. Except that, unlike the fishes, they might get angry. So it was possibly an act of kindness to Toller to shut him in a fortress for five years. In the man's own interest. What might happen to a leader who tells the young bloods of the revolution that class-war is evil whoever wages it, that a cause perishes when it takes the sword, that an ideal withers when hate inspires its army? Pretty sentiments for a Soviet president! And it must be remembered that Toller was a president of the Soviet Council in Munich during its brief régime in March, 1919.

Clearly prison was the safest place for Toller. Though he could not keep quiet even under lock and key. "Man and the Masses" was written in a prison fortress. Still, there's little likelihood of harm in such a play if it is staged so beautifully that a fashionable audience can admire the production and let the criticisms pass as a little eccentricity of a criminal who happens to be exceptionally talented. Doctrines are right enough as counsel, but don't interpret them literally.

Remember they are not commands. When the Stage Society presented "Man and the Masses" the other day we were told it was an essay in the new Expressionism. That's better. Æsthetic terminology is much more attractive than such impossibilism as forgiveness, even if one does not understand the one any more than the other. Let us all see the latest thing in artistic conventions. It makes such interesting talk. We can direct the criticism to the question of whether the stage should endeavour to accomplish what can be done only by the films; point out that Expressionism is the work of pictorial presentation, that the theatre abdicates its functions when it discards individual psychology and personal emotions, and symbolizes world movements instead of presenting man's reaction to those movements. Very pretty. Yet men of genius are such unaccountable creaures. By all the rules, of course, Toller could not do what he set out to do. But he did it all the same. The opening scene, where three revolutionaries sit round a table in a mean back-room, arranging the details of the great rising, was thrilling both in action and setting. The understanding Lewis Casson knew what Toller was after. And the deadly satire of the second scene, in which the bosses of the Stock Exchange interrupt manipulation of the markets to fox-trot for charity in aid of their victims, will remain in the memory. Naturally, it is all very puzzling if one goes to the theatre expecting and wishing to find the ready-made stock of the drama.

The theme of the play is the conflict of the individual and the many. Man is not the mass, though Toller appears to nurse a belief that the mass may some day behave as if it possessed an individual conscience. Toller wrote at white heat, getting the play on to paper in less than three days. He believes that our social ills are part and parcel of the industrial system. He subscribes to all the charges brought by Socialism against

Capitalism. Nothing remarkably original about that. It is a long time since the phrases of Marxism were fresh and stimulating, though they are better than emptiness and stagnation still. Toller's power is his awareness that there is something more. Live tolerantly, he says; overcome by understanding; to kill your enemy is to kill yourself.

"Man and the Masses" was not composed in calmness; it was hammered out rapidly by a man who sufferred. A cry and an appeal, it does lose some force by its intenseness. That is the only criticism that occurs to me, and it is not valid of the whole play. It is directly didactic, but if it were only that it could not move one so profoundly. It moves by poetical beauty and dramatic power. The outstanding character is the Woman, creator of life. She is the human soul. Having encouraged the masses to revolt because of her hatred of the shackles of authority, her vision of harmony and love is momentarily obscured by her faith in the "cause." It clears when she see the "cause" is besmirched by the evil it is in revolt against: "Unholy every cause that needs to kill." The path will never be found by the smoky torch of violence. "Whoever calls for the blood of men is Moloch." The State is Moloch, and the Masses, and God himself if he is responsible for the entanglement.

The characters are not individuals. They are the mouthpieces of ideals. But they are not abstractions. They become real by force of poetic imagining and dramatic strength, revealing what is eternally human. Toller has let us into a secret of the vision which guides his work:

> "I see convicts in the prison-yard, sawing wood with a monotonous rhythm. In sympathy I think: these are men. This one may be a workman, the next a farmer, the next a clerk. . . . I see the room in which the workman lived, his little peculiarities, the characteristic gestures with which he threw away a match, or kissed a woman, or came

> out of the factory gates in the evening. . . . Then, suddenly, they are no longer human beings, X and Y and Z, but dreadful puppets dimly aware of the compelling fate that governs them."

There are memorable passages. One remembers the rich voice of Miss Thorndike speaking of a "path through the ripe wheat-fields in August days . . . Wandering in the wintry mountains before dawn . . . Tiny beetles in the breath of noon . . . O world!" And impressive pictures: the macabre dance of the harlots and the condemned, a forest of arms raised despairingly, the chant of oppressed workers.

Toller's is not a new light thrown on our affairs, but it is so intense that cruelty and absurdity cannot disguise under its rays. They are shockingly revealed. He has not the masterful mocking manner of the great satirists, nor the simple sane clarity of Tolstoy, who said the same things. He has not the calm sad smile of Tchehov: "You live badly, my friends. It is shameful to live like that." In that rebuke there is reconciliation. Toller, in a fiery outpouring of anguish, has little healing serenity. He is terribly earnest, sombre; he is moved by a passionate idealism as real as Shelley's.

But why should we brood over things of the conscience? Many years ago we remember someone spoke scornfully of women who attended meetings of the Selborne Society wearing birds in their hats. We go to serious plays and read serious books, discuss their "brilliance"—and "live badly." Shaw's "Joan" draws large audiences: the spirit of the play prompts us no more than do the Gospels which inspired it. . . . But whether we listen or not men like Toller will continue to testify, even in prison. Because they must. The free soul will speak—if only of its inevitable ultimate isolation: "The last road knows no guide. The last road is motherless. The last road is loneliness."—PHILIP TOMLINSON.

ON INDIA, AND CINEMAS, AND PETROL

By The Journeyman

PERHAPS it would be as idle to discuss now the report of the Hunter Commission as to dispute over the findings of the Select Committee on the Discolouration of Clay Pipes. What was the Hunter Commission? Who knows what happened at Amritsar? Still, the crises of empires turn on queer things, and maybe history will have to record that India's complete alienation from the British Raj was caused by a seemingly irrelevant libel action tried in London. The progress of that action got but scant attention in the newspapers; the sub-continent of India was, at the time, almost completely occulted by a week-end bungalow on the South Coast. India, of course, is largely mythical. That libel action was, in truth, the first news we have had of India since the tour there of the Prince of Wales—a tour which, we faintly remember, had a few blue-bottles in the spikenard. Yet, if London shared Manchester's luck in morning papers, we might have found in the *Guardian* recently some strange and discomforting illumination in the letters home of a Punjaub correspondent. But we do not complain. After all, the result of that libel action satisfied most of us. Some of us were jubilant over the vindication of several gallant officers; and some others, guessing easily at the effect of the vindication on His Majesty's loyal Indian subjects, have no doubt that the libel action, which ended so happily in placing the sensitive feelings of British commanders above the alleged suffering o

dying natives in the square of Amritsar, settles the matter of India's loyalty to us, however indecisively that loyalty may have wobbled a week or so ago. India goes the way of Ireland and Egypt. Now the Indians know what we think of them. To the Sikhs in particular, a fine race, who had an old and peculiar sympathy with their British overlords, that verdict by an English jury will look like the back of our hand to them; for our Courts of Law are farther from them than Amritsar. And what curious gratitude they will think it, after Estaires and Neuve Chapelle!

Most of us have forgotten (O! forget the old war!) that native Indian troops were ever in France. Well, we may suppress the memory of what we were and did, if the memory is unpleasant, but the consequences of our deeds are not so friendly. They persist, and do not forget what they are in nature. India remembers the war. She has some right. She helped to maintain a badly attenuated line about the Yser and the Lys in the autumn and winter of 1914-15. It would have gone had she not been there. And while there and elsewhere our Indian "comrades"—the Press was full of thrilling stories about those noble fellows—learned rather too much about European ways of life. A censor through whose hands passed the letters home to India from France (he himself had had a long experience of the East) told me despairingly that one result of the war would be the loss of India; that our prestige, built mainly on a knowledge of Europe which the natives had derived from the attractive qualities of the type of Englishman who administered their country, would surely go. The Indian soldiers were astonished by our ways and means, and they were surprised by the behaviour of some white women. The legend of the superiority of European culture was proved to have little in it; yet perhaps we need not be particular about fine points to-day—it was proved to

be a bluff. We may be said to have contributed, as part of the price we would pay for victory, "the brightest jewel in the British crown." No, we may forget the war, but its consequences will not forget us. If we don't know what we are doing at times, yet the results of our acts are not mitigated because of our ignorance. Strange, that the Empire should be dissolved, not by Little Englanders (who never wanted to dissolve it) nor by Communists (who are incapable of doing it any harm), but by the very deeds and words of those who are most solicitous for its well-being. Death seems to be in any decision to which man comes if he rules out from it goodwill, gratitude, and forgiveness. For as to justice, what man ever knew how to hold the scales?

And apart from all that, petrol, the explosive engine, and the cinematograph have done more to change the moral atmosphere of the world than many centuries of missionary enterprise. All the natives of the Orient, who have admitted, however reluctantly, the superiority of the European since a few years after Vasco da Gama rounded Good Hope, have now the opportunity of watching our conduct projected daily by the rays of the magic lantern. Not an island of the Far East, and no village except the smallest and most remotely inland, but has its shed where new Anglo-Saxon films arrive in their due time. The natives of Lombok and Borneo, and of other spots as remote, long submissive to the evidently superior caste and knowledge of their white governors, may now of an evening watch unfold the candid stories of infidelity, treachery, robbery with violence, coarse horse-play, and domestic infelicity, which so commonly grace the art of our film drama. Films cannot lie, of course. Are not those figures in the film pictures the best white folk? Are those girls—most indecently dressed to many native eyes—not white girls? It is useless for us to deny it. The films which attract Peckham, Blackpool, New

York, and Paris, to crowded houses, prove just as attractive in Surabaya and Rangoon; but there they have a secondary influence, subtle and disintegrating. Just how much perilous challenge is growing against the dominance of the East by the West one cannot estimate; but if peril there is, one important cause of it may be certainly attributed to our taste in film drama. For control of " inferiors " must be based on their respect for us; and what do we ourselves think of the inanities and vulgarity, and the appeal to the primary appetites, of our popular film drama?

These are the little unnoticed things which cause and hasten the great crises in history; we turn a corner, and never know it till we are too far along the road to go back. Think of petrol. Wonderful stuff, petrol! Its effect on humanity has been magical. It has even given us what we call an air menace. The air has not changed. We mean by the euphemism that we have learned to poison the air as an easy means to our extinction, but that we would prefer to put it as though Nature were to blame. Petrol, in its merely tentative efforts, has had an effect on mankind more profound than centuries of great books and great art, and appears to be more popular than Bibles. Petrol and explosive engines rouse to active interest minds which would sleep undisturbed through all the appeals and intimations of the noblest literature. " The best that has been done," as Matthew Arnold used to call it, means now the nicest sort of automobile.

And it certainly is wonderful stuff. Near sunset one day long ago in France my car failed. The driver turned and told me he had no more petrol. He mumbled this in a low and embarrassed voice, as though he had suddenly and surprisingly lost his virtue and was ashamed. As I watched his contrite figure disappear in the evening, to look for more virtue in a place where he was not likely to find it—we were one mile

behind the fighting line—I hoped that he would return, for I was certain I did not want to stay there all night. In those days it was better to get over the places where roads crossed in France without delay. My driver vanished. I was alone with a dead car. Now, what the haunted solitude is like of which the poets tell us I don't know, for I was never there; but I should feel very sorry for the worst maker of bad verse who got lost in the sort of place where nothing seemed more solitary than my Staff Car.

Some ruins were near me. They also had left this life. I was in Limbo. Life, however, was not far off, for I could hear a machine-gun traversing, and now and then rifle shots. Night welled from the ruins by the roadside, till all were hidden but the grotesque relic of what had been a church tower. Then a green rocket aspired from the land of the living, and made the palled ruins stare at me, but did not provoke them into speech. That light failed. Once a strand of wire twanged near, like a violin string breaking; but the cross-roads had no other sound, except an occasional headlong humming that might have been caused by strange night-flying bees. My driver did not return. Perhaps one of the bees had stung him. I had the feeling at the time that the Ancient Mariner had rather understated the case about loneliness, in his famous monologue. It was alone, not at sea, but in the war, though I did not know where. It was a chilly night, perhaps not less cold than the place where Franklin lies. There were hours of that tense and abominable dark; and then a voice, which I thought resembled the voice of my late driver, spoke at my elbow. "I gossum," said the voice. I heard the ardent spirit poured into the car, which suddenly leaped into immense and quivering life. Wonderful spirit, petrol!

Perhaps it would be going too far to say that petrol

has changed the nature of man, but it has seriously changed the nature of his circumstances. Until but a few years ago, a small harbour I know on England's western coast was much as it was in 1588. Its ships were but little different; they had to be worked as Tudor ships were worked, and the winds and the tides compelled their men to a wisdom which seemed of better stuff than one finds in the cities. But now its old wooden vessels have had explosive engines and petrol tanks applied to them, and winds, currents, and pilot tugs are mocked. Their voyages are not artful speculations, but are by schedule. And the people of the village, many of whom had never seen a large town, may now choose which city they would like to visit, get into a charabanc, and go there. That village, once secluded, is now within the circuit of modern affairs—of cheap trips to towns, of the picture-papers and "the movies," and of the appeals of our best statesmen the moment the appeals are made. Petrol has done all that for my little West Country port.

Near it is a high road. Ten years ago, you might walk all day on that road, and meet no more than a dozen other travellers. Recently, when I was tramping over it again, for the pleasure of being accompanied by a few memories from the years that are gone, the line of motor-driven vehicles moving along it seemed endless. They drove me into the beds of its dry ditches, to trudge through dusty nettles and thistles. I saw touring cars pass me which had come from cities three hundred miles away. The inns of that highway were no longer the places I used to know. They did not keep the same food nor the same drink. They had standardized everything. They could no longer afford to give rest and refreshment. They were too busy. By one inn I counted twenty social cars of the size and grace of pantechnicons; the air was dirty with fumes, and pools of oil glistened in the road. The orchard of

the inn, now a common highway, was as desolate as an ash heap. Perhaps the coast and inland valleys near that hostelry are as good as any in Europe. But the tourists of the twenty cars appeared to know nothing of this. Their happiness was in travelling. Speeding from place to place satisfied them, and the names of the places they had been through were as the counting of scalps. They stood in their great coats, gossiping in groups, with faces turned inward, their backs to all that was worth looking at.

It is to be expected that petrol should be more popular than literature, for it is a simpler stimulant. It adds excitement even to the business of owning fishing and coasting craft. It has made scheming for profit a little more urgent and piquant. As for the tourists in the social cars, the noble land for which they pay money to pass through would be better seen by them on picture postcards. Like other excellent things, like an understanding of good music, books, and pictures, or of science, what is best on that coast is not apparent, and has to be discovered through patience and love. People ambitious to cover a number of miles in a day will never see it. I did have the hope, however, that the extension of life and its opportunities, which petrol had given the natives of this land, might have brought within their knowledge something better than the smell of hot grease and blue smoke. I turned hopefully to a little bookshelf of a neighbouring town, and examined its stock. The civilizing light of the great cities, now brought so close to this remote corner, was seen as handbooks that instruct the ignorant in the art of making children's shirts, and of crochet work; books such as those, and Deadwood Dicks, and cheap editions of those novels which have as many editions as a blow-fly has eggs.

MULTUM IN PARVO

"THE TWO JOANS."—THE ADELPHI has compared Bernard Shaw's revivification of Joan of Arc with Anatole France's essay in historical criticism. In an essay contributed to *Le Temps* long before the publication of *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* Anatole France gave his conception of the dramatization of the story. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that the best manner of setting this admirable Joan on the stage would be to construct, not a drama or a tragedy, but a simple mystery play, composed of detached scenes which would be taken from the chronicles and translated into thoroughly popular language, if possible in very simple and artless verse. It would be necessary to avoid dramatic artifice, and to make the scenes follow on without linking one to another, almost as Shakespeare does in his 'Histories.' . . . It might be more suitable to use prose each time the human characters speak. Only St. Michael, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, all the saints, all the angels, would speak in verse and sing the choruses. They would be visible and present, and would reveal the mystical sense of the action. . . . To bring such a work to a successful issue, the collaboration of a poet and scholar would not be inadvisable. Finally, the piece of which I am dreaming is a chronicle in dialogue accompanied by music; for the ideal must be joined to the real. It is a truly national and popular work. I do not want it to be, properly speaking, a work of art. I want something much more and much better. I want it to be a work of faith which speaks to souls. I ask that, to do it well, the authors should for the moment make themselves men of the fifteenth century, and that, in the words of Alfred de Vigny's Chatterton, they should consent to 'narrow their outlook.'"

LIVING AT HOME.—For the last six or eight years literature has been absorbed by the strange experiences of war. It has had little to say about the more usual ones that war obscured or prevented in the lives of most young men. The dislike of home that comes to most of them in the early twenties was mitigated by the fact that they were wrenched from their families and thrown into circumstances that provided the utmost contrast—circumstances so ugly that home life appeared absolutely smooth and sunny. In reality it is a mass of snags and traps that grow more menacing as the varying personalities in a family develop. The war finished in four years. It is a supposedly Christian idea that home and family life should last for ever.

The feeling that a family ruled by one's parents becomes too small for one might be taken as a sign of growth. It is not proved that to honour one's father and mother (and brothers and sisters) one must live in their house. Separation has engendered and strengthened more kind regards than bitter; and the mere material advantages of one's father's house are weak arguments when the inclination is once born for a wider sphere. Self-reliance is a delightful virtue. Casting-off from home and family to achieve economic freedom usually brings it to birth.

In the matter of food, home offers little advantage but cheapness. I know scores of country inns, and places in London, where I can dine quite as well as at home, just when I want, and not when I must. The need to live cheaply is the strongest force holding together thousands of unhappy families. In order to have games, home life is not necessary. A club has frequently more congenial spirits than a family. The household is quite unnecessary for the enjoyment of theatres, books, music, or even cards and dancing. Very few of our satisfactions and activities after the age of about eighteen depend on home.

It does not offer new characters, or even new faces. We know them all nearly to boredom. The introduction of friends into the home circle is full of dangers. At its worst it breaks up that circle. As a lesser trouble it often happens that I cannot like my brother's friends. I have just as much right as he to invite friends to our home. If he does not like mine, and cannot be an adaptable hypocrite, the only thing for him to do is to keep away. And if, because of this, I do not invite them, there is still hidden friction on their account.

This attitude may appear an un-Christian, anti-social pose, but at present surely it must hold good for all sensitive thinking people. The pursuit of the keenest fullest exercise of brain and body does not make one tolerant of discordant, second-best surroundings. That kind of tolerance can be unfair to one's self.

Home is an ideal—and like many others fades on achievement. Many do not see through the romantic myth, and they take the shell of home life for its spirit. The home is only real, and needed and wanted, when it holds strong affection in some form, even if it is only called out when we are ill.

But when we are ill we are old. Home for the old. But youth with youth in a picturehouse or on a bare street is happier than when lonely in the family. It is happier too in surroundings it can enjoy, and not in dead walls. Often, as I am falling asleep during my occasional visits to home, moor-roads flash into my mind; beaches, country inns, or a London theatre; and I long to be away again.—J. A. H.

Shocked by Proxy.—When she went to see *The Woman of Paris* Phillida was thrilled all through the performance without any pauses and without any time in which to wonder what Aunt Adela's opinion of it might be.

As a matter of fact, though, she did once glance to

one side and saw her Aunt's little mouth and chin set in a line of tremendous concentration and her eyes very wide-open, bright, and shining.

"How did you like it, Aunt Adela?" she asked afterwards.

"Like it, my dear? . . . Oh . . . well . . . it was good, wasn't it?"

"*Awfully* good. Why, Auntie, the acting . . . the acting was *splendid*!"

"Yes . . ." Aunt Adela considered. "Yes . . . it was."

"You . . . you . . . weren't *shocked*, were you?"

"Shocked!" said Aunt Adela vaguely; "Oh, no, my dear, certainly not. I really wasn't shocked . . . not at all . . . only . . . I can't help thinking . . . what *would* the Strongs have thought?"—V. LE M.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.—Vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to Imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the Fairies and their congeners; and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. He is fond of playing at tittle-go among them; and when he grows bolder, he acts among the witches and other such creatures; but his hankering after the fairies still continues. Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer and Aeschylus and Dante strove. (*Landor.*)

THE END OF MAN.—Providence considers humanity rather than individuals. Providence has established a general law of progress and advance for the human races. He has, moreover, ordained that it is the duty of every man to help in the fulfilment of this law; and

this constitutes the mission of every man. This mission accomplished, we shall find peace and happiness : sooner or later, according as we have done well, or less well. But the life or the intermediate lives that are given us most certainly carry with them no laws of happiness. A man of the highest virtue may be supremely unhappy all his days, but he must not on that account deny Providence. Providence assures us of a haven, but our voyage thither may be all stormy. (*Mazzini.*)

The Old Women.—In the fetid air under the glaring electric light, to the sound of a flaccid string orchestra, I watched them.

A three-chinned one sat at the next table to me. Her ample chest was amply bared, and the large amethyst cross she wore upon it rose and fell as she breathed. Her eyes, small and glassy, looked discriminatingly at the plate of "Fancies" on her table. She prodded one with a fork. Her lips quivered. I almost saw them water. She swallowed in anticipation. Then, changing her mind, she pronged a huge cream bun and put it on her plate.

I felt sick, and turned my eyes to the table on my right.

Two meagre little women were just settling to it, unbuttoning cheap velour coats with sham fur collars, removing woollen gloves and untidy spotted veils. They bent their heads over the menu card, and in earnest whispers discussed the merits of muffins and toasted scones, éclairs, and walnut cake. It was a momentous occasion—this making the choice. What if they chose badly, and regretted it? What if Wardington's éclairs were not as creamy as Green and Williams's? These shops varied so. It was really difficult to decide what one liked best. I had a momentary vision of them at home in their drab bed-sitting-rooms in Something Villas, Something Avenue, the

one writing a line to the other to suggest meeting fo
tea at Wardington's. Yes, the whole little outing
would be a failure if they made the wrong choice o
cakes.

I felt sad, and turned my eyes to another table.

There sat a tall, thin woman in tailored clothes, wit
a hard mouth and dark, expressionless eyes. He
hands were strong and capable. She wore spats. Sh
pushed aside her empty plate, and knocked the ash o
her cigarette into the dregs of tea in her cup. Sh
looked slowly round the room with cold scrutiny, on
hand on her hip—then replaced the cigarette betwee
her lips, and struck decisively the little bell on the table

I was frightened.

In despair I too looked round the room.

Everywhere, everywhere these old women, som
thin, more fat, some overdressed, some drab, most o
them munching, munching, munching—and all of the
with that look of relentless unappeasable hunger o
their faces.—M. E. Rotton.

Journalese.—Our prize for the best criticism of th
passage given last month goes to the following :

Up the Ladder.

There is at least one blunder in every sentence. Spa
is not "short," nor is it "like many other people"; an
even when the friend had suggested, with such ineleganc
"that there were possibilities," etc., still it must have be
"impossible to have friends [to] stay with" either th
people or the possibilities, until the ladder had been bough
The letter "S" hisses through the next sentence. Comm
are lacking, here and elsewhere; and the less "they"
scrutinised the better. "Happens" should be in the pa
tense. The ladder is too lavishly hung about with speci
cations; but we must make allowances for the peculiar ric
ness of the whole passage, and remember, too, that this
no ordinary ladder: it has important features and folds
in its moments of leisure; its relations with landing an
loft are also exceptional and obscure. "Well-ventilat
and airy" is redundant; "thus," on the other hand, is

masterly attempt to whip in various stray ideas. Is "folding up" a "feature"?

We give below the best specimen submitted this month. It is from an article by Mr. H. C. O'Neill on M. Poincaré, but the sender of the piece omitted to name the newspaper in which it appeared:

> No one can maintain that this small, anxious-looking, jaded figure, declaiming his thunders with the flat monotony of a cheap gramophone, looks the part. . . . The Peace of Versailles displeased him. . . . He has constantly treated it as a minimum wage to be gingered up by repeated lightning strikes. He threw all his powers into this beneficent activity even before he sailed into the harbour of the Premiership on that gust of wind that bunkered M. Briand at Cannes. . . . Every attempt to salvage the wreck of Europe he blocked.

Criticisms, which should be written on one side of a post-card, should reach this office by July 10th. The origin of the extract should be named. The senders of the pieces printed above are asked to choose their books.

THE MAD VALLEY.—Even the cock-crows shivered. Their thin jets spurted up shrilly out of the strange landscape which stretched beyond the oleander-crested ridge—was it some friendly place of palms and cactus gardens, or a waste land full of aloes and harsh with sunlight like a Chinese hillside?—and fell in little flakes of sound through the stillness between the nearer hills. It seemed as if the very cocks themselves, as they strode round the boles of their homely plane trees, scratching the cool clay and establishing the morning, must have been aware of something beyond that high pink ring of oleanders which cut off their small nervous world from the eternal afternoon of that other neighbouring place.

Was it afternoon or the hour before dawn? Only the grey cicadas and the bull-frogs that barked at the moon

from the dark ooze of the stream at the bottom of the apple orchard knew when the sun rose, or for that matter when it set. For the rest the atmosphere of the valley seemed suspended, not momentarily as it is in some places—near the sea, or in empty rooms at night-fall, or in London streets at the chill flush of dawn—but suspended always, as if the place had been caught up in that wave which sweeps all the earth's vitality out to some far cleansing place—or is it summoned by the frozen moon ?—and held there for ever apart. While all night long the ripe white mulberries dropped from the still trees and fell with a little bruised thud on to the wide balcony floor below. They looked just like grey cater-pillars as they rolled softly over. Then the sun swam above the Canigou, shot a hoop of flame across the valley's roof, and accomplished the final terror of its emptiness.

Yet there were people living there. All day lon the dark, furtive Catalonians padded in their espadrille along the dusty roads to the higher villages ; they kep under the plane-trees and even passed quite near th house because there was shadow there. Still, no doubt Madame draws her water from the stream ; still, I sup pose, in the early evening a little breeze runs in from th Mediterranean, lifts the wilted vine leaves on the swee plains across the Devil's bridge, closes the samphire flowering among the stones, and dies at the mad valley' gate.

Oh, to be able to break those mountains, for powe to dim the shadow of that place, to wipe out for eve the memory of it, with this single breath on the carriag window-pane !—A. W.

Books at Sea.—All which time (July) we had n night, but that easily and without any impediment we ha when we were so disposed, the fruition of our books an other pleasures to pass away the time : a thing of n

mall moment to such as wander in unknown seas, nd long navigations, especially, when the winds and aging surges do pass their common and wonted course. *Frobisher.*)

Wesley's Temptation.—The Devil once infused nto my mind a temptation that perhaps I did not believe what I was preaching. "Well then," said I, "I will reach till I do." (*Wesley's Journal.*)

Knowledge and Learning.—If the crowd of one undred thousand, perhaps even million, "readers" ow in Russia read every page of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky—thinking over every argument and every naginative passage—with the same attention, ardour, assion, reflection that they give to Gorki and Andreyev, our public would grow into a terribly serious ne. Without any school tuition, without knowledge f geography and history—just to *think* over the works f Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, means to become in some ort a Socrates, an Epictetus, or a Marcus Aurelius—who, also, were men not strong in geography, nor did hey pass through a public school. Greece and Rome ed only on literature; schools in our sense they had one. And how they grew up! Literature is strictly he natural school of the people. It can be the only nd sufficient natural school—on condition, the condiion that everyone should read *War and Peace*, and only pecialists and fanciers read Gorky's *Three*. (*V. V. Rozanov.*)

Problem No. 14: A dealer is willing to buy part of a collection of orchids. He agrees to give as many pounds for each orchid he buys as there are orchids finally left unsold. What proportion of his orchids must the owner sell to receive the most money?

Answer to Problem No. 13: 70 miles.

BOOKS TO READ

St. Joan: A Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable.) 6s. net.

This play with a preface is now available to the reading public.

Studies in Pharisaism and the Gospels. By I Abrahams. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 10s. net.

Another effort to clear the Pharisees of the contumely of centuries. The argument is not by way of polemics, but by the quiet presentation of historical facts. As Mr. Abrahams puts it, "The Gospels should no more be used as a foil to Pharisaism than the Talmud as a foil to the Gospels. . . . Pharisaism will never be understood by those who treat everything that Jesus said as an attack on Pharisaism."

The Diary of a Country Parson: The Reverend James Woodforde, 1758-1761. Edited by John Beresford. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

Eighteenth-century rural England was a pleasant land for well-to-do parsons and squires. For parsons not cursed with the searing habit of reflection it was Elysium. Blessed with equanimity, Mr. Woodforde enjoyed his good friends and his good meals. Leisure, calm, and peace, these are the keynotes of this engaging diary. Mr. Woodforde had an eye for character and a good gift of depicting it.

Max Reinhardt and His Theatre. Edited by Oliver M. Sayler. (Brentano.) £2 2s net.

Almost everything that has been said, or could be said, about Reinhardt has been collected from the four corners of the world and gathered together in this handsome symposium. Mr. Sayler regards his work as "a kind of Domesday Book, focussing the probable verdict of fifty years hence." This is too confident. Reinhardt has not finished yet. Foreign countries praise with fervour his Shakespeare productions. We have not seen them. If we can judge by the descriptions here given we have no wish to see them. They would seem to be very like the "Œdipus" we saw in London before the war. Reinhardt is magnificent, but he is not Drama. His commentators can, however, make an attractive and provoking book about him.

Woodcuts and Some Words. By Edward Gordon Craig. (Dent.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Craig has a theory or two. And he is always Mr. Craig: an extremely individual personality. He can never, never forget Mr. Craig nor his opinions. The reader will learn a great deal about the author (it really is interesting), but he will also learn a great deal about woodcuts. Mr. Craig is a master of the craft, as will be seen by the reproductions of his work.

Chinese Lanterns. By Grace Thompson Seton. (Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Seton writes well, so it is no fault of hers that the chief impression one gets from her pictures of political China is of chaos. That is the right reflection of a country in the social condition of China to-day. The portraits of personalities are excellently drawn, and there is much valuable material for the sociologist in the descriptions of industrial conditions.

An Introduction to the Study of Chinese Sculpture. By Leigh Ashton. (Benn.) 45s.

One need not be intending to study Chinese sculpture, or be specially interested in the subject to find pleasure in this book. Mr. Ashton's work can be enjoyed for its own beauty. It is interesting to note, from the numerous illustrations given, the aim of the early Eastern sculptors at representation of the abstract. Compare what they achieved with the performances of the modern West, and their cool, masterly superiority is striking.

Heliodora and Other Poems. By H. D. (Cape.) 5s. net.

At times in this book, H. D. seems to be parodying her own manner, notably in her very peculiar version of the opening lines of "The Odyssey." But [illegible] of her poems are really successful, as are "At Ithaca" and "[illegible]." H. D.'s method seems to us un-Greek on the one side and [illegible] on the other, disappointing to those with a knowledge of Greek.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

Recent Prose. By John Masefield. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

The best prose in Mr. Masefield's book is in the compositions where he has not forgotten he is writing prose, such as the study of J. M. Synge and "Fox-Hunting." These have both richness and repose. They are not disturbed, as is "The Taking of Helen," by rhythmic movements, which make the work neither verse nor prose adequate to Mr. Masefield's capacity. We permit ourselves this one grumble because that one defect hindered enjoyment of a story otherwise finely conceived.

Literary Studies and Reviews. By Richard Aldington. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Aldington has things to say of Hugo, Landor—quite interesting things of Landor—and a few other familiar giants; but his chief concern is with the more or less illustrious obscure. That would not matter, for there are critics who give largess whether they write of Landor or of authors who are unread because they are unreadable, but Mr. Aldington has few surprises. Such instruction as this will never be part of a liberal education: "Sigogne's verse is typical minor Renaissance satire; that is to say, it is more gross than witty, has no moral objective, real or pretended, and is chiefly admirable for its variety and force of abusive and disgusting epithet. . . . He had obviously dabbled in the *ordures* of the Italian humanists, works of incredible turpitude for which no equivalent is to be found in English literature." What of it? "Who's a denyin' of it?"

Greek Literary Criticism. By J. D. Denniston. (Dent.) 5s. net.

Aristotle, Longinus, Aristophanes, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Demetrius, Plutarch appear in this fascinating book to show how literary criticism was written by the Greeks. Formalism comes out as the chief characteristic. But how very much they knew, and with what tone of authority they spoke! The translations are selected from the works of well-known scholars.

Goethe's Faust. First part. Translated by John Todhunter. (Blackwell.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is the last important work done by the late Dr. Todhunter. He was a scholar and something more. To compare this with earlier translations is to be impressed with the gain in force and originality, though the cast of line and phrase is hard when placed against the usual smooth rendering. It may be the success is due to that.

A Life's Work: An Autobiography. By Sir Archibald Geikie. (Macmillan.) 18s. net.

The youthful Geikie's discovery of a fossil plant which had not been identified by the authorities has been ascribed to good fortune, a happy incident that set him on the road to fame. Sir Archibald himself appears to think of that find as a very lucky affair which might have come anyone's way. It could have come to none but a youngster with a born talent for science, with imagination, and unremitting diligence, qualities exercised by Sir Archibald throughout a long life. The story is charming in its simplicity and modesty.

Jean Paul Marat: His Career in England and France Before the Revolution. By Sidney L. Phipson. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.

Marat never spoke the truth of himself. Not an uncommon trait among mankind, but heightened above the common in Marat, for we mark soon it was not a weakness for lying for its own dear sake, but an inherent inability to know anything of himself, however severely he studied the subject. His detractors place his lying among the least of his vices, those who admire the inflexible logic of his revolutionary principles count it his only fault. Because of this unyielding habit of Marat's the task of tracing his early career was beset with difficulty, but by close investigation Mr. Phipson has tracked "Dr. Marat of Church Street, Soho," through London, Edinburgh, and other British cities. A decidedly readable narrative.

A Gallery. By Philip Guedalla. (Constable.) 10s. 6d. net.

When Mr. Guedalla labels an article "Mr. Shaw" or "Mr. Baldwin" it does not mean that the article is about either of these [illegible] the [illegible] and it would not affect what follows. [illegible] Mr. Guedalla's verbal gymnastics. [illegible] They are often witty, and [illegible]

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

La Belle Stuart: Memoirs of Court and Society in the Time of Franc Teresa Stuart, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox. By Cyril Hugh Hartmann. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Hartmann is advocate for the virtue of Mrs. Stuart. He parades great collection of evidence to establish that this beautiful woman—leaves no doubt at all about her beauty—was not the mistress of Charles Unlike most books about Court favourites, it is not written as a "sen tion" of history.

The Life of Joan of Arc. By Anatole France. Translated by Winifr Stephens. (Lane.) Two Vols. 25s. net.

This handsome edition of a famous work comes opportunely for read of The Adelphi to test our comparison of the two Joans—Anatole Franc and Bernard Shaw's.

The Private Life of Louis XV. By Mouffle d'Angerville. Translated H. S. Mingard. (Lane.) 16s. net.

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The Adelphi

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 3. AUGUST, 1924

QUO WARRANTO?

By John Middleton Murry

SOME two months ago the literary editor of *The Spectator** gave this magazine a valuable advertisement by launching an anathema against it in his leading article. To be accurate, his anathema was levelled less against the magazine than against myself and Mr. D. H. Lawrence. It was a pretty piece of invective, in the main personal. Mr. Lawrence and myself were convicted of dishonesty and vanity, above all of vanity.

> The reason in all of them for all of their misdeeds is a simple and ugly thing. No more, no less than vanity. Vanity causes their individualism, vanity causes their desire to prophesy. Vanity allows them to attack subjects too large for them, and to expatiate with no balance, no strength, no steady fire beneath, giving judgment in a peevish or proud sentence upon a question worthy the deliberation of aeons.

Then why trouble about us? Works rooted in vanity will quickly wither. Mr. Porter had thought of the simple objection.

> Perhaps it may seem that, beginning in vanity, ending in vanity, their works cannot be dangerous or seductive. But the misery is this . . .

That, after all, they are seductive. The pity of it! An indictment for vanity is not worth while repelling.

* See *The Spectator*, May 17th, 1924.

It is too personal to be rebutted without a tinge of self-glorification ; therefore it is better left alone.

But, whether or not I am guilty of vanity, it is a bold action in any man publicly to charge another with vanity ; a bolder action still to declare, as Mr. Porter declares of me, that all I have written in these pages is rooted in vanity, and corrupted by it.

Whether the charge is true or not I will not attempt to argue. Indeed it cannot be argued, either for or against. My accuser himself does not attempt to argue it. He boldly declares, he gives forth his sentence *ex cathedra*, that I am corrupted by vanity. Before I can accept the sentence I must inquire into the authority of the judge.

Towards the end of his article Mr. Porter himself talks much of "authority." He denounces me for rejecting "authority," and speaks obscurely of an "authority" to which "we must have the clue before we can feel our way to religion." This misty "authority" pervades the two final paragraphs of his article ; it has neither shape nor name ; all that can be definitely said about it is that I reject it, and in its name I am condemned.

Now there are religious authorities which I admit to be authorities, although I do not admit their verdicts as binding upon me. There is the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, which is vested in the Pope : so far as I am aware it has never been delegated to Mr. Porter. There is the authority of the Established Church of England, which, I believe, resides in the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which, I am sure, has never been entrusted to Mr. Porter. And, no doubt, there are other authorities, whose names and claims are manifest to the world. When we are dealing with them we know with whom we are dealing ; if we are condemned by them, we know by whom we are condemned ; if we refuse to admit their jurisdiction, we do it open-eyed,

with a knowledge of the risk and the punishment. But Mr. Porter's authority is more recondite and tenebrous than these: it has no name, it is simply "authority." It can scarcely be his own "authority" as literary editor of *The Spectator*. That may, for all I know, be considerable with other minds; but it is hardly the kind of authority that can be expected to prevail with me: and, to be honest, I do not think this was the authority in whose name Mr. Porter found the courage to hurl "anathema" at me and all my works.

No, there is an authority somewhere, the nature of which Mr. Porter diligently refrains from disclosing, by which he is empowered to pronounce the verdict "Guilty of vanity" upon me. I have searched through his article for indications of this "authority" in order that I might set my own value upon it. It must be a religious authority, for the grounds upon which I am condemned are religious. And the only indications of a religious authority which I can find in his article are both vague and disturbing.

> There are at present (writes Mr. Porter) curious, hidden, rather base contributions to our future orthodoxy. Even theosophy, even Rudolf Steiner, even Gourdjiev, can partly show the path to that self-deliberation, that utter abandonment of doubt and restriction, to which Mr. Murry so unconvincingly lays claim.

I was not aware, by the way, that I had ever made such a claim. But that is immaterial. What chiefly interests me is the composition of this "future orthodoxy," of which Mr. Porter knows so much that he can pronounce what are contributions to it and what are not. That is to say, Mr. Porter has precise and detailed knowledge of what "our future orthodxy" is. But all the information he vouchsafes to those who sit in darkness is that theosophy and Rudolf Steiner and Gourdjiev enter into it—but not D. H. Lawrence or Middleton Murry.

That, I hasten to say, is no small consolation to me. I do not like the smell of this "future orthodoxy": it smacks too perceptibly of charlatanry and abracadabra and initiation at a guinea a head. But I must record my astonishment at finding this ambiguous and subfusc "religion" the creed of the most conservative of our weekly journals; and it pleases me to imagine the expression in the faces of the country rectors who are reputed to form the majority of the readers of *The Spectator* on the day they wake up to discover that the orthodox religion which it has been inculcating has for its head, not the Archbishop of Canterbury, or even the Pope of Rome, but some unnamed successor to Madame Blavatsky, Rudolf Steiner, and Gourdjiev!

And this "future orthodoxy," this vague and shady amalgam of occultism and theosophy and I know not what besides, supplies the authority in whose name I am condemned by the literary editor of *The Spectator*. In the name of such an "orthodoxy" I am told that "I must not reject Christianity until I understand it emotionally, rationally, actively." In other words, I am warned under pain of anathema (duly inflicted upon me) to approach the mystery of Christianity by way of a Blavatsky, a Steiner, a Gourdjiev, or some unnamed other of the same kind, rather than by the guidance of the great men of the past who have helped me to have the courage of my own experience.

But who is the hidden prophet in whom the partial revelations granted to Blavatsky and Steiner and Gourdjiev are made complete? Either he is Mr. Porter himself, or he is someone of his acquaintance; for there is no other means by which he could have this certain knowledge of the "future orthodoxy" to which each of these approved minor prophets brings his quota. If it is Mr. Porter himself, then he is guilty of dishonesty (which is a greater sin than vanity) in not declaring it; if it is someone of his acquaintance, then

he is guilty of a manifest evasion by not publishing his name. I demand to see the signature on the warrant before I obey the arrest.

Let me leave the subject of Mr. Porter and *The Spectator.* I would rather not have dealt with it at all were it not that some simple people have been mystified and troubled by a denunciation so disingenuous. Let me pass to a more important question which might, had my accuser been more aboveboard, have arisen from this debate.

When I am denounced in the name of "authority," or in the name of "tradition," my instinctive reply is the simple request: "Show me your authority. Show me your tradition." There are very few authorities or traditions in spiritual matters, and so far it has invariably proved that those who denounce me in their name do not belong to them. They pretend to be Catholics, they pretend to be Classicists, in order to borrow a bigger stick to beat me with than they can cut themselves. They believe, no doubt, that all's fair in this kind of war. I do not; and I believe that their disingenuousness will recoil upon their own heads. The public which is worth while will in the long run know how to choose between two adversaries, of whom the one puts all his cards out on the table, and the other is occasionally detected with an ace or two from another pack in his sleeve.

In *The Adelphi* I have done my utmost to put all my cards on the table. I have not pretended to believe things I do not believe, or to admire things I do not admire; I have declared my certainties and confessed my doubts. To that extent I am an individualist and I trust I shall remain one till the end of my life. But when I am accused of rejecting authority and ignoring tradition I sometimes feel that I am the only authoritarian and the only traditionalist alive just now. That

is, of course, wildly exaggerated. Most traditionalists and most authoritarians, and certainly the best of them, are unconscious of what they are. By force of circumstances I have had to make myself continually and acutely aware of the authority and tradition which I follow; I have been compelled to become a controversialist, and I have to know what my weapons are and where they are. Many of my kind do not know these things; they are not required to know them.

My position is simple. I believe that a man needs both authority and tradition, I also believe that it is best for him to find them out for himself. It may be easier and more comfortable to take them at second-hand; but the easiest way is not the best in the long run. For our longest journeys we choose our oldest shoes: because they are most our own, worn to our feet, and proved by experience. We are fools if we trust to borrowing for those things on which our lives depend. So that for me the question of authority and tradition is quite simply resolved. An authority is one which I discover by experience that I cannot help recognising as an authority—mysterious words spoken in the past which move my depths and claim my allegiance, even though I cannot say clearlv why or how; great imaginations which possess and exalt me, so that I feel moving within them the essence of some truth which I cannot wholly grasp: minds that impress me with a certainty that they possess a deeper knowledge of the mystery of life than any I can claim. These are my authorities, and they are very real authorities to me; very real, because they inspire me with a sense of loyalty to the hidden truth which, I am persuaded, they also served as witnesses and instruments. I cannot give a rational account either of the power of these authorities themselves or of my instinctive recognition of them. They exist, they are part of me, and I try not to betray them.

And these authorities in their long sequence, from

QUO WARRANTO?

Aeschylus, Euripides and Plato, through Jesus Christ, through Shakespeare and Keats and Whitman to Tolstoi and Dostoevsky and Tchehov and Hardy, are the tradition which I acknowledge. I find, when I come to examine them, that all these men of genius, according to the measure of genius that was in them, battled with life for the secret of its mystery; I find that, sometimes in spite of themselves, they were loyal to their own experience. The secret of the mystery was not to be gained by shutting out any part of what they had known or felt; if there was an answer it had to be an answer to everything. I find also that I can trace in all these men who are my authorities and who form my tradition a similar movement of soul: they pass from rebellion to acceptance. That is the simplest and most general statement I can make of their spiritual history, and because it is simple and general it may be misleading. There are as many varieties of experience as there are men; and the shades of meaning in that word "acceptance" are infinite. Fully to trace the parallels between these hero-authorities of mine, to show the likeness of their struggles and the oneness of their messages, would be the work, not of hours, as this article must be, but of months and years: it is a work I hope to accomplish before I die.

For the moment it must suffice that of this likeness and this oneness I am utterly convinced. To reach this conviction has been a slow and gradual process, and much of the process has been unconscious; much of it, also, has seemed fortuitous. I do not now believe that it was. But at the time it has often seemed a mere accident that I was drawn towards the reading and the study of this or another great man; but once the contact was made a long struggle has begun. For me this struggle to comprehend has never been a dilettante affair or an intellectual exercise. I make a poor showing as a dilettante, and intellectual exercises for their own sake

have always left me cold. To me the effort to understand has been almost a matter of life and death. Some chance-read word has engaged my soul, and I have felt that the man who spoke it had some message of infinite import for my life. I have gone blindly on, saturating myself in what he said, until at the last I have been satisfied that I know both what he meant and what he was. And sometimes I have not merely been satisfied; I have been certain. I have been given proof that I understood.

I will give an instance, not to glorify myself—indeed, there can be little glory in revealing how I am convinced by proofs which to many men would be fantastic—but in order to show, if it can be shown, the order of knowledge on which my attitude to authority and tradition is builded.

But first I must give the background of belief against which my small discoveries are made. I believe that there is a final truth and an ultimate wisdom, and that it is achieved by those heroes of humanity who have battled with life in loneliness. This final truth and ultimate wisdom cannot be declared; it is by nature unutterable, save by parable and symbol and art. The most naked revelation of this truth and wisdom which has been vouchsafed to the Western world is in the words and the life of Christ. Those words and that life are not to be easily understood; but the deeper our own experience of life descends and the more loyally we abide by our experience, the more intimately we understand the words and life of Christ and the more profound is the illumination we receive from them. They become for us the supreme type, the symbolic mystery of human experience. That is not, by its own very nature cannot be, a dogmatic certitude which can be communicated to, or implanted in us at the beginning; it can only grow slowly within us, it can be ratified only by our own experience, as we find the movement of

soul and the symbolic tragedy of Christ repeated in our other hero-authorities. Thus I have learned that Shakespeare can only be comprehended by reference to this archetype of the individual soul. I find that the tragedy of Shakespeare as it develops becomes more and more a declaration of triumph in disaster: the defeat of goodness and nobility in "Lear" and "Antony and Cleopatra" is not accounted for by any defect in the goodness and nobility which suffers defeat. Aristotle's rational explanation of tragedy is left behind; we have entered a realm where it no longer has validity; we are, in Shakespeare's hands, being steadily led to a point at which goodness suffers catastrophe, simply and solely because it is good. That to Aristotle was a "monstrous" conception. Three hundred and fifty years later that "monstrous" conception was to be proclaimed as the ultimate truth of life by the symbolic tragedy of Christ, and in this sign a new epoch of the human spirit was to begin. This final monstrous tragedy, to which Shakespeare was being driven, he did not write: he touches the verge of it, he shows us that it is imminent and necessary—and he gives up writing tragedies altogether. He has touched the unutterable mystery, and he turns away from the Kingdom of Earth to the Kingdom of Heaven. He imagines a generation which shall be born with the vision and the knowledge he has worn out his life in achieving, and he spends his latter years dreamily declaring, through the figures of Perdita and Marina and Miranda, the truth he knows: "Except ye be born again, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

When great spirits touch a certain depth of knowledge of human life, this is the path they follow,—the path that leads to a new comprehension of the mystery of Christ. When in a writer's work I am thrilled by contact with this depth of knowledge of human life, I

am certain that I shall find him at the last following this predestined path. Such a profound depth of knowledge I found in Herman Melville's "Moby Dick"—knowledge of the same order that is in "Lear" and "Macbeth." The end, I said to myself, will be the same. At that time I could not prove it. Melville's later works are rare, and two years back they were impossible for me to obtain. I had to bide my time until a few months ago when four supplementary volumes to the collected edition of Melville's works were published—volumes which contained the unprocurable and "unintelligible" works of his long period of silence. I turned to the last of these, an unpublished story, written with pains and care, immediately before his death—his final word, his spiritual testament. It contained precisely what I had expected: a deliberate effort to restate the mystery of Christ—the catastrophe of the utterly pure and good, and its complete triumph in the very moment of death.

That for me was proof enough; but it happened that I wanted something more. I knew that Melville had read, had truly read, Shakespeare. In his curious, reticent, self-suppressed essay on Nathaniel Hawthorne, he confesses to a deep knowledge and admiration of Shakespeare. I wanted more than that: thousands of people confess as much, and give not an inkling that they know what Shakespeare really contains. But I who was certain now that I understood Melville, was also certain that he must have understood Shakespeare in the same way as I understood Shakespeare (more profoundly in that same way, of course, but in that same way). Somewhere, somehow, I felt, Melville must have left behind him a word telling what Shakespeare truly was to him. If I could find that my last doubt would be gone. One day, as I was reading through his odd and ungainly poems, fascinating only to those who know Melville well, but to them immeasurably fascinat-

ing, I lighted—with what a thrill of excitement!—upon a short poem about a picture of Hamlet. All the surrounding poems were battle-pieces sternly lamenting the heroisms and horrors of the American Civil War: in their company it seemed at first absolutely irrelevant. It was absolutely relevant; for this is what it said:

> No utter surprise can come to him
> Who pierces Shakespeare's core:
> *That which we seek and shun is there—*
> *Man's final lore.*

"Man's final lore." That was my final proof.

I have chosen this instance of Shakespeare and Melville because it is the latest of a long sequence of such instances. These heroes of mine, as I come to comprehend them, become my authorities and form my tradition. They are not authorities who can be acquired at second-hand, nor do they form a tradition which can be learned by rote: neither can they be used as a club to bludgeon my opponents. And, again,—and this is important—they are not anyone's private property: access to them is free to any man of good will, provided that he be himself free, *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.* Not one of my authorities commands credulity: not one commands anything. But with one voice they say: If you listen, we will speak; if you try to understand the mystery which even we could not declare, it will be revealed to you. We seek from you no submission but that which you, of your own soul's motion, cannot refrain from giving. We also were rebellious, and we know that only he who has rebelled can accept.

When I am pursued as a heretic in the name of some dubious "authority" and an unformulated "tradition" and "a future orthodoxy," when I am charged with overweening vanity simply because I believe, and say I believe, that the only authority and tradition which will truly support a man are the authority and tradition he

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discovers by his own effort to supply his own need,—then I make my request: "Show me your authority. Show me your tradition." My accusers do not show them to me. Do they think that I shall be frightened by the mere word Authority with a capital A or Tradition with a capital T? I do not believe they do. But they think they will be able to frighten people more credulous than I am, or give some facade of superior understanding to those who would like a comfortable excuse for neglecting this magazine.

But though my accusers do not show me their tradition and their authority, I have not hesitated to show them mine. I have not the least desire to overawe them by it, or even to show them that they are wrong in supposing that I put myself forward as a prophet without authority or tradition to impose my *ipse dixi* on the world. If they really believe that, it is certain that even this article will not convince them to the contrary. I merely wish to compel them, if I can, to emulate my example, and to declare the nature of their authority as honestly as I have declared the nature of mine.

THE TRUE COURAGE.—Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate. (*Landor: Aesop to Rhodope.*)

THE BURIAL SERVICE.—Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed: but I never saw a clergyman who failed in this, when he consigned his parishioner to the grave. (*Landor.*)

ON A JURY

By A Woman-Juror

A long while ago I got a notice telling me to hold myself ready to serve on a jury, and I held myself ready. Years passed; five of them; and nothing happened, except that—the law makes me timid—I continued ready. And then one day came the order to present myself at the Law Courts at 10 a.m. on the following Monday. *Hereof fail not* were the last words of the notice. As though I would. I was much too anxious to give satisfaction to that which, displeased, could punish me. Besides, I was to be fined five pounds if I didn't appear, and another five pounds if, having appeared, I for any reason whatever left the jury box once I was in it.

Naturally I appeared. And naturally I stuck to the jury box with all my might, though there was an awful moment after lunch the first day when my indignant stomach, caring nothing for the law and outraged by the food provided on those august and awful premises, threatened to cost me five pounds. I dare say my fellow-jurors had such moments too; but we all sat good and neat in our box, and behaved so meekly and gave a verdict so exactly after the judge's heart—he practically told us what it was to be—that at the end of the case he made us a special bow. I know it was a special bow because, having had to hang about while the case before ours was finished, I saw him not bow to the other jury.

There were ten men and two women on our jury. One of the women was me. I came up from a week-

end in the country on the Sunday evening, eager to be in time, fearing that the Monday morning trains might be late. *Hereof fail not* rang in my ears. I was afraid. For I am of those who are so good that they easily feel guilty; and when one never does anything wicked, the least little flaw in one's behaviour appears startlingly black against that bright background of blamelessness. So, on a perfect skin, does one spot seem much worse than many spots on a bad one.

I was afraid. I was going into the very jaws of the Law, into its head lair, and I approached the Courts with anxious punctuality. The place was dotted with policemen. I felt shifty under their gaze, and was sure I looked it. My feet seemed to stammer as they went up the steps. I tried to walk in as one who had the right, but a policeman in the doorway, whom I was going to pass without speaking—why should I speak to him?—instantly said, "Yes, Miss?"

"I'm a juror," I said,—nervously, for suppose he said I wasn't? Then there would have to be explanations, and at no time would I, if I could avoid them, have explanations with policemen.

He eyed me doubtfully, but said nothing, so I ventured to go on. Why should he eye me doubtfully, I wondered as I went into the enormous hall that makes one feel as if one were on all fours; didn't I look like a juror? On the other hand I was pleased to have been called Miss. One is, after a bit. And upstairs, wandering about endless cold stone corridors trying to find the particular mausoleum my body that day belonged to, something else happened to hearten me: I met a fireman, and he said, "Now what might you be wanting, my dear?" How friendly it sounded; how warm; and in the very maw of the Law too. I was much pleased, and continued my way comforted. But he too had seemed surprised when I told him that what I wanted was to be a juror.

ON A JURY

Having found my court, and put on an expression of civic responsibility, I went into it five minutes before ten. It was very dark, and coldly stuffy. Outside, the world that day was flaming with heat and light. In the meadows along the river at Mapledurham, from whence I had come the evening before, I knew the buttercups were all out, and the yellowhammers were singing in the reeds. It seemed a pity to be in that dark place on such a May morning. It seemed a pity that people should ever do wrong things, and that those who didn't —the eleven and myself—should have to come into a chilly court and deliver verdicts on them.

An official in a wig, whom I regarded with awe, but soon got used to and perceived that like the rest of us he was but a poor thing and not a pin to choose between him and me, sat at a table below where the judge was evidently, in his own good time, coming to sit, and there were about thirty people scattered round on the hard wooden benches. This official shuffled what looked like a pack of cards, only they couldn't have been ; threw them into what looked like a hat, only it couldn't have been ; and began with the quickness of practice to draw them out as they came and call out the names on them. Many jurors had been called but few were chosen, and the woman next to me, who had blue linings to her gloves, a thing I had never before seen and that interested me so deeply that it threatened to take my attention from my responsibilities, was not among them, and with a loud sigh of relief scuttled away. My name was. It sounded awful—indecent almost—reverberating round all by itself. I felt as if my shell were being suddenly snatched off and me left exposed, a raw uncovered thing. And when I answered " Here," as the others before me had answered " Here," I was so nervous, so curiously ashamed to identify myself with my name, that I could hardly get it out.

The thirty odd people turned their thirty odd heads and stared at me. I tried to stare back defiantly, but couldn't. I felt somehow guilty. One or two male jurors went up to the official with reasons why they should be let off, and with a kind of passionate servility argued with him. They were not let off. What courage, I thought, to get up from one's place and go and be conspicuous at that table. I wouldn't have dared to. Besides, being a woman I wished to do my duty. We are so conscientious,—I had almost said, but remembered not to in time, so damned conscientious.

The other case hadn't been finished the day before, and we were kept there till it was. There we languished the whole morning. The seats were hard ; the court was cold ; and my fellow woman-juror, who sat next to me, who indeed had sought me out to sit next to, on the principle I suppose of its being only decent of birds of our particular feather to flock together, asked me at intervals in a hoarse undertone if I didn't think it a "strainge plaice."

I said I did.

At half past one, having done nothing useful to anybody since ten, and having sat for over three hours on those hard benches, we were let out for half an hour, and went, my fellow bird and I, to the restaurant, where we ate those cutlets that presently caused such an alarming commotion inside me and brought the loss of five pounds, as well as conspicuous public disgrace, so terribly near. My friend was made of sterner stuff, and the cutlets merely nourished her. While we ate them she told me she kept a boarding-house, and during her compulsory absence it would be at sixes and sevens. This worried her, and she asked me repeatedly why she should have to be on a jury at all, it being obviously a man's job seeing that it was men who invented the things. "Let them do their own dirty work is what I say," she said ; and added, "It's them ——

brought it on us—they ought to be whipped." But it wasn't till she had had a bottle of stout that she became as virile as this.

At two we were back again in court, having wondered on the way at the frequent and urgent printed cautions on the walls to gentlemen on no account to "leave their clothes on the seats" but to give them in charge to the proper attendants; for of all places in the world where exact and anxious honesty might be expected we agreed that this was the one. "Fancy," said my friend; and remarked further, "They don't say nothing about ladies' clothes."

"They take it for granted we're too modest to leave them on the seats," I said; and she said, "That's right."

The other case came to an end soon after we got back, and the jurors—we watched their movements with strained interest—disappeared through a small door at the back of the box to consider their verdict. Immediately we were called into the box. Its cushions—it had cushions—were still hot from the departed jurors. My friend pushed me into the front row as I was making for the greater obscurity of the back one, whispering hoarsely as she followed me, "May as well see all we can," and I found myself next to the foreman. In couples we held on to a New Testament, one Testament to every two jurors, and at the instigation of an official swore oaths. The foreman and I held on together. It was rather like being married. I was glad it wasn't quite. The judge bowed to us. We felt flattered, and with eager politeness bowed back. Then we settled down to our case, our ears attentively cocked, our brows intelligently knitted, anxious to do well in the sight of his lordship and to administer the law as he would have it administered.

This attitude passed, however, as the afternoon wore on. My friend soon shut her eyes. Perhaps she found

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she could attend better that way. She shut her eyes and sat motionless, her bare hands folded over her figure. Only the steady heaving of a locket she wore showed that she lived. The ten men fidgeted. I wanted to fidget too, but wanted even more to be a good little juror, so kept still. Besides, I was frightened of the judge. Counsel addressed us as Members of the Jury,—not ladies and gentlemen, but just members; things without sex; intelligences. I liked that. For the first time in my life I felt the equal of men. I liked that. And each counsel, when he came to cross examining, and wished to unnerve the witnesses, asked them whether they seriously intended to tell the members of the jury, the flattering implication being that we weren't fools—I liked that—whatever it was they were telling us. Invariably at this the witnesses became confused and hesitated. Then counsel looked at us triumphantly, as who should say, "See what rascals."

At half-past four the judge showed that beneath his robes he wanted his tea just like anybody else, and adjourned the case till next day at ten thirty. We trooped out with the relief of children let out of school. The public in court looked at us respectfully. A pleasant juror in the back row leant across and said how glad he was there were ladies on the jury, for it was clearly a case outside the experience of mere men; and my friend, who was finding difficulty in getting out of the box at all, she needing room and the entrance to the front row being as crooked and narrow as the alleged path to heaven, turned and nudged me. "Who does he think he's getting at?" she asked me in her hoarse whisper.

How beautiful the Strand seemed.

Next day, and the next day, and the day after that we spent in that box. The case went on and on. It was clear so soon which side was in the wrong that

we lost all interest in it. We became bored to the point of no longer laughing even at the judge's jokes. At first we had laughed heartily at counsel's jokes, and roared at the judge's. Now a faint smile was all that even he got, and when counsel was funny we frowned. We were blasé. Officials had lost their terror for us. We cared nothing for wigs. But on and on the case went, and on and on we sat. The plaintiff really had been shockingly used. It was only a question of damages.

At last it was over, and the judge very carefully and lucidly and lengthily told us over again what we already so abundantly knew. The foreman said we wished to withdraw, and a male and a female attendant were called in to shepherd us, the female being to take care of me and my friend. They had to swear before being allowed to,—the amount of swearing that goes on in the courts! One can hardly move without a preliminary oath. We were taken through the small door at the back of the box down a narrow winding stone staircase into the bowels of the building. Hideous bowels; I hope never to see them again. The male attendant locked us into a subterranean room with a table and twelve chairs round it. We sat down and all began to talk at once, glad to be able to after our prolonged muzzling in the box. Everybody was agreed, my friend and I passionately so; but what damages? Silence fell on us. Then came a proud moment: the foreman turned to me—to me, if you please, the littlest juror of them all— and said, "You tell us."

How proud I was. How completely it made up for the policeman's doubts and the fireman's doubts.

I did tell them, and my friend backed me up with a loud, "That's right." The ten agreed without a murmur, and the same pleasant juror who had leant across the box the first day leant across the table now and

said, "More if you like." But I thought what I had suggested was enough—it was most handsome really—and we left it at that, and rang the bell, and the attendant who had locked us in came and unlocked us again.

"You are unanimously agreed?" he shouted at us.

"We are," shouted the ten, eager to escape.

"We are," I piped.

"That's right," said my hoarse friend.

He then gave the foreman twelve one-pound notes and twelve brand new shillings, and the foreman handed us each our guinea. I was delighted with my new shilling, but my delight was short, for one of the jurors who had been through the sort of thing before whispered that it was the custom to give it to the attendant who unlocked us. So we filed past him, each in turn pressing the beautiful new shilling into his hand. What a lot he must have.

The court was empty when we got back, except for the plaintiff and the plaintiff's counsel. The other side had disappeared, knowing what to expect, and the public had vanished to lunch. The judge was fetched, and the foreman told him our verdict. It was over in a minute. The judge made us the special bow I have described, and for the last time my friend struggled through the insufficient doorway.

Now that it was over we parted reluctantly. We had become very easy and friendly together during those days. Warmly in the magnificently happy-go-lucky looking Strand we wished each other good-bye, going our ways in the bright sunshine. The case was over. We were free. But the judge sat on. His cases never end. Juries come and juries go, but there he sits. He is still sitting there, patient, attentive, careful—to-day, every day, all the many days since our days, in the cold stuffy court. It is a pity people are wicked. But if they weren't he wouldn't get his salary.

TWILIGHT OF THE WORKS

By A. E. Tomlinson

The Mother Works, whose milk is melted iron, and white fluid-steel.

What a tableau on the stage of dusk!

Straight, untender lines everywhere; jarring, a fever of accuracy; angles, scalenes, quadrilaterals, a geometrical hysteria; cones, pyramids, trapezia, bunched, piled-up, cast this side and that, untidily like papier-mâché models in an Art-School, a desultory night-class.

An Art-School where both pupils and preceptor, students and dominie, are advanced, neurotic, unhealthy and unearthly, yet cleverer than a Londonful of critics; their work outlandish, malformed, trappu, their fruit diseased.

Yet precisely the Works, as they stand to the imagination; the confirmation of the fruit itself.

Slag-tips, a hundred feet tall, gauntly outflung; grey, like glaciers cooled; they seem to move—leisurely; stark and gruesome as great ice-bergs, afloat in mist and sea.

Straight lines of stern utility, of strange undecorative structures; mechanical yet amazingly in tune; offices, power-stations, watertanks, like baleful engines of old baronial wars, sieging-towers, platforms, scaling-planks; mean brick buildings, obscene, corrupted, and erupted out of Hell; no soul, just bricks, bricks and mortar, stained, weathered, ravished and possessed, spat-upon, rained-upon, smoked-upon; putridity emblemized in bricks.

Engine-sheds, like great sinks, urinals.

Quaint tubular pitch-containers, like shapeless sausages, black outside as the creosote within; no attempt to whitewash tombs.

Gas-retorts, like altars swilled with paraffin, overrun with flame, altars in Gehenna.

Condenser-Plants! long black shafts, trunks, cylinders, and tunnellings which seem to have been moulded in the jerky workings of a mine; uncompromising as interjection-marks.

Condenser-Plants offend the evening air, and seem to shriek to be repatriated down in Hell, their home.

Alien images of a bygone cult, or futile symbols of a new.

Graven blasphemies; brave in their ugliness, graven in lascivious fresco upon the holy sky.

Long black intestinal crawling miles of condenser-pipe!

Ikons in the isba, on the loveless hearth of that vile New Gomorrah; the furnace-hearth which heats that ever-blighted valley of unrest.

Ikons, man-erected to the Gods of Wrath and Steel; Directors of Progress, Chairmen of Civilization.

Ikons, idols of the Great Industrial Epoch, dedicated to Greed; spared by time as yet, though perhaps it were better they had not been spared, but swiftly, incontinently overturned.

Condenser-Plants! yes, plump black poisonous snakes; fathoms of writhing hideousness; untwisting furlongs of them, across the bleak laconic estuary of Tees.

Their fatly-rusted, riveted square yards of iron plate; their grouped inbreeding bolt-heads, their tressels, all creak and rumble; the whole lank carcase of them gives forth its hymn of hate.

Its psalms of hissing steam.

Doubtless some sort of warm confabulation with their relatives in Hell!

Uproar and uprush of hissing steam, deafening to burst the ears' drums, incomprehensible; stunned, you

seem to grow aware, to feel the impact, to hear the very rush and hurtlings of Earth's velocity through Space.

At your feet the mudflats, like vast grey Army blankets, mottled in scattered places with anaemic turf like gangrene.

The "Slems," bare and semi-bald, acres of despoliation.

In your eyes that clarity, that sheen of crystal still; that rich transparency, lingering and hovering, like a well-pleased host above the withdrawn sun.

Stillness benign; stillness foreboding, maybe; prophetical of ages to come when all the turmoil, agitation, money-scrambling, shall be cloaked, extinguished, loosely wrapped in dust.

When those sad mutilated acres shall by miracle be purified, made whole; shall rest, released from all that chain of cumbering Works; lying naked to the elemental sun, green and sweet with common weeds, as once in Caedmon's days.

When the Ajax of Commerce no longer taunts the sky, defying heaven and his own precarious health; but prostrate lies in kindly unaudacious dust.

When all that clamour fades; its discord and its dire oppression, night and day, falls back again to mute brown-soil serenity.

When Silence flows back again, tidal, primitive, to that embittered plain; silence long o'erdue!

Religious Debate.—Is it not in philosophy as in love? the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better. Never touch upon religion with anybody. The irreligious are incurable and insensible; the religious are morbid and irritable; the former would scorn, the latter would strangle you. (*Anaxagoras in "Pericles and Aspasia"; Landor.*)

THE DANCE OF THE SPROUTING CORN

By D. H. Lawrence

PALE, dry, baked earth, that blows into dust of fine sand. Low hills of baked pale earth, sinking heavily, and speckled sparsely with dark dots of cedar bushes. A river on the plain of drought, just a cleft of dark, reddish-brown water, almost a flood. And over all, the blue, uneasy, alkaline sky.

A pale, uneven, parched world, where a motor-car rocks and lurches and churns in sand. A world pallid with dryness, inhuman with a faint taste of alkali. Like driving in the bed of a great sea that dried up unthinkable ages ago, and now is drier than any other dryness, yet still reminiscent of the bottom of the sea, sandhills sinking, and straight, cracked mesas, like cracks in the dry-mud bottom of the sea.

So, the mud church standing discreetly outside, just outside the pueblo, not to see too much. And on its façade of mud, under the timbered mud-eaves, two speckled horses rampant, painted by the Indians, a red piebald and a black one.

Swish! Over the logs of the ditch-bridge, where brown water is flowing full. There below is the pueblo, dried mud like mud-pie houses, all squatting in a jumble, prepared to crumble into dust and be invisible, dust to dust returning, earth to earth.

That they don't crumble is the mystery. That these little squarish mud-heaps endure for centuries after centuries, while Greek marble tumbles asunder, and cathedrals totter, is the wonder. But then, the naked

human hand with a bit of new soft mud is quicker than time, and defies the centuries.

Roughly the low, square, mud-pie houses make a wide street where all is naked earth save a doorway or a window with a pale-blue sash. At the end of the street, turn again into a parallel wide, dry street. And there, in the dry, oblong aridity, there tosses a small forest that is alive; and thud—thud—thud goes the drum, and the deep sound of men singing is like the deep soughing of the wind, in the depths of a wood.

You realize that you had heard the drum from the distance, also the deep, distant roar and boom of the singing, but that you had not heeded, as you don't heed the wind.

It all tosses like young, agile trees in a wind. This is the dance of the sprouting corn, and everybody holds a little, beating branch of green pine. Thud—thud—thud—thud—thud! goes the drum, heavily the men hop and hop and hop, sway, sway, sway, sway go the little branches of green pine. It tosses like a little forest, and the deep sound of men's singing is like the booming and tearing of a wind deep inside a forest. They are dancing the Spring Corn Dance.

This is the Wednesday after Easter, after Christ Risen and the corn germinated. They dance on Monday and on Tuesday. Wednesday is the third and last dance of this green resurrection.

You realize the long lines of dancers, and a solid cluster of men singing near the drum. You realize the intermittent black-and-white fantasy of the hopping Koshare, the jesters, the Delight-Makers. You become aware of the ripple of bells on the knee-garters of the dancers, a continual pulsing ripple of little bells; and of the sudden wild, whooping yells from near the drum. Then you become aware of the seed-like shudder of the gourd-rattles, as the dance changes, and the swaying of the tufts of green pine-twigs stuck behind

the arms of all the dancing men, in the broad green arm-bands.

Gradually comes through to you the black, stable solidity of the dancing women, who poise like solid shadow, one woman behind each rippling, leaping male. The long, silky black hair of the women, streaming down their backs, and the equally long, streaming, gleaming hair of the males, loose over broad, naked, orange-brown shoulders.

Then the faces, the impassive, rather fat, golden-brown faces of the women, with eyes cast down, crowned above with the green tableta, like a flat tiara. Something strange and noble about the impassive, barefoot women in the short black cassocks, as they subtly tread the dance, scarcely moving, and yet edging rhythmically along, swaying from each hand the green spray of pine-twig out—out—out—out, to the thud of the drum, immediately behind the leaping fox-skin of the men dancers. And all the emerald-green, painted tabletas, the flat wooden tiaras shaped like a castle gateway, rise steady and noble from the soft, slightly bowed heads of the women, held by a band under the chin. All the tabletas down the line, emerald green, almost steady, while the bright black heads of the men leap softly up and down, between.

Bit by bit you take it in. You cannot get a whole impression, save of some sort of wood tossing, a little forest of trees in motion, with gleaming black hair and gold-ruddy breasts that somehow do not destroy the illusion of forest.

When you look at the women, you forget the men. The bare-armed, bare-legged, barefoot women with streaming hair and lofty green tiaras, impassive, downward-looking faces, twigs swaying outwards from subtle, rhythmic wrists; women clad in the black, prehistoric short gown fastened over one shoulder, leaving the other shoulder bare, and showing at the arm-place

a bit of pink or white undershirt; belted also round the waist with a woven woollen sash, scarlet and green on the hand-woven black cassock. The noble, slightly submissive bending of the tiara-ed head. The subtle measure of the bare, breathing, bird-like feet, that are flat, and seem to cleave to earth softly, and softly lift away. The continuous outward swaying of the pine-sprays.

But when you look at the men, you forget the women. The men are naked to the waist, and ruddy-golden, and in the rhythmic, hopping leap of the dance their breasts shake downwards, as the strong, heavy body comes down, down, down, down, in the downward plunge of the dance. The black hair streams loose and living down their backs, the black brows are level, the black eyes look out unchanging from under the silky lashes. They are handsome, and absorbed with a deep rhythmic absorption, which still leaves them awake and aware. Down, down, down they drop, on the heavy, ceaseless leap of the dance, and the great necklaces of shell-cores spring on the naked breasts, the neck-shell flaps up and down, the short white kilt of woven stuff, with the heavy woollen embroidery, green and red and black, opens and shuts slightly to the strong lifting of the knees: the heavy whitish cords that hang from the kilt-band at the side sway and coil forever down the side of the right leg, down to the ankle, the bells on the red-woven garters under the knees ripple without end, and the feet, in buckskin boots furred round the angle with a beautiful band of skunk fur, black with a white tip, come down with a lovely, heavy, soft precision, first one, then the other, dropping always plumb to earth. Slightly bending forward, a black gourd rattle in the right hand, a small green bough in the left, the dancer dances the eternal dropping leap, that brings his life down, down, down, down from the mind, down from the broad, beautiful, shaking breast,

down to the powerful pivot of the knees, then to the ankles, and plunges deep from the ball of the foot into the earth, towards the earth's red centre, where these men belong, as is signified by the red earth with which they are smeared.

And meanwhile, the shell-cores from the Pacific sway up and down, ceaselessly, on their breasts.

Mindless, without effort, under the hot sun, unceasing, yet never perspiring nor even breathing heavily, they dance on and on. Mindless, yet still listening, observing. They hear the deep, surging singing of the bunch of old men, like a great wind soughing. They hear the cries and yells of the man waving his bough by the drum. They catch the word of the song, and at a moment, shudder the black rattles, wheel, and the line breaks, women from men, they thread across to a new formation. And as the men wheel round, their black hair gleams and shakes, and the long fox-skin sways, like a tail.

And always, when they form into line again, it is a beautiful long straight line, flexible as life, but straight as rain.

The men round the drum are old, or elderly. They are all in a bunch, and they wear day dress, loose cotton drawers, pink or white cotton shirt, hair tied up behind with the red cords, and banded round the head with a strip of pink rag, or white rag, or blue. There they are, solid like a cluster of bees, their black heads with the pink rag circles all close together, swaying their pine-twigs with rhythmic, wind-swept hands, dancing slightly, mostly on the right foot, ceaselessly, and singing, their black bright eyes absorbed, their dark lips pushed out, while the deep strong sound rushes like wind, and the unknown words form themselves in the dark.

Suddenly the solitary man pounding the drum swings his drum round, and begins to pound on the other end,

on a higher note, pang—pang—pang! instead of the previous brumm! brumm! brumm! of the bass note. The watchful man next the drummer yells and waves lightly, dancing on bird-feet. The Koshare make strange, eloquent gestures to the sky.

And again the gleaming bronze-and-dark men dancing in the rows shudder their rattles, break the rhythm, change into a queer, beautiful two-step, the long lines suddenly curl into rings, four rings of dancers, the leaping, gleaming-seeming men between the solid, subtle, submissive blackness of the women who are crowned with emerald-green tiaras, all going subtly round in rings. Then slowly they change again, and form a star. Then again, unmingling, they come back into rows.

And all the while, all the while the naked Koshare are threading about. Of bronze-and-dark men-dancers there are some forty-two, each with a dark, crowned woman attending him like a shadow. The old men, the bunch of singers in shirts and tied-up black hair, are about sixty in number, or sixty-four. The Koshare are about twenty-four.

They are slim and naked, daubed with black-and-white earth, their hair daubed white and gathered upwards to a great knot on top of the head, whence springs a tuft of corn-husks, dry corn-leaves. Though they wear nothing but a little black square cloth, front and back, at their middle, they do not seem naked, for some are white with black spots, like a leopard, and some have broad black lines or zigzags on their smeared bodies, and all their faces are blackened with triangles or lines till they look like weird masks. Meanwhile their hair, gathered straight up and daubed white and sticking up from the top of the head with corn husks, completes the fantasy. They are anything but natural. Like blackened ghosts of a dead corn cob, tufted at the top.

And all the time, running like queer spotted dogs, they weave nakedly through the unheeding dance, comical, weird, dancing the dance-step naked and fine, prancing through the lines, up and down the lines, and making fine gestures with their flexible hands, calling something down from the sky, calling something up from the earth, and dancing forward all the time. Suddenly as they catch a word from the singers, name of a star, of a wind, a name for the sun, for a cloud, their hands soar up and gather in the air, soar down with a slow motion. And again, as they catch a word that means earth, earth deeps, water within the earth, or red-earth-quickening, the hands flutter softly down, and draw up the water, draw up the earth-quickening, earth to sky, sky to earth, influences above to influences below, to meet in the germ-quick of corn, where life is.

And as they dance, the Koshare watch the dancing men. And if a fox-skin is coming loose at the belt, they fasten it as the man dances, or they stoop and tie another man's shoe. For the dancer must not hesitate to the end.

And then, after some forty minutes, the drum stops. Slowly the dancers file into one line, woman behind man, and move away, threading towards their kiva, with no sound but the tinkle of knee-bells in the silence.

But at the same moment the thud of an unseen drum, from beyond, the soughing of deep song approaching from the unseen. It is the other half, the other half of the tribe coming to continue the dance. They appear round the Kiva—one Koshare and one dancer leading the rows, the old men all abreast, singing already in a great strong burst.

So, from ten o'clock in the morning till about four in the afternoon, first one-half then the other. Till at last, as the day wanes, the two halves meet, and the two singings like two great winds surge one past the

other, and the thicket of the dance becomes a real forest. It is the close of the third day.

Afterwards, the men and women crowd on the roofs of the two low round towers, the Kivas, while the Koshare run round jesting and miming, and taking big offerings from the women, loaves of bread and cakes of blue-maize meal. Women come carrying big baskets of bread and guayava, on two hands, an offering.

And the mystery of germination, not procreation, but *putting forth*, resurrection, life springing within the seed, is accomplished. The sky has its fire, its waters, its stars, its wandering electricity, its winds, its fingers of cold. The earth has its reddened body, its invisible hot heart, its inner waters and many juices and unaccountable stuffs. Between them all, the little seed : and also man, like a seed that is busy and aware. And from the heights and from the depths man, the caller, calls : man, the knower, brings down the influences and brings up the influences, with his knowledge : man, so vulnerable, so subject, and yet even in his vulnerability and subjection, a master, commands the invisible influences and is obeyed. Commands in that song, in that rhythmic energy of dance, in that still-submissive mockery of the Koshare. And he accomplishes his end, as master. He partakes in the springing of the corn, in the rising and budding and earing of the corn. And when he eats his bread, at last, he recovers all he once sent forth, and partakes again of the energies he called to the corn, from out of the wide universe.

THE MUSIC OF CREATION.—The secret of authorship lies in the continuous and *involuntary* music in the soul. If it is not there one may become a writer—but never a creator. Something is flowing in the soul. Eternally. Continuously. What? Why? Who knows?—least of all does the author (*Rosanov*.)

HUDSON AS MUTANT

By Henry Chester Tracy

I had been looking for something in which W. H. Hudson would betray himself. He was always betraying me. His simplicity was always exposing my affectation and, without meaning to or seeming in any respect to be aware of it, he was always diminishing my most elaborate effects, as the sun, illuminating a sea of candles, might make ineffectual their light.

His light, of course, is plain daylight, and there is nothing wonderful about that. But who gave him the right to use it to the discredit of other people's artistic prose? And was he so innocent as to the havoc he was working with the periods the rest of us so painfully devised? On these and similar matters I required some light. So I took up his *Traveller in Little Things*, in the belief that here, as he was dealing with human relations, he would expose the motivation that was his human self. Here, if anywhere, he would reveal some unhuman quality of mind, some submolecular want or difference in the emotional make-up that would account for his indifference to my fate.

Of course, he would be as indifferent toward my findings as he was impassive toward the admiration the rest of us aspire to win. I found him, somewhere along the middle of the book, talking with a young woman of five years, Millicent by name. By his own account he must have been philandering, for he had recently taken her in his arms and kissed her—and she in her night-dress—and now she was gravely recalling the episode to his mind. She was telling him that she would never forget it; also that she had been staunch to him under [illegible]

tion from her Uncle Charlie, who had denied her his knee, averring that she had lowered herself too much, in kissing a common tramp. "'You've disgraced the family,'" she quoted; "That's what he said, but I don't care—I shall never forget it, the morning you went away and took me up in your arms and kissed me."

Now you would suppose a normal male would have been moved beyond the grip of inhibitions by an avowal like that. Some warm expression of tenderness is indicated, whether the recipient of these confidences were sixteen or sixty, and experienced in affairs of the heart. But W. H. Hudson admits with perfect callousness that he answered nothing at all. He favoured poor Millicent with not one of those little verbal gallantries of which he has elsewhere proved himself a master, and "in thoughtful silence" allowed the opportunity to slip.

It was clear, in a moment, why he justified this course. Our elderly heart-breaker had fixed his affections on another maiden, a sylph of four, who he describes in more ardent language, calling her "a child of earth and sun." This houri he had tempted with the fruits in his basket, on their first mad encounter at the village spring. There, incontinent, he had bribed her with "brightest yellow and richest purple," and had won from her an ethereal kiss. This was the beginning of a true romance in which Mab proved herself to be a true affinity, and it may have lasted three days or as many months. Clearly time was not reckoned of, while it lasted. But three years later we find him looking back. So transcendent is his memory of her that he will not sully it by going again to see her at her village home. "Seven is my limit," he declares; "they are perfect then." However, he would not risk it in Mab's case, where "the peculiar and exquisite charm could not have lasted beyond the age of six."

Strangely enough the memory he desires to retain of her, the loveliest vision of her charms, is that of

glimpse of Mab at a funeral, where "Every time I looked down at my little mate she lifted a rosy face to mine with her sweetest smile and bugloss eyes aglow with ineffable happiness." Mere human beings, it appears, were being shaken with emotion, and all faces, even of the oldest men, were wet with tears—"all except ours, Mab's and mine." And he discourses of their tearless condition.

> "Mine just then were the eyes of a naturalist curiously observing the demeanour of the beings around me. To Mab the whole spectacle was an act, an interlude, or scene in that wonderful endless play which was a perpetual delight to witness and in which she too was taking a part. And to see all her friends, her grown-up playmates, enjoying themselves in this unusual way, marching in a procession to church, dressed in black, singing hymns with tears in their eyes—why, this was even better than Sunday School or Sunday service, romps in the playground or a children's tea. . . . And now that we are far apart my loveliest memory of her is as she appeared then."

As he thus discourses I seem to see the distinguished nature lover as an elderly faun who has stumbled into human form and freakishly been endowed by some god with a writing quill. His natural mates are the children of the groves, and if he find real companionship it must be with those who are less than seven and more than mortal in their intuition of things. This secret understanding is the only lure. It is sadness-proof and free of complexes. Millicent, so soon as she avows a loyalty purely feminine, falls from her high estate, and Mab, the taster of enchantments, is enthroned.

And for a like reason he prefers the willow-wren to such high-sexed singers as the nightingale, whose lyric outburst all men—and even a Moslem—can understand.

But whatever the medium of enchantment, and whether shared by a baby or a bird, it must all be done in the open and under bright sunlight, and there must be no mystery about it all. And that, no doubt, is the

reason why I am rebuked when I deal in veils and shadows and seek to cast a glamour over the experiences of my parti-coloured soul.

I am rebuked—but Hudson has betrayed this much of his secret. He is an adorer of innocence, and shamelessly deserts those creatures that come humanly to bloom. How then could he do otherwise than escape the vanities of performance and of style, which are, when all is said, properties alien to archangels, earth-tramps, wood warblers and very, very little girls?

He could *not* do otherwise. He could by no effort of will participate in those vanities, and therefore for escaping them he deserves no credit at all! This way of writing was inevitable for one W. H. Hudson; and it was impossible for almost anyone else. It is rather a waste of time to try to "evaluate it.". Many true things may be said of it, and perhaps most of them have already been said. The rest of us cannot imitate it, but we can be comforted. There is something either a little more than human about it, or a little less. Fortunately or unfortunately, human, merely, is what the most of us have to be.

It does not "pay" a man to have just "the eyes of a naturalist curiously observing the demeanour of the beings around one." Hudson had them; and it might be true to say that the eyes are the man. Beyond that whoever thinks it might be expedient is at liberty to try to estimate this or that quality of his art and intellect; but for me, such investigation is futile. There is really nothing on earth to do about Hudson except to read him, and share his woodland secrets if one can . . . not omitting to read, once in so often, the chapter "on Cromer Beach," in the book from which quotations have been made. These quotations support the thesis that the author is no mortal male but a spirit of some other race, remembered in the classics under the symbol of a faun. Now "On Cromer Beach" destroys that thesis; an-

other one immediately takes its place. In the new one, we have the unclassified spirit in another guise, unknown as yet, under formal symbol, but presently to appear. This new emanation is a human mutant from the outworn stock. It finds its fellows. It appears, it disappears, it knows neither Darwin nor Mendel, his laws. In other words, by reading further a few pages, we may undo whatever preconceptions we have formed of the secret we expected this elusive author to betray. But in any case, the alchemy in which he works is wrought in plain daylight, and the mystery into which he dips is found in solution in the shining sun, in iris lights and the simple songs of birds.

The secret one is always expecting this elusive author to betray is no secret at all, but a property known only to children, perfect in them and despised by all the rest. It was the child in her that attracted him in the woman at Chilmorton, in the sketch entitled " Her Own Village " ; and he rightly read *wonder* into her love for that squalid little village of gritstone houses and the dirty pub. In Chilmorton wonder was born for her who had aged at thirty-six, and she would be unhappy all her life if she thought she would have to " lie in earth any distance from Chilmorton." Hudson was right when he reconstructed her childhood from his own intuitions and wrote that " our admiration for the loveliest blooms —the orchids and roses and chrysanthemums at our great annual shows—is a poor languid feeling compared with what she experienced at the sight of any common flower of the field."

A poor languid feeling indeed, and one inconceivably less important than the one he speaks of, that grew up spontaneously in her heart. All the beauty and significance of life are back of that feeling, and he knows it ; and he cannot become too greatly absorbed in anything else. His conceit of some angelic being that had dropped down out of the sky into that green translucent

cloud of leaves to sing—in the notes of a blackbird—of his own celestial country to please the child, is not so far-fetched. Something of that kind occurs, as every happy-starred village-bred child is aware, though few have any better words than "sweetest and dearest" with which to convey the meaning of that miracle. To suggest it is the best any man can do, and just this has ben done in the sketch quoted. Denied so small a boon as a cup of tea in Chilmorton, Hudson leaves it an intimation of immortality, in prose, his gift.

In "Apple Blossoms and a Lost Village" the intimations become unexpectedly deeper and more mystic, allied to the strangeness he calls "forgotten memories." The apple trees themselves seem more beautiful, he thinks, than all other blossoming trees, because they are so common and universal; and yet he says, with perfect consistency, that one of these trees "is like nothing on earth." It awakens the sense of the supernatural. Waking to the thought of it is it strange that he drifts, one dim morning, into a picture-consciousness of himself finding once more that lost village of Clyst Hyden that he had discovered in May and apple-bloom, ideally? . . . Drift there he does, and is welcomed, as one expected. Thatched cottages, all on one side of the road, and the setting sun aflame through the trees. People come out from the houses and advance to meet him, laughing and talking excitedly as if his coming had been an event of importance. They gather around him, their faces shining with the sunset. Finding voice, he exclaims, "Oh, how beautiful!" . . . and a girl pressing forward puts her hand on his temple, the fingers resting on his forehead: "Beautiful?—only that!—Do you see nothing more?" Then this passage:—

> "I answered, looking back into her eyes: 'Yes—I think there is something more, but I don't know what it is. Does it come from you—your eyes—your voice, all this that is passing in my mind?'

" 'What is passing in your mind?' she asked.

" 'I don't know. Thoughts—perhaps memories: hundreds, thousands—they come and go like lightning, so that I can't arrest them—not even one!'

" She laughed, and the laugh was like her eyes and her voice and the touch of her hand on my temples.

" Was it sad or glad? I don't know, but it was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard, yet it seemed familiar and stirred me in the strangest way.

" 'Let me think!' I said.

" 'Yes, think!' they all cried laughingly; and then instantly when I cast my eyes down there was a perfect stillness as if they were all holding their breath and watching me.

" That strange stillness startled me: I lifted my eyes and they were gone—the radiant beautiful people who had surrounded me and interrogated me, and with them their shining golden village, had all vanished. There was no village, no deep green lanes and pink and white clouds of apple blossoms, and it was not May, it was late October and I was lying in bed in Exeter seeing through the window the red and grey roofs and chimneys and pale misty white sky."

A premonition? Perhaps. It does not matter. If a moment can be immortal, here, in such a moment, one might be willing to live. There are apple blossoms, and there is beauty; " there is something more but I don't know what it is." . . . something beyond the beautiful; something in which faces have a share, and voices, and the touch of a hand.

Strange talk for a naturalist, a man who would spend hours on his knees observing the actions of a *viridissima* grasshopper and recording them denuded of romance; a man familiar with exact science and its usages, and measurements and terms; neglectful of none. Concerning nature and her relentless laws of balance he had no illusions; yet he thought of the living earth as a home. He saw without chromatic aberration, yet found that in apple-blossoms which transcended the experience of the race. Wherever true existence is, there we shall find him: this mutant of our species, immune to age.

There is recognition for his kind among the immortals; and these have, strangely enough, the look of common people, of village folk. Whether they of the shining faces are or are not, in the concrete, does not matter. Their estate in being or non-being is not a thing needful to discuss. What matters is that they are envisaged, that they float within the ken. Being more than angels, they laugh; and being nearer than seraphs they are endeared through voice and eyes—the laughing girl-voice that is like the touch of a hand. Whether children or persons grown they are mercifully removed from the sorrows of sex. They are its sublimation, its essence and its imperishable flower, as the fringed gentian is the feminity of autumn, and an immortal voice in blue. In no other character than this of soul-colour does sex invade the world of apple-blossoms and of cottages along a green-bordered road—the road that like a magnet draws the feet of a few.

LOVE

By Dorothy Easton

Love was a pulse in me, a bird-like thing,
A coloured, trembling, shivering, quivering thing;
A field of wild-flowers tossed up by the breeze,
A sky of flame-cloud torn upon the trees.

Love is a well in me, a deep-hid pool,
Like sap in trunk of tree, like forest cool;
A secret violet blooming all alone,
A tenderness—kept hidden, just for one.

TCHEHOV AND HIS WIFE

Letters Translated by
S. S. Koteliansky

The letters of Anton Tchehov to his wife have just been published, in the original Russian, by the "Slovo" Publishing Company of Berlin. The volume contains four hundred and thirty-four letters, notes and telegrams, written between the years 1899 and 1904. Some of these letters have appeared already in the six volume Russian edition of Tchehov's letters. The preface by Mme. Tchehov was originally published at Prague in 1922 in "The Artistes of the Moscow Art Theatre Abroad."

Tchehov met Olga Leonardovna Knipper in September 1898 at a rehearsal of *The Seagull*, which was produced by the Popular Art Theatre, as the Moscow Art Theatre was then called. He met her again at the rehearsal of *Tsar Fiodor Ivanovitch*. In a letter to Souvorin, he wrote of the Art Theatre:

> I was pleasantly moved by the cultured tone, and the note of genuine art struck by the artistes, although not one of established reputation was engaged. Irene [Mme. Knipper in the part of the Tsarina Irene] in my opinion is superb. Her voice, distinction, sincerity—all so good that it gave me a lump in my throat. . . Best of all was Irene. If I remained in Moscow I should fall in love with that Irene.

Their next meeting, in the spring of 1899 in Moscow, was the beginning of a real friendship between them. In the summer of that year they met at Novorossisk and travelled from there by sea to the Crimea. In Yalta they spent a long time together watching the building of the house on the land Tchehov had bought

in Autka. There were other meetings, and in July 1900, they agreed to marry, keeping this a secret even from Tchehov's people. The following winter Tchehov had to spend in the South of France, and on his return to Moscow in May 1901, he was married quietly on the 25th of that month in the presence of two witnesses. He and his bride went straight from the ceremony to the Ufa province, for Tchehov had been advised to try the *Koumiss* treatment. It was not till they were on their way that Tchehov told his friends of the marriage.

Mme. Tchehov, in her preface to the letters, writes: "We became acquainted in 1908. Tchehov turned up at one of the first rehearsals of *The Seagull*. It is difficult to describe the agitation that overcame us all at this first meeting with our beloved writer. We felt the extraordinary, subtle charm of his personality, his simplicity, his seeming inability to teach, to demonstrate. We did not know what to say. . . . He looked at us, now smiling, now suddenly serious, with a sort of perplexity, plucking at his little beard, or throwing up his pince-nez. . . . We, who had thought, 'Now the author is coming and will tell us the secrets of how to play *The Seagull*,' found him incapable of answering questions. When he was asked a question, he would answer unexpectedly, obliquely, not directly to the point, and we did know whether to take his replies seriously. This was but a momentary impression, for presently, after we had thought over it, one of these apparently casual remarks, began to penetrate the mind and soul. From a lightly outlined trait the whole essence of a character would begin to grow.

"For instance he would be asked how a part should be acted. 'As well as possible,' Tchehov replied. Someone else asked him to describe the writer (Trigorin) in *The Seagull*, and the answer was: 'Oh, he wears check trousers.' It took us some time to get used to this manner of communication."

"During the last year of his life Anton had an idea for a play. It was not clear yet, but he used to tell me that the hero was a scientist. He loved a woman, who either did not love him, or was not faithful to him. The scientist went away to the Far North. In the third act, Anton imagined a vessel stuck in the ice—the aurora borealis—the scientist standing alone on the deck—the calmness, peace, and grandeur of night—across the background of the aurora borealis the man sees the shadow figure of his beloved. . . .

"Anton was unusually fond of anything funny, of anything with humour in it. He loved listening to funny stories and, sitting in a corner, leaning his head on his hand, and fingering his little beard, he would laugh so infectiously that I often stopped listening to the story to watch him, myself following the story by the expression of his face. He loved to invent stories—easily, exquisitely—and they were always very funny. At the beginning of our friendship a great part was played by 'Nadenka,' Anton's dream-wife or fiancée; and 'Nadenka' was in everything, she was never left out; she has even found a place in his letters.

"Even a few hours before his death he made me laugh by making up a story. It was in Badenweiler. There had been three grave and anxious days. Towards evening he felt better and sent me out to walk in the park, as I had not left him during those three days. When I came back he kept worrying because I did not go to dinner. I explained that the gong had not rung yet. It turned out later we had not heard the gong, and Anton began to make up a story about a very fashionable spa, full of fat, well-fed financiers, strong, red-cheeked Americans and Englishmen who loved good food. . . . They foregather after their day's excursions, all their thoughts on the dinner-table. Suddenly, they learn that the cook has bolted, and there is no dinner. He pictured the consternation of the spoilt

crowd when that blow caught them in the stomach.

"After the anxiety of the last three days, I laughed with all my heart. . . . I did not know that in a few hours I should stand by Anton's body.

"Anton passed away peacefully. In the night he woke and, for the first time in his life, asked for a doctor. The sensation of something of great import about to happen gave to everything I did an extraordinary exactitude and calm, as though someone were leading me confidently. I remember only one awful moment of bewilderment : the sensation of the nearness of a mass of people in the big sleeping hotel, and at the same time, a feeling of my utter loneliness and helplessness. Two Russian students, brothers, were staying at the hotel. I asked one of them to fetch the doctor, and myself began chopping ice to put over Anton's heart.

"The doctor arrived and ordered champagne for Anton, who sat up and said significantly to the doctor in German (he knew very little German), 'Ich sterbe.' Then he took the glass, turned his face to me, smiled his wonderful smile, and said : 'I have not drunk champagne for a long time.' He drank the glass to the bottom, lay down peacefully on his left side, and presently was silent for ever. . . ."

Below we give extracts from the new volume of Tchehov's letters :

Yalta, September 27th, 1900.—You write : "You have a loving tender heart, why, then, do you make it hard?" But when have I hardened it? In what have I expressed that hardness? My heart always loves you and is tender to you, and I have never concealed it from you, never, never. You accuse me of hardness without thinking.

Judging from your letter,* you seem to desire and

* Extract from Olga Knipper's letter of September 24th : "Write me everything frankly ; between us everything must

expect some sort of explanation, a sort of long conversation, with grave faces and grave consequences ; and I do not know what to say to you, except the one thing I have already said to you 10,000 times and shall be saying, probably, for a long while to come, that is, that I love you. And that's all. If we are not together now, neither of us is to blame for it, but the devil who implanted in me a bacillus and in you love for art.

Good-bye, good-bye, my lovely granny, the holy angels guard you. Don't be cross with me, darling, don't be gloomy, be a clever thing.

Nice, December 26th, 1900.—Your last letter is very moving, it is written so poetically. My clever one, let us be allowed to live together for another five years! Then, let old age catch us—at least we shall have memories. You are in a good mood, such as is necessary ; but don't spend yourself on trifles, my silly girl.

Nice, January 2nd, 1901.—Have I congratulated you on the New Year in my letter ? Haven't I, indeed ? I kiss both your hands, your ten fingers, your head, and wish you happiness and peace and much love which should last long—say, fifteen years. What do you think ; could there be such love ? With me, yes, with you, no. I embrace you, however it may be.

Nice, January 6th, 1901.—You don't write me. If you have fallen in love with someone, tell me so that I shall not dare in my thoughts to kiss and embrace you, as I do now. Well, darling, good-bye, au revoir. Live, my silly, trust in God, do not doubt.

Yalto, April 18th, 1901.—If you will give me your word that not a soul in Moscow shall know of our wedding until it is over, then I'll marry you even on the day of my arrival. Somehow I am awfully afraid of a wedding, and congratulations, and champagne, which

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be clear and clean. You and I are not children. Tell me everything that is in your soul. Ask me everything. I shall answer all."

one must hold in one's hand, smiling vaguely the while. From the church we should not go home but straight to Zvenigorod, or have the ceremony in Zvenigorod. Think of it, do think, my darling. They say you are a clever thing.

Yalta, August 24th, 1901.—You write: "My soul begins to ache when I remember your secret anguish, which seems to be hidden deep in your soul." What nonsense, darling! I have no anguish, nor have I had. I feel fairly easy—and, when you are with me, quite well.

Yalta, September 3rd, 1901.—Thank you, my joy. Mother was delighted with your letter; she read it and then gave it to me to read it to her aloud, and she praised you for a long while. What you write about your jealousy may perhaps be sound, but you are such a wise thing, you have such a good heart that all you say about jealousy is somehow out of colour with your personality. You say that Masha [Tchehov's sister] will never get used to you, and so on and so on. What nonsense it all is! You are exaggerating, thinking silly things, and I fear that you may quarrel with Masha. I'll tell you this: be patient and keep silent for one year, one year only, and then everything will become clear to you. Whatever you may be told, however things may appear to you, keep quiet, just keep quiet. For those who marry find hidden in that first non-resistance all the comforts of life. Do listen to me, darling, be a clever thing!

Yalta, December 6th, 1901.—In August, or at the end of August, marvellous apples will be ripe in my garden. And pears! You have never eaten such pears. Darling, if I gave up literature now and became a gardener, it would be very fine, it would add a dozen years to my life.

Yalta, December 15th, 1901.—Keep well and happy, child, do not brood, write more to your cross

expect some sort of explanation, a sort of long conversation, with grave faces and grave consequences ; and I do not know what to say to you, except the one thing I have already said to you 10,000 times and shall be saying, probably, for a long while to come, that is, that I love you. And that's all. If we are not together now, neither of us is to blame for it, but the devil who implanted in me a bacillus and in you love for art.

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one must hold in one's hand, smiling vaguely the while. From the church we should not go home but straight to Zvenigorod, or have the ceremony in Zvenigorod. Think of it, do think, my darling. They say you are a clever thing.

Yalta, August 24th, 1901.—You write: "My soul begins to ache when I remember your secret anguish, which seems to be hidden deep in your soul." What nonsense, darling! I have no anguish, nor have I had. I feel fairly easy—and, when you are with me, quite well.

Yalta, September 3rd, 1901.—Thank you, my joy. Mother was delighted with your letter, she read it and then gave it to me to read it to her aloud, and she praised you for a long while. What you write about your jealousy may perhaps be sound, but you are such a wise thing, you have such a good heart that all you say about jealousy is somehow out of colour with your personality. You say that Masha [Tchehov's sister] will never get used to you, and so on and so on. What nonsense it all is! You are exaggerating, thinking silly things, and I fear that you may quarrel with Masha. I'll tell you this: be patient and keep silent for one year, one year only, and then everything will become clear to you. Whatever you may be told, however things may appear to you, keep quiet, just keep quiet. For those who marry find hidden in that first non-resistance all the comforts of life. Do listen to me, darling, be a clever thing!

Yalta, December 6th, 1901.—In August, or at the end of August, marvellous apples will be ripe in my garden. And pears! You have never eaten such pears. Darling, if I gave up literature now and became a gardener, it would be very fine, it would add a dozen years to my life.

Yalta, December 15th, 1901.—Keep well and happy, child, do not brood, write more to your cross

husband. When you brood, you become old, dull, but when you are happy, or your ordinary self, then you are an angel. Therefore be always happy.

Yalta, December 17th, 1901.—Yesterday I had visitors. They sat long. I seethed. I have just had a message over the telephone that a tourist is coming—a Hungarian who visits all writers. He does not know that I am no longer a writer, but a gardener—a married gardener, who, as yet, has no children, but is hoping.

Yalta, December 18th, 1901.—Don't be bored, work, be a clever thing, don't brood—it does not suit you. When you are happy, you become ten years younger.

Yalta, December 29th, 1901.—You are a silly, darling. Not once during all the time I have been married, have I reproached you for the theatre ; on the contrary, I was glad you had your own work, a purpose in life, that you were not lounging about like your husband. I do not write you about my illness because I am well. My temperature is normal, I eat five eggs a day, drink milk—without mentioning dinner, which, now Masha is here, has become tempting. Work, my darling, don't worry, and above all don't brood.

Yalta, January 3rd, 1902.—I may say I write nothing, just nothing ! Don't be vexed ; it will come in time. I have written eleven volumes already. Don't be cross, darling, my wife ! I don't write, but I read so much that soon I shall become as clever as the cleverest Jew.

Yalta, September 20th, 1902.—You write that if we lived together inseparably, you would weary me, for I would get as used to you as to the table and the chair —"And we both of us are sort of incomplete." I do not know, darling, whether I am complete or not, but I am certain of this : the more I lived with you the more would my love grow deep and tender. Do know that,

lovely actress. But for my illness it would be difficult to find a more home-loving person than I.

Yalta, January 20th, 1903.—You keep on writing, darling, that your conscience torments you because you are living in Moscow and not with me in Yalta. Well, how can that be helped, darling? Do consider it properly; if you lived with me in Yalta the whole winter your life would be spoiled, and I would feel twinges of conscience—which would hardly be better. Surely, I knew I was marrying an actress; that is, when I married I realized clearly that you would spend the winters in Moscow. Not a millionth part do I consider myself hurt or neglected; on the contrary, it seems to me that everything goes well, or as it should, and therefore, my little darling, do not agitate me with your qualms. In March we shall again be together, and shall not feel the present loneliness. Be calm, my own, don't be agitated, but wait and hope. Hope, that's all.

Yalta, January 23rd, 1903.—Ah! what a mass of subjects there are in my head! How I long to write! But I feel there is something lacking—in the surroundings, or in my health. The *Niva* supplement is out—my stories with a portrait; and it seems to me that they are not my stories. I ought not to live in Yalta, that's it! I might as well be in Asia Minor!

Yalta, February 23rd, 1903.—I am not telling you anything about the stories I am writing, because there is nothing new or interesting. One writes something, reads it, and sees that it has been done already, that this is already old, old. . . . One ought to do something new, sourish.

Yalta, February 11th, 1903.—You write that you envy my temper. I must tell you that by nature I am quick-tempered, irascible, &c., &c., but I made it a habit to restrain myself, for it is not becoming to a decent man to let himself go. Time was when I did the

devil knows what. Surely, my grandfather was by conv.. ion a raging serf-driver!

Yalta, March 1st, 1903.—You are cross that I do not write you about my stories—and generally about my writings. But, my darling, I am so weary of all that, that it seems to me you and everyone else must also be weary of it, and that you only speak about it out of delicacy. It does seem so to me—then what can I do? One story, *The Bride*, I sent off a long while ago to the *Journal dlya Vsiekh*. It will probably appear in the April number. I have begun another story; a third story, too, is begun. And the play—I have arranged the paper on my table and written the title already.

Yalta, March 10th, 1903.—You say I have already forgotten you, what you are like. Yes, darling, I no longer remember whether you are fair or dark. I only remember that I once had a wife.

TRANSLATORS AND CRITICS.

Yalta, November 15th, 1901.—Whoever translates me into German, Chumikov or Scholz, there's little sense in it. I've received nothing and shall receive nothing. Generally, I am indifferent to these translations, for I know that in Germany we are not needed, and will not be needed, however much they translate us.

Yalta, November 25th, 1901.—Even of Scholz I have nothing to write for I have already written about him. He promises payment, but, first, the thing must be translated, then published, then sold . . . a long story! Besides, my clever one, Russian writers, if they are needed, are needed only in Russia.

Yalta, September 16th, 1902.—Why do you want me to be published in America? Above all in a lady's translation—that is, a very bad one.

Yalta, December 17th, 1902.—You ought not to have gone to N.'s lecture. N. is a conservative without talent, although he considers himself a critic and a radical. The theatre engenders passivity, he says. Well! Painting too? And poetry? Surely, a man looking at a picture, or reading a novel, can neither express sympathy with nor antipathy to what there is in the picture or in the book. "Long live light and let darkness perish!"—that is the sanctimonious hypocrisy of all who are conservative, impotent, have no ears to hear . . . . B. is a charlatan—I have known him for a long while. Boborykin is old and embittered.

If you don't want to visit the circle and see the Teleshovs, then don't, darling. Teleshov is a nice man. . . . On the whole, all people who have anything to do with literature are boring to be with, with the exception of a very few. How backward and aged all our Moscow literary folk have become, both old and young, you will realise later when the attitude of all those people to the heresies of the Art Theatre becomes clear to you—say, in about two or three years.

Yalta, February 11th, 1903.—Have you read Countess Sophie Tolstoy's article about Andreyev? When I read it it threw me into a fever, to such a degree did its absurdity strike me. It is incredible. If you wrote anything like it, I would thrash you and put you on bread and water for a whole week.

Yalta, October 24th, 1903.—Why translate my play into French? It is madness. The French won't make anything of Vermolay [a character in *The Cherry Orchard*] nor of the sale of the estate, and will only be bored. I don't want it, darling, it's no good. A translator has the right to translate without the author's permission. There's no copyright law. X. may translate it he likes, but it is nothing to do with me.

Yalta, April 20th, 1904.—You ask: What is life?

It is just like asking: What is a carrot? A carrot is a carrot, and nothing more is known.

ON THE THEATRE.

Yalta, September 15th, 1900.—As regards my play *The Three Sisters*, it is sure to be ready sooner or later, in September or October, or even in November—but as to whether I'll make up my mind to have it produced this season, this I can't tell, my lovely granny. I shall not make up my mind, since, firstly, perhaps the piece is not completely ready—let it lie on the table for a while—and, secondly, I must be present at the rehearsals. I must! Four responsible female parts, four young, intelligent women, I can't leave to Alexeyev [the producer at the Moscow Art Theatre] much as I respect his talent and his understanding. It is necessary that I see the rehearsals, if only out of the corner of my eye.

Nice, January 2nd, 1901.—Describe to me even one rehearsal of *The Three Sisters*. Is anything to be added or taken away? Do you play well, darling? Now, listen! Don't make a sad face in any of the acts. An angry one, yes, but not sad. People who have carried a sorrow till they have grown used to it only whistle now and then, and often fall into a reverie. So you, too, on the stage should fall into reveries during the conversations. Do you follow me?

Nice, January 20th, 1901.—Well, how are *The Three Sisters?* Judging from letters I'm receiving, you are all talking away unconscionably. There's a noise in Act III. Why that noise? The noise should be far away, behind the scenes, a dull vague noise, while on the stage you should all be tired out, almost asleep. If you spoil Act III., the whole play will be lost, and I in my old age will be hissed at. Alexeyev in his letters to me praises you very much and so does Vishnevsky. I

praise you without seeing you. Vershinin [a character in *The Three Sisters*] says, "Trum, trum, trum," like a question, and you make the same sound for a reply, and this seems to you such an original joke that you smile as you say it. You say, "Trum, Trum," and laugh, though not aloud, indeed, hardly audibly. You must not make such a face as in *Uncle Vanya*, but look younger and livelier. Remember, that you are both sportive and angry. Well, I rely on you, darling, you are a good actress.

I have said already that it was not right to carry Tusenbach's [a character in *The Three Sisters*] corpse across the stage, but Alexeyev insisted that it was impossible without this. I wrote to him to say that the body should not be carried across the stage; I wonder if he has had my letter.

Pisa, January 28th, 1901.—Masha's [in *The Three Sisters*] confession in Act III. is not at all a repentance, only a frank conversation. Do it nervously, but not desperately; don't shout, smile now and then, and above all do it so that the fatigue of the night is felt. And you should make us feel that you are wiser than your sisters, at least that you consider yourself wiser.

Yalta, March 16th, 1902.—You little silly, don't believe those banal, stupid, puffed-up criticisms by absurd men. They write not what they feel, nor what their conscience tells them, but what most fits in with their moods. There in Petersburg, only satiated Jewish neurasthenics write criticisms; there is not a single genuine, pure man.

Yalta, February 17th, 1903.—Why are you so glad that you succeed in the part of a virtuous woman? The virtuous are acted only by spiteful actresses without talent. Now you have got it, swallow the compliment. Better parts than I have written for you (*The Sea-Gull*, for instance) you will hardly find. I am not saying the part is written well, but that you act it superbly.

GRANDMOTHER

By Iris Barry

GRANDMOTHER'S skirt was full and long, bunched over four or five petticoats, and a white apron buttoned at the waist fell over it. She made her own clothes, half a dozen skirts at a time, from the same roll of print with bodices to match. The set I remember, and so I suppose liked best, had a buff ground covered densely with small sprigs of fuchsia, roses, yellowrattle, and flowering currant. Gradually those bright flowers faded in the wash-tub. Then she made another six that had a black ground with tufts of yellow and mauve lilac clustered all over.

My earliest memories lay in the folds of Grandma's skirt. Perhaps because it was on the level of my eye then, I remember best how she used to stand at the kitchen hearth, with her lame foot up on the steel fender and the skirt swaying as she stirred food in saucepans. And when she sat, always in the same place, bolt upright in the Windsor chair at the head of the kitchen table before the fire, her skirt made a great tent of refuge. When she shelled peas she let me eat the ones that tumbled down and hid under her hem. Once a mouse ran under her skirt : she caught it and threw it into the fire. The cats took refuge round her when Grandpa came into the house.

All the life of the house was concentrated in the kitchen, a large irregular-shaped room, with a tiled floor. Five doors opened into it : the thick oaken door, the only way into the house, leading from the yard : a door into the parlour in which my mother and aunt sat

to sew or play the piano or entertain their friends : one leading down the dairy steps, one leading up into Grandma's bedroom, and one into the little parlour where the harmonium and the barometer and the book-shelves and the china cupboard and the carriage lamps were kept. Grandpa and grandma lived and ate in the kitchen, under the hams and bunches of drying herbs hung from the rafters ; the churning and ironing and the kneading of dough and the cooking were done there, and there, of course, I always managed to be too, to watch what went on. But at meal-times I went away to eat with my aunt in the parlour, because the cowmen and serving-girl ate with my grandparents. In the spring the newly hatched chickens were brought in to grandma. She huddled them in her lap, and taking them up one by one gave them each a peppercorn and a sip of warm milk out of a teaspoon, before putting them down in the basket in front of the fire, where they waited to get dry and until the hen was ready for them. But she loved best to nurse the baby hedgehogs the farm-labourers sometimes brought in from the fields. "Drink, little pussy," she bade each one, holding the chocolate-coloured shiny snouts in a saucer of milk, and afterwards lapped them round in a corner of her apron, stroking them down the tender bristles and looking away in a sort of trance through the whitewashed walls of our kitchen. She could never decide whether a hedgehog's eyes were prettier than a toad's—the hedgehogs had such cunning little black beads that peeped at you so knowingly, and yet the bronze lights of the toad were so wonderful. So she praised God audibly for the variety of beauties with which He had decked His dumb creatures.

Grandma was lame. Her skirt and the basque of her bodice came out in a great swing behind, and one of her legs was shorter than the other, but for a long while I thought grandma just was that shape. She had

been knocked down by the cavalry in the street during the Corn Riots, and her hip was deformed. When I was five we went together into our garden to see if there were any blackberries. It was a large garden, full of vegetables and fruit trees and beds of parsley and asparagus and rhubarb. Here and there were borders of flowers, boxtrees, and clumps of Old Man. Thick hedges separated the garden from the farm. I got very tired and asked to be carried.

"I can't carry you, my dear, I'm lame," grandma said. It silenced me, and impressed deeply, as though this new undefined quality of hers placed her in a world far above mine into which I could not trespass, and I felt sorry, too, because her voice demanded sympathy; but I didn't know what she meant.

She used always to be telling me poems. She told me one about Scipio Africanus which made me laugh because of the sound, and one about a little sweep which was very sad, and many improving poems such as "The Retired Cat" and "How does the little." Some of them she sang. There was "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive-o," which generally belonged, as did also "Tally-ho," to the mornings when she was down in the red-tiled dairy underground, skimming the cream from the tops of the earthen bowls of milk, and her high soprano voice echoed up very pleasantly. Then she knew hundreds of tales. Sometimes they were the same one over again, and they all had a moral, such as "Many hands make light work," but both they and the poems used to come in very nicely. I had to learn how to sew. I sat on a low stool near the settle which stood in the inglenook, and the needle would get all damp and sticky: it gave a tiny groan each time I pushed it into the stuff. And the cotton turned grey. But Grandma recited:

> "Little by little the acorn said
> As he slowly lifted his tiny head."

and though I was rather impatient with Grandma for expecting me to sew nicely when I was so young, as if I could do it as well as she could after so many years' practice, still the poem did help me to take my stitches. It was grandma who taught me my alphabet, first with bricks which also used to get lost under her skirt, and then with a slate and pencil. It was she who taught me to play with the coloured beads on my abacus until I knew my numbers.

I grew older: I could see over the tops of tables quite easily. When I did my lessons in the kitchen grandma encouraged me. Already once or twice she went to bed before I did, so I felt I was growing up, though she still referred to me as "the child" when she advised my mother and aunt not to be severe with me, as on the day when I was sent home from kindergarten for saying something, so candid that it was rude, about the headmistress. "Let the child stay at home then," she said. "Plenty of time for her to go to school when she is eight. *I* never went to school!" Every Saturday she gave me a penny to buy a Book for the Bairns from the village post office, and when I was seven she began regularly to buy me books: "The Cuckoo Clock" was the nicest of the first set I got.

On her way upstairs at night, she paused on the lowest step and faced the kitchen again. In her mocking singsong voice she recited the same couplet, year in and year out:

> "Good-night church, good-night steeple:
> Good-night all the Washwood Heath people!"

I never thought of grandma as very old: possibly this was because great-grandma (grandfather's mother, who lived about ten miles away) was so much older, and even she did not die until the same week as Queen Victoria. For my grannie's birthday I used to go secretly with my aunt to buy dried lavender and make

it up in bags for her to put in her chest with all the muslin jackets and fringed shawls and silk dresses that she carefully preserved but never wore, as she considered they were not suitable to her present station in life. She did not care for cut flowers, and not for many flowers at all: only mignonette, lilac, laburnum, peonies, and what she spoke of as "sweetly scented" lavender. Musk she always had in a pot in the window next to the staghorn geranium Captain Nash gave me when I was six. But most of all growing things she liked the first opening leaves of the polled sycamore that grew in the west hedge of the garden—just copper-brown wrinkled leaves, still shining and tender from the bud. It was their colour she liked so much. The colour of dark red gillies delighted her too. As she grew older she gradually forgot her flowers and her birds, though grandpa still shot the cats that tried to climb the pear-tree where our thrush built. Her stories grew shorter, fewer, until only the moral bits remained. Yet she looked very much the same. There were the same patterned print gowns, the fitted bodices and the ample skirts, the white apron, the white lace at her neck. Her hair remained abundant, the same even silver smoothed down over the ears. Her long hands were perhaps bonier and yellower; she hardly moved now from her chair save to go to bed, but she sat as erect as ever, and her bright blue eyes still flashed with the old temper, or obstinacy, or humour.

I went away to boarding-school for three years, came back, went to another school. When I came home finally, grandmother was still there, still the same. But now I was lost in curiosities and secret enthusiasms, and grandma was lost in old age. I hardly remember speaking to her those last few years, for I sat all day up in my own room under the roof, reading, or making vague plans to go away somewhere.

Then one day my mother said: "Grandma won't

get up again." Her Windsor chair stayed in the same place, but she never came to sit in it and no one else ever sat there. I used to go every evening into her little white room looking on to the garden, to say good-night. The bedclothes lay flat as though no one were there, she was so thin ; her long big hands were folded on the sheet, her blue eyes burnt, small and piercing still, from the hollow, greyish face under the pale hair. Her lips moved constantly, for she repeated prayers and hymns to herself all the day and most of the night. We could just hear the low murmur going on and on. A great iron bell hung over her bed for her to ring in case she wanted help.

Later on a nurse began to come every day to wash grandma and dress her bedsores, and grannie used to shriek and call to the Lord God to have mercy and take her. It was very frightening and made us not want to eat. Then one Sunday in June my mother told me to go to the chemist's to get a jar of honey because grandma's lips were dry and cracked, and honey would be good to moisten them with. The chemist's was two miles away. When I got back grandpa was sitting in the armchair by the settle with his head hanging down and a handkerchief on his knee. Mother come out of grandma's room and said : "Your grandmother died quite peacefully while you were gone." So I went up to my room and looked out through the iron bars of the window, wondering why I didn't begin to cry. I could only think how much I wished I had asked grandma to tell me far more about when she was young. I had never even found out in which house in Lincoln's Inn Fields she was born.

The funeral was three days later. Mother said grandfather would be hurt if I didn't go in and see grandma before they put her in the coffin, so I went in alone and stood at the foot of the bed. The face had a proud look, the lips were curled down. They had

tied a white bonnet on her head, and her rigid fingers, which had not changed like the face, seemed to be just going to unstiffen and come to life again. The room felt cold, and I was very much afraid.

About noon relatives in black came, and when the men carried the oak coffin out and turned it round the corner where she used to sit, grandpa made a dreadful choking noise. Mother said: "There, father, you know mother wouldn't have liked us to make a fuss," and led him out to the carriage. I stayed at home all alone.

The honey I had bought from the chemist's we none of us ate. It stayed in the kitchen until it dried up and was thrown away.

BALLAD OF HECTOR IN HADES

By Edwin Muir

YES; this is where I stood that day,
Beside this sunlit mound.
The walls of Troy are far behind,
And outward comes no sound.

I wait; on all the empty plain
A burnished silence lies,
Save for the chariot's tinkling sound,
And a few distant cries.

His helmet glitters near. The world
Slowly turns around,
By some strange sleight I am compelled
Far from the fighting ground.

BALLAD OF HECTOR IN HADES

I run. If I should turn again
  The earth must turn with me:
The mountains planted on the plain,
  The sky clamped to the sea.

The grasses puff a little dust
  Where'er my footsteps fall.
I cast a shadow when I pass
  The little wayside wall.

The strip of turf on either hand
  Sparkles in the light.
I see nought but that little space
  To the left and to the right;

And in that space our shadows run,
  His shadow there and mine;
The little flowers, the tiny mounds,
  The grasses frail and fine.

But narrower still and narrower!
  My course seems shrunk and small,
Yet vast as in a monstrous dream,
  And faint the Trojan wall;
The sun up in the vaulted sky
  Is alien and tall.

Each rut within the wagon-path
  Has eyes as we pass by,
Cold earthy eyes which close again
  When we have passed on high.

Two shadows racing o'er the grass,
  Silent and so near,
Till his shadow falls like steel on mine,
  And I am freed of fear.

In dreadful distance, void and chill,
  I hang, and do not care,
While round bright Troy Achilles whirls
  The corpse with streaming hair.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MAURICE HEWLETT: THE LAST PHASE.—Maurice Hewlett died last winter in middle age. His career as a writer had been unusual. He began unusually by combining the professions of Civil Servant and novelist, a combination far less common in England than in France, though our Anthony Trollope was a high official in the Post Office all his life. Not so Hewlett, for his early novels were so popular that he was able to leave the Government service a comparatively rich man. Twenty years ago Hewlett was within a very little of being the most successful novelist in England. Considering the literary distinction of his work—for the romance of his novels had nothing to do with the claptrap of vulgar romantic fiction—it is astonishing that he should have been so popular. He had a large and secure audience: he had only to go on.

For some reason he did not want to go on. He began to write poetry, poetry of a sort that has never been popular in England, serious poetry telling of the life and history of the English peasant. Hewlett's *Song of the Plough* is a fine poem; but very few people have read it, not one-hundredth part of those who have read *The Forest Lovers*. Hewlett had become an impassioned votary of the English countryside and the English peasant; he had withdrawn to a village in Wiltshire, the county of Stonehenge and Avebury, together with Dorset the oldest, the most traditional, the most unchanging part of England—the eastern portion of that Wessex which Thomas Hardy has made immortal. Whether it was that Hewlett originally withdrew because he no longer cared to make the effort necessary to live as a rich man, or whether his popularity (which was partly accidental) had begun to decline, I do not know. What is certain is that he

came to be possessed by a profound love of this ancient England wherein he had made his home, and to rejoice in the comparative poverty which was his portion there.

Inevitably, he became a very "English" writer, not, of course, in the sense in which Thomas Hardy is English, of the oldest and purest English stock, with a heritage of instinctive knowledge of countrymen and country manners not to be paralleled in our literature since Shakespeare. Hewlett was "English" not by birth, but by choice. But the choice once made, for seclusion instead of society, for comparative poverty instead of comparative wealth, he was sensitive enough to take on the colour of his surroundings. We have had an overdose of artificial rusticity in English literature and above all in English poetry during the last ten years: there is no artificial rusticity in Hewlett. His contact with English peasant life is real, his admiration of it genuine. No quality is indeed more obvious in the essays which formed the chief part of his later work than their integrity. One hears through them the same sigh of relief which Jean Jacques Rousseau uttered in his *Promenades*—"j'ai pris mon assiette." He has done with poses, done with romance; he is where he longs to be, and is content to be himself. And to be himself is to acknowledge that he has much to learn from folk far simpler than he. While the civilized and cultivated have gone after strange gods, the true English peasant, he declares, has been faithful to his "law of being"; and in one after another of his *Wiltshire Essays* (Milford, 6s. 6d.) he tries to explain what that law of being is. There is no romance in it, and it chiefly turns upon that relation between man and woman where the opportunities for romantic deception are infinite. The peasant does not marry for love, he marries for increase, to perpetuate his kind: love, for the most part, comes after marriage, not before, and in this love loyalty is

a main element. It is strange, perhaps pathetic, certainly moving, to find a writer who had stirred all England with his tales of romantic love, turning at the last to the age-old morality of the peasant for the truth of life, and making this *volte face* without the drum-beating and clamour customary to the newly converted, but quietly, with a modest and convincing sincerity. Modesty and sincerity are the almost palpable qualities of these *Wiltshire Essays.* "I have much to learn," Hewlett seems to be saying, "and I am trying to learn it."

And when we remember that Hewlett might so easily have been the very foremost of the thousand writers who jostle each other in competing for the vulgar esteem, we feel that the sacrifice was the gesture of a real nobility of mind; and, recognising this, we forbear to search for the occasion of this change of temper in the circumstances of Hewlett's private life. Some such cause there probably was: he surely suffered some intimate "shipwreck of life's esteems." But far more important than the circumstances of his discomfiture is the humility and honesty with which he met them. Hewlett was driven by his own integrity to probe into his own ultimate beliefs. He seems to have suddenly felt that his foundations were set on shifting sand, and he sought for something more solid and enduring. In part he found this in fidelity to the "law of being," which he thought the peasantry alone had preserved inviolate through the centuries. But another thread runs through his thought—a kind of fascinated wonder at the teaching of Christ. Again and again, just as he returns to the unconscious integrity of the peasant, he returns also to the true, authentic, unecclesiastical Christianity as "the way of life." [illegible] a practical embodiment of this in the lives of the [illegible] Quakers. He meets them, and the tenour of [illegible] makes an indelible impression upon him. This [illegible]

tion, which so few have really tried, may be the answer to the problem of modern life.

So Hewlett falls into line with much that is deepest and most characteristic in English literature to-day. In his latest work he throws off all disguises and reveals himself as a man in search of a true religion—and a true religion, as he defines it, is a way of life that cannot be shaken by circumstance. This is his preoccupation. He looked forward gladly (though he did not believe it would come in his time) to the day which he believed inevitable, when the great commercial and industrial superstructure of England would decay and collapse, leaving a poverty-stricken remnant to tend and pass on the torch of life, for he had come to see the chief evil in that existence without roots in elemental things which our wealth-producing system enforces upon rich and poor alike who are caught in its net. Indeed, in his mind he seemed to contemplate a return to poverty for its own sake as a necessary means to salvation. The peasant is poor, Christ was poor: by the common bond of poverty these two ideals were united. Had Hewlett lived longer, he would no doubt have made more explicit his reconciliation of these two different religious ideas. Unhappily we are left with nothing more than hints which we must piece together for ourselves.

These late essays of Hewlett's will have an abiding place in English literature. They are fashioned after the image of a man who had a hard struggle to work himself free of pretences and get to the bedrock of his own nature. Not least his own great gifts stood in his way. But he disciplined these also, and they shine forth the more because they were finally subordinated to a purpose beyond their own display.—Henry King.

Brothers Rabbit and Rat.—Not long ago I read a poem of passionate distress that at first I mistook for distress on behalf of a lady. Ladies, born to difficulties

as the sparks fly upward, have, at the worst, a measure of understanding, and my feelings left me leisure to like the poem until, with the discovery that the object of the poet's search was a rabbit caught in a gin, my heart turned over within me and I dropped the book and went away to peel potatoes and during that thought-freeing operation to reflect that the poet has, like myself, no land ; that he is a townsman, free, as I am free, to delight in abstract bunnihood, to let loose his love for bunnies surprised at twilight sitting in rows against the sky along the edge of a grass-topped cliff, bunnies scampering to their burrows ; the sudden flash of *tous ces petits derrières blancs*.

My nearest neighbour during the war was a land-owner. She had a field ; kept clear by the man with the gin, who also cultivated it for her. All the year round the conflict went on between rabbits and man. The man went to the war. The rabbits settled in ; and when I heard from my neighbour the story of their tenancy my hatred for the trapper died. I forgave him for laming my cat.

He came back from the war a marksman. He may be heard, any twilight in soft weather, shooting rabbits. But cartridges cost money. And until a way is discovered of warning rabbits off, or there can be, constantly, for all the marksmen in the countryside, a supply of free cartridges, the trap must do its work, rabbits and cats must agonize, and townsmen shed their unavailing tears. There is not, hereabouts, a grown cat who has escaped experience of the gin. Some release themselves at the cost of half a leg. Those released by the trapper rarely go unmaimed. A cat, with its sharp claws and great strength, is [illegible] difficult to set free.

The suffering of the cats causes grief in the duchy ; for the Cornish, an aristocratic people, love cats first for their grace, though their services are beyond price.

Rabbits merely abound, but rats and mice, nowadays, swarm in this toe of England in greater and ever greater numbers. And cats do, on the whole and particularly within the villages, help to keep them down. But there are two things, in the open country, that protect the rats and mice: the fact that the country cat, unlike the large majority of his town neighbours, invariably spends his nights abroad, and the preference of most country cats for the supreme sport of rabbiting. My own little beast, a great hunter of rabbits, is merely bored by the armies of mice invading the kitchen in broad daylight. I have gone all lengths, almost. I have set traps, instantaneous killers. They do not kill. Unless one is near by to effect a swift dispatch, there is struggle and agony and slow death. The vile paste that slays by burning I will not use.

My landowning neighbour is of the same mind. She and her husband sit nightly by their fireside beneath the sounds of the trampling hosts now inhabiting the gap between the kitchen ceiling and the floor of the upper room. One winter afternoon she took me down the garden to her chicken-run. The scraps she flung were consumed by fowls and rats feeding side by side; a thing new in her long experience. Rats and mice are being driven from the towns into the open country. They will abound, ready to attack the town in its unguarded crumblings, until our land becomes one vast garden city—with never a gap nor a wild patch.

Watching those furry bright-eyed creatures, made by starvation gentle and unafraid, feeding with the hens in the afternoon sunlight, I forgot the doctor, the farmer and the forester, felt only the pity for innocent helplessness that dictated the poem to the rabbit in the gin.—DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

THE EPILOGUE TO "SAINT JOAN"—In the preface to the printed edition of "Saint Joan" (Constable 6s. net),

Mr. Shaw once more defends the epilogue, in these words :

> " As to the epilogue, I could hardly be expected to stultify myself by implying that Joan's history in the world ended unhappily with her execution, instead of beginning there. It was necessary by hook or crook to show the canonized Joan as well as the incinerated one ; for many a woman has got herself burnt by carelessly whisking a muslin skirt into the drawing-room fireplace, but getting canonized is a different matter, and a more important one. So I am afraid the epilogue must stand."

The answer to this, it seems to me, is that the incinerated Joan *was* the canonized one. There is no point in the reference to the many women who have got themselves burnt " by carelessly whisking a muslin skirt into the drawing-room fireplace " : it is irrelevant, because Mr. Shaw has shown why and how and how inevitably Joan was burnt not by accident but because she was what she was. " Saint Joan " is a great play precisely because it does show us this.

That she has been canonized may be important, but it is important as a matter of sociology. It adds nothing to her own import or to that of the play. The fact that in the year 1924 Mr. Shaw could take Joan of Arc for his heroine with the assurance that his audience would know roughly who and what she was, that he could go for his material to modern books in which every recoverable detail of her life and trial has been diligently examined and recorded—the fact in short that humanity has insisted in making her its heroine and keeping her memory alive—this is the fact on which the play is built. Her membership of the Catholic Church and her [illegible] canonization by it, are no more than accidental manifestations of a fact far bigger than they. All the implications of her canonization which are really [illegible] to Joan's history are presupposed by the very [illegible] of the play. Those implications of her [illegible]

which are not presupposed by it are irrelevant, and somehow trivial.

And, I confess, this is the impression that the epilogue as a whole makes upon me. What is relevant in it, I have learned (and by the author's skill learned only too well) before: what is irrelevant in it is parochial and beneath the level of the universal tragedy I have been witnessing. I am suddenly made conscious of the presence of Mr. Shaw, and I am suddenly oblivious of the presence of Joan, although she is in the centre of the stage, and although the curtain falls with the limelight full upon her. And I conclude not merely that with Joan's burning her story reached its consummation, but that whereas Mr. Shaw, while he had the actual facts of the history of the Maid before him, submitted himself reverently to the spirit he discerned in them, when the facts of the history ceased, he became himself again. Mr. Shaw himself is brilliant, but Mr. Shaw deliberately making himself the vehicle of a spirit greater than his own is more than brilliant, he is impressive. "Saint Joan" is an impressive play, because through Mr. Shaw's instrumentality it is hers. Mr. Shaw's own part in the epilogue is brilliant but it does not be'ong.

So that when Mr. Shaw says "I could hardly be expected to stultify myself by implying that Joan's history in the world ended unhappily with her execution instead of beginning there" I should reply that it was precisely because that very personal thought of whether he would or would not stultify himself began to enter in, that the epilogue began to have a tinge of unworthiness. There are certain things that have to be left to make their own impression. True tragedy is one of them. Those who do not understand it cannot be made to understand it. It needs no underlining, and what is more, and more to the point, it is incapable of being underlined, for no human being is worthy to do it. And that is why, in my

opinion, Mr. Shaw has partly failed as an artist in the epilogue to "Saint Joan." In those terms, he would no doubt laugh at the criticism. Art, he would say, does not bother him in the least. Neither does it bother me, but that is because I am persuaded that in the only sense of the word "art" that really matters to succeed as an artist is a moral triumph, and to fail as an artist is a moral failure. In "Saint Joan" there is much more triumph than failure. Were it not so, I should hesitate before declaring my opinion about the epilogue and Mr. Shaw's defence of it.—J. M. MURRY.

FASHIONS IN THINKING.—It is quite true that every man has a right to his own ideas about the universe. The man of science is, or should be, merely persuasive, not authoritative. Perhaps he should not be even persuasive. It is sufficient if he presents his case in a purely formal manner. If a man believes that the moon is made of green cheese the man of science can only point out that a number of observed phenomena are incompatible with the consequences of that hypothesis. Similarly, if a man believes that he is made of glass or that the world is a poached egg, the scientific man's procedure is the same. In science, at any rate, pragmatism rules. And yet it would not be true to say that any hypothesis is considered, provided it accounts for the facts. It would *not* do, for instance, to say that each of the planets is carried round the sun by a fairy who carries it round in just the manner in which it does go round. The mind of the scientific man has a preference for certain *kinds* of explanations. He does not object to an explanation of gravitation in terms of space and time curvature, but he will *not* have fairies. If there are a sufficient number of other men like him, his kind of explanation will triumph. The believers in fairies would probably, at the present day, have quite a small audience compared with Einstein's. But there are still

Hegelians, who evolve the solar system out of words. We must admit that different men have different minds.

And besides differences in minds there are differences in training. Aristotle, for instance, certainly had the right kind of mind for science, but he could use arguments which now seem as fantastic as fairies, but which were not at all fantastic in the mental atmosphere of his time. Amongst the old alchemists there were men of scientific mind, but they could imagine that different metals were related to the different planets, and that they embodied properties of maleness and femaleness and the like, simply because analogies of that kind seemed to the people of that age to be real bonds. Even Kepler thought it likely that the earth was an animal that breathed through its volcanoes. It would be interesting to find out what determines these changes of taste, and why scientific men of different periods of history have chosen different fundamental entities in terms of which phenomena are to be explained. It has not been a mere matter of caprice. When Newton attempted to describe phenomena in terms of matter and motion, and to banish "occult" qualities he was successfully giving form to a general aspiration. But he left at least one occult quality, namely, the force of gravitation. Nowadays we have a theory which gets rid even of that last trace of occultism. The guiding principle in these changes in the types of explanation offered at different times seems to be that as science progresses it endeavours to use fewer and fewer entities which cannot be defined in terms of physical processes. Absolute space and absolute time, for example, are rejected by this criterion, and they are not now used in physics. Einstein is one of the leaders in making this criterion a consciously employed principle.

So that the changing fashions in explanations from the middle ages to our own day have not been capricious; they have been made on principle. The

collection of extracts from the writings of scientific men, from Aristotle to Einstein, which have been made by Mr. Whetham and his daughter (Cambridge Readings in the Literature of Science; Camb. Univ. Press, 7s. 6d. net) admirably illustrate this change. We see it taking place in three great scientific researches: the structure of the universe, the nature of matter, and the development of life. In this volume we have glimpses of the different starting points from which men have endeavoured to describe the universe, and we may sum up the whole history of science by saying that its progress has consisted in the gradual change from attempts to describe the universe in terms of the attributes of God, to attempts to describe it in terms of the observed behaviour of measuring rods and clocks.—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

VERSE TRANSLATION.—Let all men know that nothing harmonized in musical bonds can be transferred from its own tongue into another without losing all its sweetness and harmony. (*Dante.*)

LOVE.—Love cannot define. It says: "I cannot be without you. . . . Without you life is a weariness." Precision is impossible. . . ." To love is to be on fire." But love is not all fire. Love is air: without it one cannot breathe; with it one breathes so easily. . . . That's all! (*Rosanov.*)

BEARSKINS, SEWERMEN, AND BOOKS

By The Journeyman

"BEFORE the war," says a character in one of M. Duhamel's short stories with their locality betweee the Somme and the Marne, "I was an assistant in a commercial laboratory, "but now I swear that, if ever I have the doubtful pleasure of surviving this horror, I will never take up the work again. The country—the pure fresh country for me! Anywhere away from these filthy factories—far from the roar of your aeroplanes and all the machinery in which formerly I took an interest when I did not understand things, but which horrify me now because I see in them the very spirit of war—the principle and cause of the war."

I came across that passage again recently. When first I read it, six years ago, it seemed a simple and natural statement. Quite obviously M. Duhamel made his character say the thing which then was in the minds of all who knew; yet an old field postcard of the forgotten years, with its cryptic references, chanced upon when turning out lumber, could not be more strange to-day than that remark by the French poet and army surgeon. It took me a few seconds to get the mind back to the old angle again. We are forgetting much.

For, curiously enough, I was re-reading Duhamel's story when the news of the day included jocund holiday notes of a popular afternoon at Hendon, where air-squadrons, we were informed, bombed dummy villages and mimic ships, as an alternative to the attractions of the rodeo at Wembley and tennis at Wimbledon.

The rodeo, some humanitarians considered, was cruel. I did not see the Hendon show, so cannot say what happened when the stuffed figures of children, which made the village street home-like and playful, were torn apart, nor if the dummy sailor lads had their sawdust and rags scattered among the amused spectators when the mimic ship was split by a well-aimed bomb. Perhaps, however, no representations of children were in that village. The fact that human bodies inhabit dwellings possibly did not figure in the programme, nor that ships are run by seamen. Who went to such a show? And what did the journalists who with gusto wrote it up really think of it? Some day, I suppose, as our taste grows yet more refined, we shall have a realistic representation, as a popular Saturday entertainment, of the Sidney Street crime, in charitable aid of the Police Orphanage. There was a time when we hardly knew what guns and bombs were for. But, like Duhamel, we have learned much, even if we have forgotten some of it. It is possible that air-squadrons, like cavalry and battleships, are essential to the health of civilization, just as are sewers and surgical saws. That, of course, is not being discussed here, for it is a problem of social ethics for accurate discrimination in the *Liberal Magazine* or the *Hibbert Journal*. But would the representation of a mine disaster be thought a suitable subject for a popular entertainment? Or the rescue of men from sewer gas while heroically clearing our drains? Or a major operation in a hospital? For this, perhaps, is a question in æsthetics; and perhaps it is time miners went to the pit-heads in red tunics and bearskins, where, naturally, they would have to doff them, as did the Guards at Lesbœufs; a place, by the way, where once I saw a big fatigue party of Guardsmen making a clearance, which caused some of them to be very sick as they shovelled away portions of their late comrades of a few weeks before. No; Lesbœufs

would be hardly suitable, perhaps, for an encouraging representation of exciting splendour and noise. A matter of taste, of course. It is time, I think, that we had some royal figure as the chief of the City Brigade of Sewermen, and when these fine fellows who do their best to keep us sound march to their manholes, let them go with a brass band ahead, and approach their duties in cuirass and with battle honours. They, like other heroes, will have to doff their bright garments at the gratings of their dug-outs, and adjust their gas-masks. But in the meantime there ought to be something about them to lend romance and glamour to their duties.

If all those who are puzzling over what is happening in Europe to-day would only examine Duhamel's sentence carefully, they might find a clue to at least part of the mystery. I suppose I ought to apologise for mentioning the war. But why should I, when we are preparing for the next? We do not omit to note, either, that wary editors and sensitive book tasters who flatly tell us that the war to-day is an indelicate subject forbidden to the ears of the well-bred thought the Hendon affair was highly interesting, and reported it fully.

Yet stories of the actuality, the thing itself, should be kept from nice people. It is hardly a suitable subject for print, we are advised, except that harsh sort distasteful to the polite. I am sorry, but I am forced to say that I would frequent any low tavern if only there I could meet the men with the right reminiscences. So far as the war is concerned I do not intend to turn over a new leaf. I enjoy the impropriety. I fear it will always afford me a shameful pleasure to hear what may be called intoxicated comment on it made in good circles. For the present distaste of many otherwise pleasant people for the very subject which once exalted them is a mystery to me. Once they were so interested that they would listen to even silly remarks about it; the sillier the better. Clearly they never thought then the

subject was gloomy. It was exciting. They revelled in it. Why have they changed? What makes them so shy about it now? Why are they even ashamed when the war is mentioned? Well, the new shame which embarrasses them with their old opinions is, like phosgenic heart, part of the inevitable phenomena of war. Why do they not confess, like stout men, that secretly they wish they could enjoy the books on war just like old soldiers? It is a nasty difficulty, but it is not insuperable. They must face their old opinions, tell them flatly that they have all the features of high-spirited imbecility, and finish them off. It is as easy as that. And the social consequences of this act of confession would be of the highest importance. Until we begin to read war-books with relish and discernment the world is not going to be any better. We may courageously pretend, if it affords us any comfort, that what happened in France was episodic, the usual incidents of war; that such things have happened before; that they may happen again. But is it not idle for us to pretend, to deny, or ignore? There is no doubt whatever that the men to whom the place-names of Flanders, Artois, Picardy, and the Argonne are full of omen, were present when Western civilization collapsed. They were right underneath, so to speak, when the base heaved up and the roof came down. Was that of little consequence? Let us regard Europe as it is now, and say.

The downfall of Europe's intricate and crazy establishment, the end (as some declare and Duhamel suggests in his book) of the industrial era, of the collapse of imperialism and the rule of force top-heavy with its guns, are more than phrases. The war, [illegible], is of vital interest. What to us were but fine phrases and gossip to the men in France was a spectacle so terrific and symbolic that all their accepted notions of society were broken, and their faith in it destroyed. Is that of minor consequence? The books that these men

write are, then, of considerable moment. If we don't read them now, we shall hear of their repercussion later.

In a very few pages Duhamel, for example, in the book I have quoted, makes plain the surroundings of a stretcher-bearer just behind an "offensive"; and not only gives us what a good descriptive writer would, the appearance of the place, but an augury also of its meaning, which creates in a reader the abiding astonishment and revulsion that every soldier will remember—as though a man were moving, wide awake this time, through the events of a nightmare, compelled in his movements by an unseen and ruthless evil; where all is mad, yet where all is ordered by the course of a shocking but undeniable logic. Once admit the beginning—and who did not admit, in wonder and admiration, what commerce and science were busy upon,—and here is the end of it. Industrious, unheeding, and unwarned, praising his own miraculous ingenuity, man has created powers which now he cannot control, which mutilate him and destroy the things he loves even as he realizes that the cause of his ruin is of his own making. Yet Duhamel makes no argument of it. He takes the incidents, the sounds, the sights, which were the commonplaces of the front, places them in certain relations, and there it is. Well, in spite of guns and tanks, and the strange popularity of the men who succeed only the dust and confusion of crises, and the ubiquity and spontaneity of greed, fear, and bigotry, and of armies of a million men and warships enough to poison every sea, I yet believe the work of men like Duhamel is more potent than all the forces of darkness, and in time will disperse them; for, it is important to remember, all simple folk, as well as the artists and thinkers, are in revolt against the evil we have done, and would end it, if they but knew the way; and they will learn that in time, as they learned to work our lethal machinery when the task was forced upon them.

A writer may never guess what passages of his work will have most significance for his readers. He will never know just what it is he makes, any more than one knows of the impress of one's personality on others. The writer thinks he is giving to us something he sees quite clearly and comprehends in a unique way ; but as soon as we take it from him it is transformed. It is another matter with a different spirit. It is ours, and not his. An author is naturally surprised when we thank him for what he has done, because he fails to see what we are talking about.

An author, with whom admirers do not correspond as fearsomely as they do with some creators of attractive fiction, but who does receive a number of tokens of gratitude, told me that what usually moves his correspondents to address him makes him feel as embarrassed as though he got valentines meant for a young and handsome man. He feels as if he had been sailing, all unconsciously, under false colours. He would swear his identity is not what his admirers think, nor his books the kind of literature they would read. He said it was most confusing, and that whenever a reader wrote and asked for the privilege of meeting him he felt it would amount to the same thing if he were represented at the interview by the village postman. At times he did not recognize as his own a sentence from one of his books quoted in a letter as a mystic intimacy between author and reader. He is compelled to confirm that child as his own, so to speak, by turning up its birth certificate.

And when this man has assured himself that he is, after all, guilty of those words, then he can see them but as common words, words to which he attaches no special value, words of small import, words that might have been picked up in the street and fathered by anybody, words that would lose themselves in a crowd because they are ordinary, meek and obedient words all of the name of Jones. But he, and no other man, did [illegible]

certain day beget them; they are his though he had forgotten them. No wonder, too, he did not recognize them, for they have been given a value he did not attach to them, and he is assured also they shine with a light which he wishes he could see, but honestly admits he cannot. In a certain sense, therefore, they are not his words at all, but belong to his readers, who adopted them when they were cast forth, and brought them up. Another writer I know, whose name is widely honoured, is instantly given an expression of distress and repugnance, and is moved to an instant repudiation of himself, by any warm and innocent reference to that part of his work which first made him noteworthy, and which is certainly most admirable and significant.

The word that has been uttered, or the simple object that has been touched by a friend, acquires a new meaning. A father casually puts in his pocket a shell his child found on a holiday beach, and forgets it. Long after he finds it again, and it is then a token that he may almost fear. A man recalls to-day with a feeling of awe some simple words, which he barely heard at the time, spoken by a comrade on the battleground. These things have a momentary meaning, and afterwards a different meaning which at least seems momentous.

There are critics who seek criteria as exact for the estimation of books as the standard men of science use for the measurement of facts. But literature is another affair altogether. It cannot be measured; every critic brings to the task of estimating the value of a book his own imponderable and incalculable personality, which alone gives his estimate its value, but at the same time isolates it as something we may ignore or not, as we please. A book gains or loses something because of the mere time and circumstances in which we read it. I remember an old library, with its windows overlooking ships and the sea, in which I told a man, on one of

my first holidays, that I had not read Sir Thomas Browne, and I recall how that man stood in the shadow of a corner with his face to the volumes, took down one, held his pipe away, and read such sentences as begin: "Now since these dead bones"; and, "But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." What a time that was, and what circumstances, and what a book! How is it possible for me not to add something now to those pages whenever I open them? What would be the scientific value of my estimate of the prose of Sir Thomas Browne?

And again, for some scenes, and some books, there is no telling why we like them. If we were challenged to explain an odd preference or two of our own to the learned and wise, it would be pleasant to have to run for a train instead. I found myself, this week, after putting a book in my pocket, walking along a road having an ancient and dingy shipyard wall on one side, and a high Devonshire hedge on the other. It is not a high-road. It leads to nowhere in particular. It is used mainly by dock-workers and fishermen. There is a gate, always open, because broken, where the road turns to an estuary, and the yard and waste land within, bounded by the foreshore, used to be a shipbreaker's premises, but the work has been abandoned, for these are hard times.

In a sense I did not choose to go there, but that is the way I went. One turns in that direction without giving it a thought, when a book is in the pocket. There will be nobody in the yard but some pied wagtails, and a robin who will sit on the butt of a mast and cock one eye, in impudent silence, at this intruder. When the wagtails make their short, abrupt runs close to the book it will be as startling as if the silent yard had been caught out of the corner of the eye turning in its sleep. In the bolt holes of a dry stern-post, foundered in grass and yellow charlock, where I sat to read, the [illegible]

make nests, and go briskly in and out of doors on their urgent business. In the creek below a schooner is rotting on the mud; glasswort grows under her bilges. Her deck is bleached. Near me is the skeleton of ship's skylight, for all its glass is gone, and growing up through it is tall willow-herb and hemp-agrimony. The shipbreaker's office is just beyond. He has not been in it since the war began. Heaven only knows now where he is. The office was, once upon a time, a deck-house round which cataracts roared off Cape Horn. The name-boards of the ships which the shipbreaker once dismantled, his trophies, are nailed to one side of it, *Bildad*, *Mary Rose*, *Minerva*, *Malabar*, *Warwick Castle*, *Annie Pascoe*, and many others. I don't know anything of those ships. I wish I did. Flukes of anchors and red mounds of cables appear everywhere above the rising tide of flowers and herbage. The place has a smell, strange and good. Why should the "Book of Common Prayer" seem to read better there than in church? What literary critic could tell me that?

The Secret of Criticism.—It is necessary to read over and over again all that a man of any note has written, and to know all that we can discover about him before the light arises on us which discovers what his inner self is from which the external manifestation, with all its apparent anomalies, proceeds. Nay more, in order to prevent misjudgment afterwards when our labours have for some time ceased, we must renew them perpetually if that which happens to be *prominent* in our hero is something which, by impressing the imagination more than that which is most truly himself, continually recreates a false image of him. This prominent fact abides before our eyes, but the explanation, the meaning of it fades. (*Mark Rutherford.*)

MULTUM IN PARVO

My Education :—When I was very young, and the mystery of ordinary things was infinitely more mysterious, I used to ask permission from the librarian of the public library of my ugly town to go into the *P. Room* and get " Madame X " and " The Actress."

The P. Room was the Permission Room where six shelves of forbidden and nasty books were concealed from the casual borrower. I was sixteen and I was very much interested in sexy books because sex was a forbidden subject in my ugly town. It was natural that I should have sought out the P. Room. I exhausted "Madame X." I lived in " The Actress." These books satisfied the hunger of my adolescent mind. I remember my re-actions when I was told that Madame X had a past. How wonderfully outside of my ugly town was all this! I fairly ate " Madame X." And when I had filled myself of her, I turned to the other books. There was a book called " Tess of the D'Urbervilles " by a man named Hardy. There was a book by a man named France and it was called " Thais." There was a " Red Lily," a " Jude the Obscure." There was a queer book with pictures called "Salome " by Oscar Wilde. There were others.

The P. Room became my cell. I dedicated my life to it. I alarmed the librarians—some of them. One worried about this youth in the P. Room. She brought him a book about boy scouts' adventures and suggested that he go out into the general reading-room and be contented. Another said that the books were not fit for children. I was too young to take the hint ; I remained. Once an elderly librarian came and looked over my shoulder. I looked older than I really was, and she said : " ' Tess of the D'Urbervilles ' makes me cry." I had just started the first chapter. " Yes, something

awful is going to happen," I said, and I felt that something awful would happen. I felt that it had to—there was no getting away from it ; it was inevitable. She took the book and hunted for a section which she dearly loved. She read where Tess and Angel sit beside one another during the breakfast in order to avoid one another's eyes. She read where it was so embarrassing for each to hear the other eat. We appreciated that little bit. We became friends, though I never saw very much of her. Gradually I had satisfied my hunger for sex-mysteries, but I remained in the P. Room, for there there was life. I remember the clear bright joy of reading Hardy. It was the joy of a fresh hungry mind eating vital things. I remember how I received "Thais." I was not shocked ; but I suffered, for I was young and impartial and receptive. My mother's bug-a-boos, religious and otherwise, had not yet set themselves upon my mind ; my father had not yet become a part of me. There was tragedy in the world—the beautiful tragedy of nature.

I learned that life had dignity. How dignified was Tess ! How dignified was Thais ! How dignified—dignified—dignified. How real all this world in the P. Room was. How strangely real ! I cannot write this with any coherence now, for my phase then was so utterly incoherent. I compared my P. Room with the love aspects in my ugly town. I tried to, that is, for I was very young. I remember how I decided that I belonged in the world of the P. Room,—that I was also a character in the P. World, for I had been strangely led there. I became sentimental. I gradually became something which I had no business to become. Certainly I was precocious, but I was happily so. . . . Then within the P. Room were other forbidden things. There were ribald speeches by atheists and men who refused to accept. There were books on socialism. There were periodicals by revolutionists. There were

studies in the nude. There were books by Havelock Ellis. Havelock Ellis's books had never once been withdrawn from the library. There was even Shaw's "Unsocial Socialist." (Do you know my ugly town?) I went to college, but I never went back to the ugly town; I had read everything in the P. Room.—RAYMOND FISHER.

SCHULZ.—It was a cheerless October morning, and large flakes of snow were drifting from the clouds. It was not yet winter—cart-wheels still rattled loudly on the pavement. The snow that settled on Kostya Schulz's long, gown-like overcoat melted quickly and turned to fine drops. Kostya, a pupil of the first form, was full of gloom. Partly the weather was to blame, partly the story of "The Monkey and the Glasses." He had not got the fable by heart, and he pictured the scene in the class-room: the teacher of Russian, tall, corpulent, spectacled, standing so close to him that Kostya could study the little buttons of his waistcoat and his watchchain with its cornelian stone. The teacher would ask in that little tenor voice: "Well, you haven't learned it?" . . . Partly the nurse was to blame. Before leaving home he was rude to her; to spite her he refused to take cutlets for his lunch. Already he regretted the cutlets, for he was hungry.

At the end of the street the school was in view. Twenty to nine by the watchmaker's! Kostya's heart contracted. Goodness! What a change! In August when mummy took him to the entrance exam.—the first-lesson days—how keen he was, how he dreamed of school, how bored he felt on feast days and Sundays! Now, in October, all was hard, stern, cold!

Three houses ahead of him walked Sergusy Semion-ovitch, the arithmetic teacher. In his top-hat he seemed so secure, solid; his high leather goloshes scratched the pavement so sternly, implacably. How much did the

shoemaker charge him for those goloshes? And when making them did he know they would express so perfectly the character of the man now wearing them? (*A fragment of an unfinished story by Anton Tchekov.*)

JOURNALESE.—There is—there must be—a happy medium between *popularizing* science—by which I mean writing it down for the jaded and indolent, infusing it with false glamour and a spurious fascination to stimulate the minds of the millions debased by the cinema—and *pedanticizing* science, making it a cover for fearful jargon, counterfeit coinage, and abstruse allusions. I am convinced (and Mr J. W. N. Sullivan has assisted me to this conviction) that there are scientific journalists with a fluent, non-scratching nib and a clear and non-corrosive ink, who can explain science simply and clearly, but with literal accuracy, for the benefit of the layman of intelligence and the average eager student. Here, in the following extract from the pre-eminent newspaper of India, *The Statesman*, is a journalist's attempt to strike terror and to arouse the respect that is akin to fear in his readers by the exhibition of his burden of book-knowledge, by the uttering of heaven knows what coinage, by the piling up of a pyramid of consonantal polysyllables. By what laws of construction he has erected this crazy piece of architecture the mind cannot conceive:

SHRIVELLED HEARTS.

Apart from that so-called proof, or objective demonstration, which is so dear to the somewhat shrivelled hearts and narrow mentality of our present-day Dedymuses, can science not see that, at its very source (if we may legitimately use such a word in this connection) i.e., in its substantial all-substanding essence, even before it begins (if it ever does begin) to express itself morphologically and physiologically, nay even only physically, in the phenomenal realm, or existential world whether in its inorganic, organic, or super-organic stages, life, or spirit, i.e., living-substance (or by whatever other name we attempt to label the

> mysterious *Ding an sich* whereon all things depend) possesses consciousness—the consciousness of the unconditioned, the absolutely free; in short, the supreme, divine *Ens*. . . .—Memnon.

Note "Memnon," whose column emits music when the sunlight falls upon it in the morning! And mark that "in short"! And let me add that his next paragraph staggeringly and colossally opens thus: "Beyond that obvious fact . . ." If that fact (whatever it was) was obvious to him, he has triumphantly succeeded in completely obscuring it.—L. A. Morrison.

Our prize for the best criticism of the passage given last month goes to the following:

> Poor M. Poincaré! How can he "look the part" since his critic has forgotten to assign one to him? If he can "declaim thunders," perhaps he can also "flash lightning from his eyes"—phenomena I have long wished to encounter. To "ginger up" a "minimum wage" must be an engaging pastime. How is it done? "Beneficent activity" would be good if it referred to anything; but the thought of M. Poincaré "sailing into harbour *on a gust of wind*" is even more joyous than that of the same "gust of wind bunkering M. Briand." There are many things which can be blocked, but an attempt to salvage a wreck is hardly one of them. Perhaps it is to avoid "flat monotony" that past and present tenses alternate throughout the specimen.

If our correspondent, Mr. Morrison, has not exhausted the criticism of the rich passage he has selected we invite further criticisms, which should be written on one side of a postcard and reach this office by August 10th. The sender of the piece printed above is invited to choose his book.

Problem No. 15.—The Signora Inezia, the well-known theosophist of Florence, has discovered that every number has a soul, which is itself a number. It appears that the soul of the product of two numbers is equal to the sum of their souls. What is the soul of 1?

Answer to Problem No. 14.—One half.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

Man and Mystery in Asia. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. (Arnold.) 24s. net.

By Asia Dr. Ossendowski means Siberia, where he wandered for many years, his critical, absorbing mind taking stock of its people and its animals. Place and people would seem incredible, insane, chaotic, if described by a writer less talented; but there is a coherency in our author's narrative that clears the events he describes of the atmosphere of confusion and inconsequence, and impresses the reader with the mystery of it all.

Galapagos: World's End. By Wm Beebe. (Putnam.) £1 1s. net.

The remote Galapagos Islands, the Enchanted Isles of the Spaniards, small volcanic lands in deep equatorial seas, 500 miles from the coast of Ecuador. This is the scene of Mr Beebe's book, which abounds in such pictures as this: "A land pitted by countless craters and heaped into a myriad mounds of fragmentary rock, gnarled trees bleached by salt spray, with twisted, stunted branches, grotesque cactus stiffly outlined against black lava boulders—this picture, truthful in its bare statement of facts, cannot convey the feeling of mystery that led us on and on, wondering always what lay just beyond the next barrier of sombre rock." Subject and style, both are admirable.

Seamen All. By E. Keble Chatterton. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

The indefatigable Mr Chatterton has compiled a most diverting book with these tales of sea adventure. Many are old, but still welcome, and some new. In writing of the clippers, Mr Chatterton is touched by the spirit of love, mingled with a sense of loss, that affects all writers on that theme. But the sea is always the sea, whatever boat adventures upon it, and there are stories here which show that the men who sail to-day are very little different in character from the men of olden days.

A Book of Famous Ships. By C. Fox Smith. (Methuen.) 6s. net.

Miss Fox Smith is also lyrical over the China clippers, the Blackballers, and the Blackwallers. She is to be commended for the loving care with which she has laboured to save valuable records from oblivion.

The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia. By Huntly Carter. (Chapman and Dodd.) 15s. net.

Industry alone could never have made this book, though it was an essential quality. Enthusiasm, knowledge and a good narrative gift went to the making. Enthusiasm is a blessed possession, but the reader must be on his guard. Mr Carter behaves as though he has seen the second Renaissance. We demand evidence of quality. It is not enough that in one of the Volga districts there are more theatres than in the whole of France, that there is a total of nearly 6,000 stages as compared with [illegible] in 1914. The figures should be an indication of great national interest in the drama—only the evidence seems to show that the theatre is chiefly a sounding-board for Government propaganda.

More Obiter Dicta. By Augustine Birrell. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Do not go to Mr Birrell for reasoned judgments, nor look to him for example of the carefully made essay. He is out of favour with the young, who want something they can get their teeth into and have had "enough of this foolery." But we can't forever be at stretch, and we confess a liking for these casual opinions and reflections of Mr Birrell's. Those who cannot see that they come from a stored mind which has fed on the literature of the world because it enjoys them and not because the reading of books is a duty have not learned to read. And he has an enviable gift of witty phrase.

An Outline of Psychology. By William McDougall. (Methuen.) 12s. net.

The Women in Shakespeare's Plays. By Agnes Muir Mackenzie. (Heinemann.) 15s. net.

This is a good book: essentially it consists of an exposition of the plays in the order of their writing, and a running commentary upon them, in which particular attention is given to the women. Miss Mackenzie writes well, and often with a very pleasant vivacity. Moreover, she has really read her Shakespeare. Whatever may be the important process to which the majority of critics submit Shakespeare, we are sure it is not reading. The handful of people who really do read Shakespeare will get a good deal of satisfaction from reading Miss Mackenzie also.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

THE EARLY CERAMIC WARES OF CHINA. By A. L. Hetherington. (Benn.) 12s. 6d. net.

A popular and abridged edition of a notable work. The beautiful illustrations are worthy of the best these publishers have done.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By Charles Sarolea. (Nash and Grayson.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Sarolea's story is a familiar one, but he supplies new details of iniquities under the Soviet Government. There is, however, no evidence to support his claim to have written the first book in English to give a dispassionate account of the subject based on first-hand knowledge. Mr Wells and Mr Bertrand Russell may have started, as he says, with preconceived ideas, or they may not. The important things one considers in reading their books is the quality of the idea that was "preconceived" and the quality of mind that held that idea. It is a pity that Mr Sarolea ruined the comparison because he has collected much valuable material in this book.

THE BOOK OF MY YOUTH. By Hermann Sudermann. (Lane.) 12s. 6d. net.

Sudermann's childhood was spent in poverty, real poverty, when butter and meat were luxuries. The passage of half a century has brought, not peace of mind and awareness of achievement, but a sense of futility. The war has intervened, and there is frustration as well as renewal of physical hardships for his country. Why speak of the hunger of his childhood when "we have all passed through still more evil days, and the majority are still passing through them"? Of all Sudermann's works this account of the first twenty years of his life, in its truthfulness, sincerity, tenderness, is perhaps the only one an English reader will find inspiring.

CARLYLE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By D. A. Wilson. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

Biographically there will surely be no more to be said about Carlyle when Mr. Wilson has completed this work. His first volume carried the biography to Carlyle's marriage. In the present the reader is taken to the "French Revolution." There is much new material, notably the letters of Francis Jeffrey, from which it appears that Carlyle once yearned for the Edinburgh Professorship of Astronomy, and was much hurt that Jeffrey did not realise his qualifications for the post.

THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 3s. 6d. net, or 6s. net, India paper.

This edition, compiled by Messrs F. G. and H. W. Fowler, can be carried in the pocket. No more need be said to recommend this valuable condensation of a great work.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

JENNIFER LORN. By Elinor Wylie. (Grant Richards.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE DARK SWAN. By Ernest Pascal. (Brentano.) 7s. 6d. net.
LONDON MIXTURE. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE GLORY OF GOING ON. By John Owen. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.
GOD'S ORCHID. By Hjalmar Bergman. Translated from the Swedish by E. Classen. (Gyldendal.) 7s. 6d. net.
UNITY. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE PRISONER WHO SANG. By Johan Bojer. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE PLASTIC AGE. By Percy Marks. (Selwyn & Blount.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER. By Lord Dunsany. (Putnam.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE RED HOUSE. By Christopher Rover. (Grant Richards.) 7s. 6d. net.
THE WINDLESTRAW. By J. Mills Whitham. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.
NIGHT FEARS. By L. P. Hartley. (Putnam.) 7s. 6d. net.

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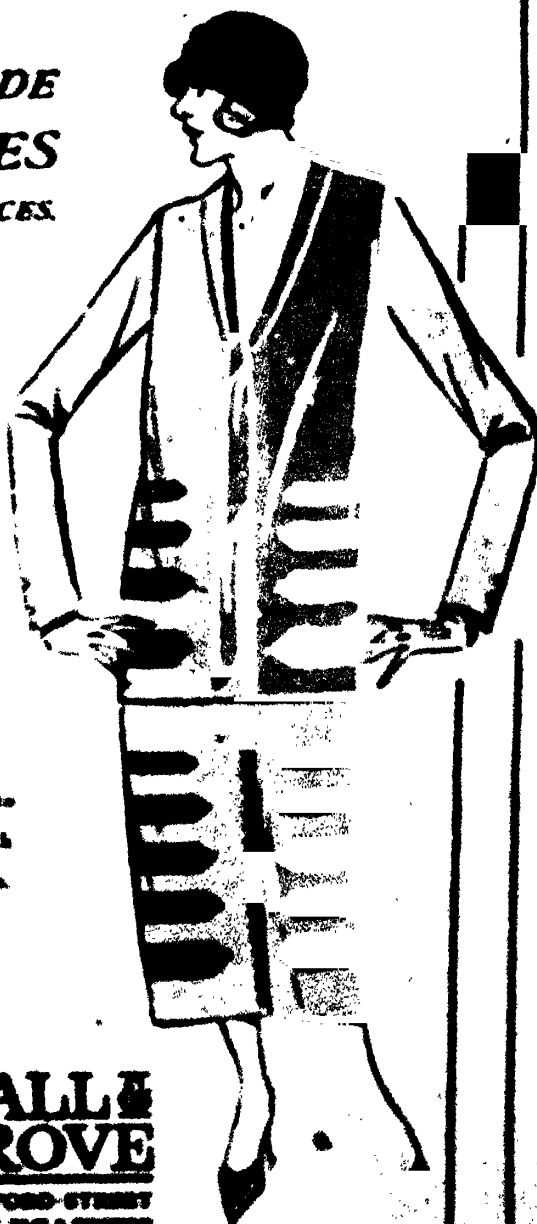
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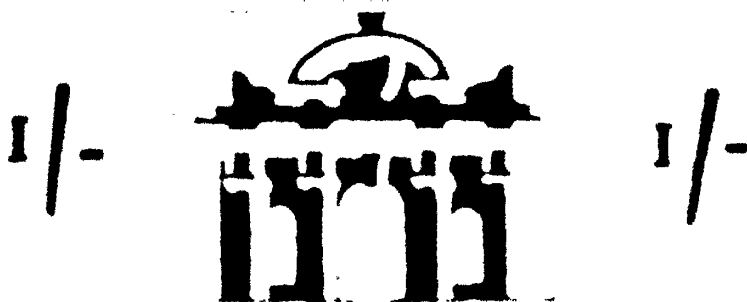
SEPTEMBER, 1924 MONTHLY VOL. II NO. 4

The Adelphi

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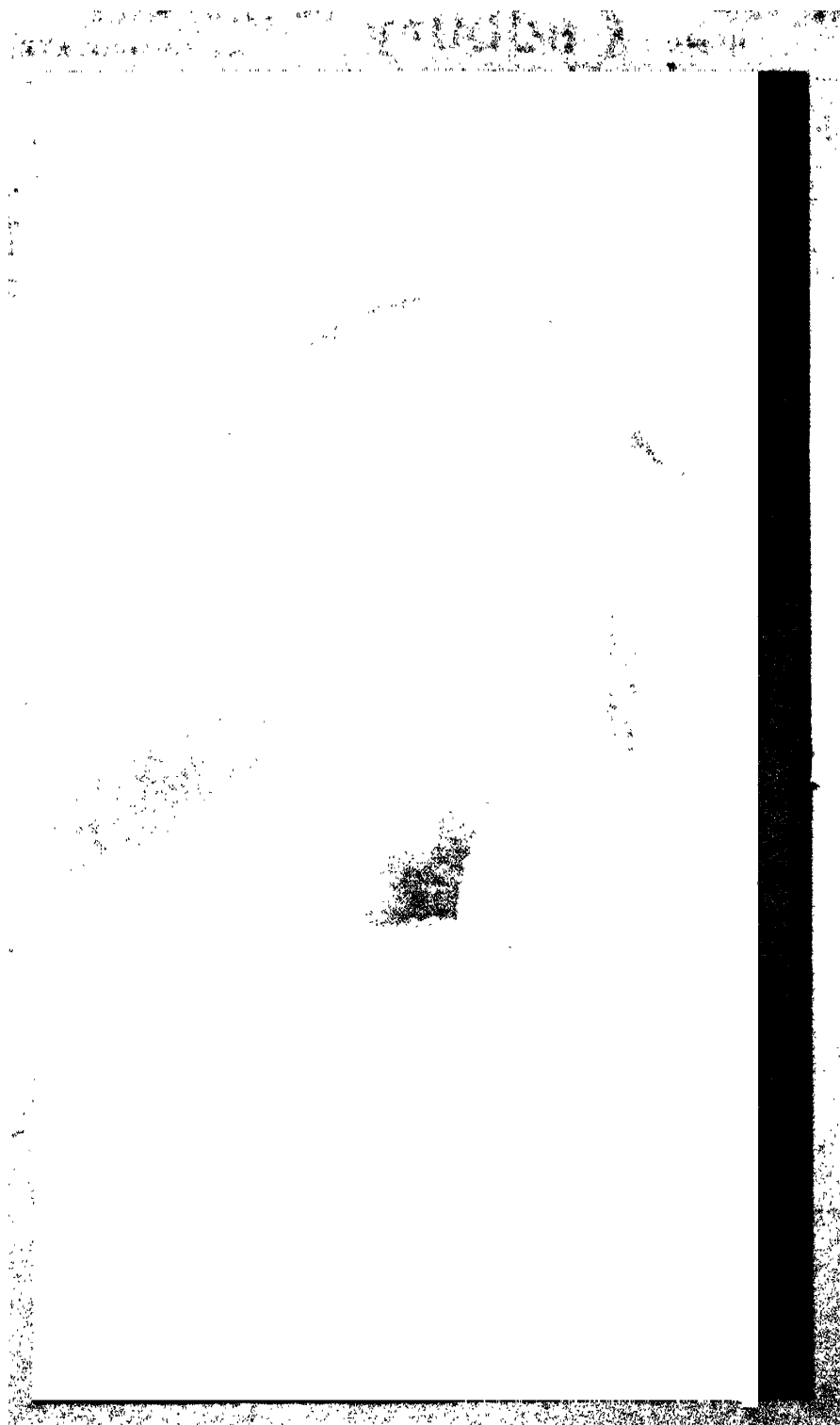
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(*Continued on page* iii.)

CONTENTS—*continued*

The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 4. SEPTEMBER, 1924

DISASTER.

Upon the homing ship, the conqueror,
Fell radiant sunset light revealing her,
Her stature and her strength and all her grace
At last before the eyes even of those
Who never saw her as she ranged the seas
Who saw her for a moment ere she sank
Sank without signal, mighty and unassailed,
Regal and kind, and proud in modesty
And where she rode, heaven comfort us, a sea
Empty and cruel assails our desolate eyes

DOROTHY RICHARDSON

LOST SECRETS

By John Middleton Murry.

TWO months ago, while attempting to describe the religion of Mark Rutherford, I touched on the fringe of a question which seemed to me at the moment of such importance that I must put it away for the time. I had the sense that I was on the verge of a realisation into which I could not wholly enter; I was excited and troubled by the presence of a thought to

which I could give no form. I could not grapple with it; so I gave it hurried words which might serve, as a rough sketch in a painter's notebook, to recall it to me later, or at least to remind me that here was a door I must one day try to open, a road I must explore. In the meantime, if I were to let the thought fall back into the darkness from which I had half-lifted it, it might, when next I tried to raise it, have taken a shape of its own.

There are those, I know, who hold that if a thought or perception is not expressed, it is not a thought or perception at all. In a sense this is true. A thought which eludes expression is certainly not a complete thought; it has not attained to full being. But, on the other hand, it is not nothing. It is not yet communicable, and therefore it is without value to the world: it is not yet an object. Nevertheless, it is something, and something precious to the mind which is aware of it. Though it is without form, we know it is not void: and that is nearly all we do know.

But that knowledge, and what is known by it, are not nothing. The famous philosophy which declares that they are nothing, is wrong; it misses the truth, falsifies the reality, by its own excessive schematism. These unfledged thoughts are very real to the person who is troubled by them; and if the reality they possess for him is not reality according to the philosopher's scheme, that only proves (what in his heart everybody knows) that there is more than one kind of reality for our limited human minds. Such surmises as I am trying to describe have a very acute personal reality; they seem to beckon, to call to us imperiously, imploringly, desperately: "We have a secret for you; if you do not wrestle with us for it now, it will be lost for ever." And very often they call to us when we cannot pause to question them, because we are intent upon another goal, and we have to stop our ears against their [illegible]

boding cry : " We are important, and what you are seeking is not important at all. The end of your journey is with us, and not whither you are hurrying." But we feel that if we stopped to listen, the journey's end would never be reached. Whither we are bound, we are certain of arriving ; but if we were to listen to the Siren voices, we should have nothing done by nightfall. We say this to ourselves and hasten on ; but we do not really believe these were Siren voices—the note was one of anguish, not of alluring sweetness—and when we have passed them by our hearts are heavy as lead, and their despair is ours. A sense of doom descends upon us : we have denied a god, the secret has indeed been lost for ever.

Lost secrets are like lost causes. Though the philosopher and the man of common sense may agree that they are nothings, they haunt men's minds and compel their loyalty. The philosopher may declare that " the light that never was on land or sea " is not a light at all, and the man of common sense may demand what earthly good such an illumination can be ; we may agree with the one, that it is indeed not a light, and with the other that it is of no earthly use, and still have the conviction that it is something more than a light, and of considerable heavenly use, if we could but make it ours. Nor is it utterly futile if our half-possession of it never becomes whole. To be convinced that a secret is there, even though we may fumble in vain all our lives for the key, is to be of a different mind, perhaps even of a different kind, from those who believe that there are no secrets unless they are revealed.

Therefore, the despairing sense that a secret has been lost for ever is not altogether despair ; it brings with it an acknowledgment that we are of one kind rather than another, and such acknowledgments are good. And even when, having been driven by a sort of remorse to turn back along the road we came, we stand and stare at

the marks we made to remember the place where the voices called us, our own blank amazement that we could have believed that these contradictory signs would point to the treasure changes into a truer wonder that signs so crude could have signified so much. That, at least, was a minor miracle, and we were the witnesses.

So it is but half in despair, and half in wonder, that I stare at the words I wrote—even strictly, the marks I made—two months ago when I was hastening along a road that should lead me to an understanding of Mark Rutherford's religion. The marks are these :—

> And sometimes lately I have thought (though it may be an impossible dream) that what the world is waiting for is union in the awareness and worship of the God who is ineffable. If men could only be content to allow what their liturgies describe as ineffable to remain ineffable—unspeakable and therefore unspoken—something would have happened to the mind and soul of man: they would be changed, and that change would mark a new epoch in the history of the spirit of man.

That is all ; yet when I wrote it, it meant much. It was a pointer to a thought I could not comprehend. I knew perfectly well that it did not express the thought, but I could not forgo making the mark. Perhaps it would help me to remember when the time came to wrestle with it.

The time has come. I stare at the marks and try to remember. I remember all manner of things I had forgotten : where I sat at the moment the [illegible] to me, and at what hour—in the [illegible] overlooking the village street while I was talking to a friend. [illegible] I had been talking [illegible]

LOST SECRETS.

I was talking about what I called the mistake of formulation. I felt that the formulation of God held men back from a sense of the reality for which the word stands. The old Jewish name, with its peremptory rejection of all formulation, as limiting the majesty of the divine, was the profoundest the human mind had yet devised—I AM THAT I AM. If we could hold a sense of the meaning of that name, and know it not as an impassable barrier, but as a direct road to the central mystery, the human mind would be changed, and there would be the beginnings of a new relation between men. For, I said, a change in this consciousness of ours is surely imminent, for it is necessary: we have worn it out. It has led us to a point at which the next step seems to demand the annihilation of the mind that brought us there. Either a new *kind* of comprehension will begin, or the human mind will begin to devour itself, as indeed it seems to have begun. Nevertheless, I believe that something else is also beginning, which might be more plainly manifest if men could join together on the basis of that which they do not formulate. That would be a new relation, for men have hitherto been joined on the basis of that which has been formulated. But this relation, I said, is almost impos- [illegible] to express in words, for our words belong to the [illegible], and we are demanding that they shall express [illegible]. That, and I believe no other, is the reason [illegible] I have said sounds at first like a mere negation [illegible] between men on the basis of what they do not [illegible] It is not a negation: just as I AM THAT I AM [illegible] but the most terribly positive affirma- [illegible] of God that has ever been made, [illegible] is a paradox, so any name for the [illegible] I dimly conceive, which might [illegible] the sign of that name, would [illegible] union would not be a union; [illegible] unity: but more truly [illegible]

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The time has come. I stare at the marks and try to remember. I remember all manner of things I had forgotten : where I sat at the moment the half-thought came to me, and at what hour—in the window-seat of a bedroom overlooking the village street in the late afternoon, while I was talking to a friend. It seems to me now that had I not been talking, I might have made it my own : so my friend was like Coleridge's "person from Porlock," but I have no Kubla Khan to show. And then it seems to me that had I not been talking, I might not have had even the half-thought, for it arose out of the conversation. I try to remember what I said.

also

I was talking about what I called the mistake of formulation. I felt that the formulation of God held men back from a sense of the reality for which the word stands. The old Jewish name, with its peremptory rejection of all formulation, as limiting the majesty of the divine, was the profoundest the human mind had yet devised—I AM THAT I AM. If we could hold a sense of the meaning of that name, and know it not as an impassable barrier, but as a direct road to the central mystery, the human mind would be changed, and there would be the beginnings of a new relation between men. For, I said, a change in this consciousness of ours is surely imminent, for it is necessary: we have worn it out. It has led us to a point at which the next step seems to demand the annihilation of the mind that brought us there. Either a new *kind* of comprehension will begin, or the human mind will begin to devour itself, as indeed it seems to have begun. Nevertheless, I believe that something else is also beginning, which might be more plainly manifest if men could join together on the basis of that which they do not formulate. That would be a new relation, for men have hitherto been joined on the basis of that which has been formulated. But this relation, I said, is almost impossible to express in words, for our words belong to the old mind, and we are demanding that they shall express the new. That, and I believe no other, is the reason why what I have said sounds at first like a mere negation—a union between men on the basis of what they do not do. But it is not a negation: just as I AM THAT I AM is not a negation, but the most terribly positive affirmation of the knowledge of God that has ever been made. Just as that name is a paradox, so any name for the relation between men I dimly conceive, which might come to pass under the sign of that name, would also be a paradox. This union would not be a union; it would be rather a diversity: but more truly still it

would be a new positive relation, and that is why a paradox is necessary even to hint at it.

So far my mind had carried me—I am remembering truly now—when the half-thought came. Now I no longer spoke. And this new sense of the reality of God will come (I thought), this new relation between men will begin, when we have passed beyond the greatest and the most insuperable of all our formulations—*the formulation into life and death. It is this* which holds us back. We formulate truly into life and death, and then we deny one of the terms of our formulation, we rebel against death: we strive to overcome death, by striving to believe in personal immortality. But this is not to overcome death; it is to falsify death, it is to try, vainly, to change death into life. But life and death are real, and true opposites. To try to change one of these opposites into the other is to make one of those true opposites false, and to make null and void the opposition which is true. The kingdom of life cannot be extended over death; and not only can this not be done, but the attempt to do it wears the human soul away in vain. The pain and darkness of death are not lessened, the regret for life is not diminished, by this despairing effort to believe in a personal immortality. What is diminished is the majesty and co-equality of death; the great reality of death is denied. It is not that a belief in personal immortality is a cowardly thing—no living man has the right to call another a coward before death—but that it prevents men from taking a step forward which would free them from the fear of death for ever.

If they would recognize the majesty of death and its co-equality with life—neither the one nor the other more splendid, more necessary, nor more true; neither death the plaything of life, as those who would believe in personal immortality make it, nor life the plaything of death, as those make it who suffer their minds to prey

upon their souls—then surely we should see that life and death, in their magnificent opposition, *must* be a formulation of that which is beyond them, and is one. It is the outworn consciousness which drives men on—in ever more futile and pitiful forms—to deny the fact of dea h. The prying spiritualism, the muck-raking of eternity, into which even men of science have lately fallen is a degradation of human dignity; and the instinctive nobility of the human soul turns away from it in pity and disgust. In our hearts we know better than that; we know how to choose between these sordid affronts to the majesty of an event that fills us with awe and wonder, and Walt Whitman's co-equal song :—

> Come, lovely and soothing death,
> Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
> In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
> Sooner or later delicate death
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> Praised be the fathomless universe,
> For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
> And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
> For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Surely we know which of these is true, and which holds out to us the promise of enduring comfort.

To deny death is to deny life, for these two are bound together in an equal bond. Not to acknowledge death profoundly and in the depths of one's being, not to have felt the glory of its substantial mystery, is not to acknowledge life nor to have felt the solemn splendour of its inscrutability. And not to have felt these comrade mysteries for what they are is to be deprived of the vision of the great mystery which they hide and reveal. Behind them, and in them, is the ineffable Life of which they are the manifestations. In that Life, if we may dare to call it Life, life and death are reconciled and one; and we humans, in so far as we in ourselves truly reconcile life and death, diminishing nothing of them, acknow-

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ledging them for what they are, knowing that each of them is greater than ourselves and not to be measured by the rod of our understanding or desire, can reach an awareness of that which includes them both. Life and death are our ultimates, set in a true opposition, which is not a condition of hostility, but one of reciprocal necessity. When we know that our ultimates are thus opposed, we know also that there is beyond them that which is greater than they are, yet can be comprehended only through them.

Of this greater thing we can *say* nothing; we cannot even name it, save by such a nameless name as the Jews of old gave to the unspeakable God: I AM THAT I AM. This ineffable Life and that ineffable God are one. Though we cannot name this One, we can be aware of it, we can know it. As yet our knowledge can be only fitful and momentary. Could we but make it permanent and abiding, the nature of our consciousness would indeed be changed, for we should know all that we know as a visible shadow of the manifest mystery we should steadily comprehend. We should not look, as we do, from outside a veil, through the veil, to that which is concealed within, but we should look with a single act of vision both at what is concealed and at the veil which conceals. With one glance we should see the reality and the necessary symbol of the reality; we should behold the One as it were flowering into the opposites under which alone we can contemplate it now; we should know that what is must be thus and not otherwise, and also know that neither we nor the created universe suffers compulsion; we should be free of the limitation, against which we now chafe in vain, by which we are compelled to divide the one kingdom into a realm of necessity and a realm of freedom, for we should understand the necessity that these two realms should [illegible] fer; we should know yet more—we should [illegible] [illegible] of true Necessity and how it inc[illegible]

sites under which we are as yet compelled to apprehend it—freedom and necessity. At every point where the knowing mind is baulked by the rampart of some secular antinomy and falls back wearily upon itself, there would be a passing beyond, if the lust of formulation could once be truly relinquished.

But this true relinquishment must be quite other than a mere fatigued letting-go of the knowledge we have. It is not by ceasing to regard any of the great opposites as real that we shall overcome their oppositions; it is only by admitting their reality more fully than men, save only a few, have dared to realize them that we shall attain to a positive comprehension of that which is through and in them. To hold the great opposites together, in our minds and in our souls, as of equal truth and equal potency, to stand fast by *all* our knowledge, however contradictory it may seem—is the road to victory.

Of all the great oppositions, the opposition between life and death is the one that sits closest to us; moreover, it includes the others, because all that we may be, and therefore all that we may know, depends upon our attitude to this. If men could overcome death, not by falsely representing it as life, but by accepting it for what it is—" Death is life's high meed "—their inheritance in life would be changed. They would be free to be and to know; they would not be fevered by a sense of futility, nor overwrought by impatience to achieve. If they could resolve this opposition, they would resolve all oppositions, not only because they would have reached to a knowledge of the ineffable Life in which all oppositions are included, but because their souls would be calm and fit to look steadily at the oppositions which remain. For the new knowledge will be rooted in a state of soul. *We must be in order that we may know.*

This is the deepest paradox of all. To achieve the

state of soul in which true knowledge is possible, we need to have achieved the knowledge. We must be in order that we may know, and we must know in order that we may be. Yet, paradox though it is and must be, it is not insuperable. Our new and true knowledge can come to us at first only in gleams. If we hold fast to these, the calm will come in moments also; in those moments of calm, we shall catch a fuller gleam: and so, from fuller gleam to longer calm, the slow conquest will proceed, till our knowledge is an abiding possession and an enduring peace is in our souls.

Let us begin, then, where we must begin: let our credo be not only "I believe in life," but also and equally, "I believe in death." If we can truly believe in these two majesties, we shall have won no little way towards a belief in that which gives them both their sovereignty. And this belief will not be the belief of faith; it will be the belief of knowledge. To hold in the mind and soul life as it is and death as it is: that is all. To that knowledge all knowledge will be added. But we, who have believed in life too glibly, as Europe has always believed, must begin with death. We have to know death in order to know life.

After all, this is not new. Our men of vision have always told us this. Shakespeare's voice rings out with Whitman's in a triumph song to death. We can, if we will, follow every moment in the deep adjustment of his soul to the reality of death, from the moment when in *Measure for Measure* he begins to wrestle with the dark angel, gazing with fear and fascination into his eyes, to the moment when in *Macbeth* the dark wings have cast their shadow over the whole of life, on to the moment when in *Antony and Cleopatra* life and death become equal and equally acknowledged royalties. "I will be," cries Antony,

> A bridegroom in my death, and run into it
> As to a lover's bed.

And Cleopatra echoes him :—

> The stroke of death is a lover's pinch
> That hurts and is desired.

Beyond that moment in Shakespeare, when he reached "the top of sovereignty" and envisaged opposites "all calm," comes the moment of full knowledge, the comprehension of the ineffable, which not even the greatest artist can represent, though he may see, face to face.

So, in being remembered, my half-thought grew to this; but only half-thoughts still, and not more than half-expressed. But even so a gleam which to one man brings a calm, which may in turn be visited by a fuller gleam.

THE HUMANISTS AND CHRISTIANITY.—Humanism attacks once more as best it can the Christian problem which Mediaeval philosophy had shelved rather than solved; it returns to the primitive Christian inspiration of reality understood as spirit. Taking its stand upon this conception, at which the whole history of modern liberty, without which there is no spirit, was to work, it delivers man in his narrow individuality from the yoke of reality represented as transcendental (for it could not do otherwise), and throws him into the free world of art, where this reality will never be found. Hence its exalted idea of man, of his dignity and power . . . Hence ultimately these sceptical humanists, who laughed at the friars and were cynically prepared to make their peace with the Church on any terms, have more of the substance of faith than their adversaries, and are actually more profoundly and progressively Christian. (*Giovanni Gentile.*)

MODERN POETRY

"That this House approves the Trend of Modern Poetry"

*(From a letter addressed to Edith Sitwell)**

By Robert Graves

So, as I say, the Dean of Saul Hall, shuffling
His centenarian slippered feet and snuffling
(He attends all these debates with grim devotion)
Spoke somewhat heatedly against the motion.
With that same working of his Adam's apple
That spells " You sir, why were you not in Chapel?"
He gibed at modern poets " Show me one
Knee-high in stature to a Tennyson,
Shoe-high to a Wordsworth. No, for decadence
Restless and mean rots the whole present tense.
What has there been written worth a reader's while
These thirty years? Young coxcombs, dare you smile
Neglectful of those grandlier looming shapes?,
Yours is an age of pigmies, dwarfs and apes."
With condemnatory gesture his speech ran,
A dangerous outburst for so frail a man.

With snowy beard half thawed in streaks of yellow,
The Head Librarian rose; I like the old fellow.
He sympathised with much the Dean had said
Yet doubted Albion's glory was quite dead.
True, Hardy was no poet, to his mind,
" A clumsier craftsman you could scarcely find,"
And Housman's gift was slight and his thought weak
And Doughty's metric sense was far to seek,
" Yet two grand singers," he said, " still survive.
Watson still writes, Bridges is yet alive—
Two perfect lyrists; but, sir, I'll agree
These two removed, farewell to Poesie."

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* The characters in this piece are imaginary.

MODERN POETRY

A junior don takes up the argument ;
He ventures, quite politely, to dissent.
Hardy and Housman he defends, aware
Further of Brooke, Squire, Flecker, De la Mare,
Masefield : thus far most cordially, but then
He has no patience with the younger men,
This post-war group. Sassoon is crude and queer,
And Eliot's mad or wholly insincere,
And Free Verse isn't Poetry, that's clear,
Blunden shows promise, but he's quite small beer,
There's D. H. Lawrence doesn't write a bit well,
While as for that fantastic. . . .

When they reached you, Edith, I couldn't wait
To hear the accustomed end of such debate,
But I saw champions bouncing from their seats
Prepared to justify your wickedest feats,
First to dispose of Tennyson and his peers
Then pressing their attack through recent years
To point where Watson failed, where Bridges failed,
Hardy and Housman one by one detailed,
Sniping at Brooke and Masefield like as not,
Sadly backnumbered, hardly worth their shot,
With patronage for doting De la Mare
Since newer Genius dawns. Lo here ! Lo there !

On calm days, Edith, I don't give a curse
For this poetic better, equal, worse,
Not quick to side with don or head-librarian
Or undergraduate or centenarian
In their fixed laws of Taste (which disagree).
I only know what poetry sorts with me
From mood to mood, and sometimes know the reason ;
But poems alter by the clock and season
As men do, with the same caprice as they
Towards hate or concord. Tennyson, did they say?
I admit he gratified his age, but blame
The pseudo-Tennyson who outlives the same

With greed of incense and prolonged restriction
Of metrics, matter, ethical outlook, diction,
And critics who compare rotten with ripe,
The modern Alfred with his prototype,
Holding I don't know which in pained abhorrence
Because he never wrote like D. H. Lawrence;
Cursing the 'sixties for not eulogising
The mournful star of Hardy then first rising.
(Engrossed with what emasculate revision
Of open bawdry, bold manslaughter, Vision?)
Now Hardy's honoured? Though I've not forgotten
The Elizabethan tag " Medlars when rotten
Most fit for eating " that's not true of peaches
Like Tennyson was, and though old Hardy reaches
A hand back to his boyhood, who can claim
That this young Hardy lives and moves, the same,
Unshaken both in purpose and technique
When Swinburne droops and Browning's phantom-
weak
And *" Gentlemen, the bower we shrined to Tennyson
Lies roof-wracked " and, " the spider is sole denizen "
Who knows, this dour old Hardy whom we preach
May rot, with us, like the most juicy peach.

Well, that's my calmer mood, and where's the man
Will not abstain from curses while he can?
But once I start in anger to defend
The reputation of a poet-friend
Yours, for example, I forget all that.
Often, indeed quite recently, I have sat
Sceptred and orbed the absolutist throne,
Have upped this favourite, downed that other one,
This absolutely good, that utterly bad.
Playing the God, what merry times I have had!
But afterwards paid for each proud excess
With change of heart, fatigue, mere foolishness.

* From Mr. Hardy's poem " An Ancient to Ancients "
[illegible]

NOTES ON MY HOME TOWN

By Emma Corstvet

It came to pass that my home town, in the Middle West, began to hanker after a little culture.

Now everybody knows that material prosperity is (or is not) a first principle in the development of art. Take the Florentines. Only after the wool business was flourishing did Or San Michele and Santa Maria del Fiore come into being; only after the Pazzis, Strozzis and Medicis, by a lively competition in pawnbroking, had gathered together a surplus of cash did manuscripts begin to be collected and copied for the San Marco library.

So it was with my home town. A hundred years ago, the Indians were still scratching their war-paint on the oak-trees of the forest primeval. About 1838 is the date of the first log cabin, and my people (one of the Old Families) arrived to build their log hut in the woods about 1840. It was only about 1864 that Black Hawk made his final stand against the white invasions and was defeated. Jump sixty years. The town has a population of five hundred thousand, and only the country jay notices that the buildings are fourteen and sixteen stories in height. We have department stores that do fifteen million dollars of business in a year; we have bank buildings that are (almost) Greek temples, a rotary club, Italian and Polish wards, thousands of movies, traffic-cops for the automobiles . . . [illegible] first families.

What constitutes a First Family? "Money" says the real democrat. "Age of family in a conspicuous position," say others. But, fortunately for the ease of classification, in a new country the old families are apt to be still the wealthiest.

My home town used to be famous for leather and beer. The beer people have by no means been blasted by prohibition. They merely tucked away their millions in candy factories and banks. Like the Medicis, they have no scorn of trade. Only now and then a degenerate sprig appears who devotes himself to gambling, the impure life, or an odd passion for studying beyond the age of twenty.

Do not think that the founders of our first families were dull. *Niente!* Take the brewers, for instance. Most of them were German peasant boys or herders of cows and goats under the shadow of some baronial *Schloss*. Now the pioneer, whether he farms or produces beer, is a dreamer; and as the former herder waxed prosperous and added vats and granaries, he held tight to his early ideal of splendour. As soon as he thought he could afford it—that is, as soon as his fleet of granaries and vats was complete—he sent an architect to the old country to copy in every detail Schloss Tubingen-am-Rhein or Frankfort-am-Elbe. Now I have always maintained that the worst atrocity committed by Hun hands is Heidelberg castle, and that for pure ugliness the Königliche Schloss on Unter-den-Linden takes the rubber-tired doughnut. But some of the castles, jutting over hills above rivers, lean and bare and stern, possess grandeur and dignity. Würzberg, for instance. But take that same castle, plant it in the middle of a forty-foot lawn, surrounded by a low [illegible] fence and the result is an astonishing resemblance to an overgrown gingerbread cookie. This, I regret [illegible] was the result of the artistic strivings of our F[illegible]

But wait. After Silvestro de Medici [illegible]

and after Cosimo, Lorenzo. Many a Founder's son has shipped off his wife and daughters to Europe to pick up a little culture for the family—culture in my town being regarded as a pastime for the womenfolk. And they gathered it. French frocks, English woollens, Spanish mantellas. And primitives. All Italian pictures go under the name of primitives, and there's scarcely one of the three-starred class which did not find a response in some local bosom. "Malt, hardware and beer," said the mothers and daughters, "are not enough. Let there be art." And as in America ladies expect to be obeyed, there was art.

Consequently, we have Dean York Austin. Notice the wide black ribbon attached to his eye-glasses. Notice the tie. Notice, above all, the name, above all the "York." This means that his family came from York, England.

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What constitutes a First Family? "Money" says the real democrat. "Age of family in a conspicuous position," say others. But, fortunately for the ease of classification, in a new country the old families are apt to be still the wealthiest.

My home town used to be famous for leather and beer. The beer people have by no means been blasted by prohibition. They merely tucked away their millions in candy factories and banks. Like the Medicis, they have no scorn of trade. Only now and then a degenerate sprig appears who devotes himself to gambling, the impure life, or an odd passion for studying beyond the age of twenty.

Do not think that the founders of our first families were dull. *Niente!* Take the brewers, for instance. Most of them were German peasant boys or herders of cows and goats under the shadow of some baronial *Schloss*. Now the pioneer, whether he farms or produces beer, is a dreamer; and as the former herder waxed prosperous and added vats and granaries, he held tight to his early ideal of splendour. As soon as he thought he could afford it—that is, as soon as his fleet of granaries and vats was complete—he sent an architect to the old country to copy in every detail Schloss Tubingen-am-Rhein or Frankfort-am-Elbe. Now I have always maintained that the worst atrocity committed by Hun hands is Heidelberg castle, and that for pure ugliness the Königliche Schloss on Unter-den-Linden takes the rubber-tired doughnut. But some of the castles, jutting over hills above rivers, lean and bare and stern, possess grandeur and dignity. Würzberg, for instance. But take that same castle, plant it in the middle of a forty-foot lawn, surrounded by a low [illegible] fence and the result is an astonishing resemblance [illegible] overgrown gingerbread cookie. This, I regret [illegible] was the result of the artistic strivings of our [illegible]

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had deliberately gone to Rome to study painting. Now, as I have said, large numbers of the wives and daughters in my home town have been abroad. But as for studying—it is usually understood that the good ol' American universities teach our sons all they need to know, commercial arithmetic, bank management and scientific farming. Now it's all very well to go through the Uffizi and take a look at the madonnas, but when you've done that, what remains? You've seen them, and you can't sit and stare at them for ever.

But just there is where Dean York Austin put it over. He managed to spend two years in studying art. Two years is a long time. Eight hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five times two years—well, you can't imagine there'd be anything left to learn about art after that.

Neither did Dean York Austin. Never shall I forget his lectures on Raphael. The class was formed largely of nuns, who might be expected to take an interest in madonnas, of wives and daughters, and a few of us gawky college girls, panting after higher culture.

"I stood near the window of the Pitti," said Dean York Austin, thrusting forth a peculiarly Wilsonian jaw and waving his black-ribboned eyeglass, "I saw none of the crowds who passed, for my eyes were glued upon the picture in the massive gold frame. I thought of the holy mother, with her eyes fixed wistfully upon the wonder of the child. It seemed to me——" I forget if he ever mentioned the exact picture, but never will I forget the vision of Dean York Austin, rolling his eyes in the Pitti, oblivious of crowds, imbibing the splendours of art.

So Dean York Austin brought culture to my home town. His mission—one could scarcely call it a job—was to push the Art Institute. The Art Institute was, as yet, merely a name. But already pictures had

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There was even a Corot in the collection. A [illegible] Corot with a heavy fog upon it, but original. The other pictures were rather less known. There were no prints, and they were all painted on good canvas with plenty of paint applied; but beyond that there was little to say. Still, it was a nucleus. "The egg," a facetious friend of mine called that collection.

The egg grew. You would scarcely have believed so many hand-painted pictures existed in my town. About a hundred in all. Mr. Dean York Austin beamed a strong Wilsonian smile. "Oh, yes," he would say. "We're getting on. And it's only the beginning, you understand. The pledges for the new building are magnificent. Magnificent!" If sometimes, in private, he grimaced over "the egg," his manner to the donors and donoresses was all tactful thanks.

But trouble arose. At first there was no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the sons and grandsons of the Founders in regard to the Art Institute. "We'll make it the swellest building of its kind in the country," declared Mr. Ole Mathewson, of the Mathewson Cutlery Company (hardware is only surpassed by beer and leather in the social scale) and "Expense is no object," was the opinion of old Mr. Hernheimer himself, of the Hernheimer Malting Corporation. Alas! why is it that harmony and solidarity are so seldom to be found, even among the upper classes? History has recorded the deadly rivalry between the Pazzi and Medici, the English free-trade industrials and protection landowners; but as yet, it has said nothing of the savage hatred that exists in my home town between Cutlery and Farm Machinery vs. Beer. Even art

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been donated and were housed in the basement of the palatial mansion of a committee member who, it happened, was neither beer nor leather, but farm-machinery.

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could not squelch this rivalry; in fact, it furnished but another opportunity to fan it.

Mr. Hernheimer had had a mother. A dear, genuine soul was Mrs. Heinrich Hernheimer, a true pioneer type, accustomed to her own pipe and wearing shoes only on Sundays. She had been dead now for almost fifty years, but one of the first acts of her son when he attained prosperity had been to have a picture painted of her from an old photograph. It was not beautiful, the grandchildren even called it a disgrace to the dining-room wall. But Mr. Hernheimer was a stubborn man. He offered a hundred thousand to the Institute on condition that his mother's picture should hang opposite the entrance door.

"What?" asked the chairman of the committee, who dealt in farm-machinery. "That awful looking thing on the most conspicuous wall? He's got a nerve. Things have to be pretty to go into a Art Institute!"

Mr. Hernheimer admitted that the picture was not pretty. But, fortified by information from his daughter-in-law, he maintained that it wasn't necessary. "There's a *fellow by the name of* Remnant or something," he declared, "who never paints pretty things. And he's making quite a name for himself."

"Rembrandt, you mean," corrected the son of the farm-machinery committee member. "He's dead already. He's a classic. But nowadays you've gotta be more refined."

"Refined!" snorted Mr. Hernheimer, indulging in rude expressions. "What do you mean—refined? Do you think you are more refined than my mother was because you run around in a nickle-plated car and wear silk shirts? I don't know much about this art stuff; but if it's too good for the picture of my mother, I guess it's too good for my hundred thousand, too."

That was the beginning. Mr. Hernheimer won

many sympathizers. His children, though they admitted privately that the picture was a fright, arose in a body to avenge the insult to their ancestor. And many quite unbiased people said that Mr. Hernheimer showed a very touching devotion to his mother. But the committee held firm.

"Look here," they said, "we're not trying to do you out of having your mother's picture in the Institute. It's being opposite the door that we can't stand," and they added privately, "The old geezer is trying to be the whole show. Before we know it, he'll have 'Hernheimer's Institute' over the door. We know him. Look how he got hold of all the stocks in the Malting Company. The old bird's too wise."

In vain did Mr. Dean York Austin coax, wheedle and talk. In vain did he present the advantages of Art to the committee mind, urging them to sacrifice private feuds for the sake of national good. He even suggested that all committee members have their mothers painted and placed near the entrance.

"Take a back seat for Mr. Hernheimer?" they asked indignantly, "with his picture opposite the door? Not on your life!"

Whereupon all the beer subscribers withdrew their pledges, and leather, which was closely related to beer by marriage, did likewise.

I dunno, I am always being told (by boosters from home) that America represents on a large scale all the symptoms of Florence at the beginning of the Renascence. Economics, prosperity, democracy, a chance for every man to rise, and wealthy patrons of art. Yet I sometimes wonder why, after all these years, the Art Institute in my home town remains unbuilt.

ON BEING A MAN

By D. H. Lawrence

MAN is a thought-adventurer.

Which isn't the same as saying that man has intellect. In intellect there is skill, and tricks. To the intellect, the terms are given, as the chess-men and rules of the game are given in chess. Real thought is an experience. It begins as a change in the blood, a slow convulsion and revolution in the body itself. It ends as a new piece of awareness, a new reality in mental consciousness.

On this account, thought is an adventure, and not a practice. In order to think, man must risk himself. He must risk himself doubly. First, he must go forth and meet life in the body. Then he must face the result in his mind.

It is bad enough going out like a little David to meet the giant of life bodily. Take the war as an example of that. It is still harder, and bitterer, after a great encounter with life, to sit down and face out the result. Take the war again. Many men went out and faced the fight. Who dared to face his own self afterwards?

The risk is double, because man is double. Each of us has two selves. First is this body which is vulnerable and never quite within our control. The body with its irrational sympathies and desires and passions, its peculiar direct communication, defying the mind. And second is the conscious ego, the self I *know* I am.

The self that lives in my body I can never finally know. It has such strange attractions and revulsions, it lets me in for so much irrational suffering, real torment, and occasional frightening delight. The me that is in my body is a strange animal to me, and often a very

trying one. My body is like a jungle in which dwells an unseen me, like a black panther in the night, whose two eyes glare green through my dreams, and, if a shadow falls, through my waking day.

Then there is this other me, that is fair-faced and reasonable and sensible and complex and full of good intentions. The known me, which can be seen and appreciated. I say of myself: "Yes, I know I am impatient and rather intolerant in ideas. But in the ordinary way of life I am quite easy and really rather kindly. My kindliness makes me sometimes a bit false. But then I don't believe in mechanical honesty. There is an honesty of the feelings, of the sensibilities, as well as of the mind. If a man is lying to me, and I know it, it is a matter of choice whether I tell him so or not. If it would only damage his real feelings, and my own, then it would be *emotionally* dishonest to call him a liar to his face. I would rather be a bit mentally dishonest, and pretend to swallow the lie."

This is the known me having a talk with itself. It sees a reason for everything it does and feels. It has a certain unchanging belief in its own good intentions. It tries to steer a sensible and harmless course among all the other people and "personalities" around itself.

To this known me, everything exists as a term of knowledge. A man is what I know he is. England is what I know it to be. I am what I know I am. And Bishop Berkeley is absolutely right: things only exist in our own consciousness. To the known me, nothing exists beyond what I know. True, I am always adding to the things I know. But this is because, in my opinion, knowledge begets knowledge. Not because anything has entered from the outside. There is no outside. There is only more knowledge to be added.

If I sit in the train and a man enters my compartment, he is already, in a great measure, known to me. He is,

in the first place, A Man, and I know what that is. Then, he is old. And Old. Then he is English, and middle-class, and so on, and so on. And I know it all.

There remains a tiny bit that is not known to me. He is a stranger. As a personality I don't yet know him. I glance at him quickly. It is a very small adventure, still an adventure in knowledge. I glance at him. He is a combination of certain qualities grouped in a certain way. At a glance I know as much about him as I want to know. It is finished, the adventure is over.

This is the adventure of knowing. People go to Spain, and "know" Spain. People study entomology, and "know" insects. People meet Lenin and "know" Lenin. Lots of people "know" me.

And this is how we live. We proceed from what we know already to what we know next. If we don't know the Shah of Persia, we think we have only to call at the palace in Teheran to accomplish the feat. If we don't know much about the moon, we have only to get the latest book on that orb, and we shall be *au courant*.

We know we know all about it, really. *Connu! Connu!* Remains only the fascinating little game of *understanding*, putting two and two together and being real little gods in the machine.

All this is the adventure of knowing and understanding. But it isn't the thought-adventure.

The thought-adventure starts in the blood, not in the mind. If an Arab or a negro or even a Jew sits down next to me in the train, I cannot proceed so glibly with my knowing. It is not enough for me to glance at a black face and say: He is a negro. As he sits next to me, there is a faint uneasy movement in my blood. A strange vibration comes from him, which causes a slight disturbance in my own vibration. There is a slight odour in my nostrils. And above all, even if I shut my eyes, there is a strange *presence* in contact with me.

I now can no longer proceed from what I am and

what I know I am, to what I know him to be. I am not a nigger and so I can't quite know a nigger, and I can never fully "understand" him.

What then? It's an *impasse*.

Then, I have three courses open. I can just plank down the word Nigger, and having labelled him, finish with him! Or I can try to track him down in terms of my own knowledge. That is, understand him as I understand any other individual.

Or I can do a third thing. I can admit that my blood is disturbed, that something comes from him and interferes with my normal vibration. Admitting so much, I can either put up a resistance and insulate myself. Or I can allow the disturbance to continue, because, after all, there is some peculiar alien sympathy between us.

In almost every case, of course, the nigger among white men will insulate himself, and not let his black aura reach the white neighbours. If I find myself in a train full of niggers, I shall no doubt do the same.

But apart from this, I shall admit a certain strange and incalculable reaction between me and him. This reaction causes a slight, but unmistakable change in the vibration of my blood and nerves. This slight change in my blood develops in dreams and unconsciousness till, if I allow it, it struggles forward into light as a new bit of realization, a new term of consciousness.

Take the much commoner case of men and women. A man, proceeding from his known self, likes a woman because she is in sympathy with what he knows. He feels that he and she know one another. They marry. And then the fun begins. In so far as they know one another and can proceed from their known selves, they are as right as ninepence. Loving couple, etc. But the moment there is real blood contact, as likely as not a strange discord enters in. She is not what he thought her. He is not what she thought him. It is the other, primary or bodily self appearing, very often like a black

demon, out of the fair creature who was erst the beloved.

The man who before marriage seemed everything that is delightful, after marriage begins to come out in his true colours, a son of the old and rather hateful Adam. And she, who was an angel of loveliness and desirability, gradually emerges as an almost fiend-like daughter of the snake-frequenting Eve.

What has happened?

It is the invariable crucifixion. The Cross, as we know, stands for the body, for the dark self which lives in the body. And on the Cross of this bodily self is crucified the self which I know I am, my so-called *real* self. The Cross, as an ancient symbol, has an inevitable phallic reference. But it is far deeper than sex. It is the self which darkly inhabits our blood and bone, and for which the ithyphallus is but a symbol. This self which lives darkly in my blood and bone is my *alter ego*, my other self, the homunculus, the second one of the Kabiri, the second of the Twins, the Gemini. And the sacred black stone at Mecca stands for this: the dark self that dwells in the blood of a man and of a woman. Phallic if you like. But much more than phallic. And on this cross of division in the whole self is crucified the Christ. We are all crucified on it.

Marriage is the great puzzle of our day. It is our sphinx-riddle. Solve it, or be torn to bits, is the decree.

We marry from the known self, taking the woman as an extension of our knowledge—an extension of our known self. And then, almost invariably, comes the jolt and the crucifixion. The woman of the known self is fair and lovely. But the woman of the dark blood looks, to man, most malignant and horrific. In the same way, the fair and daytime man of courtship days leaves nothing to be desired. But the husband, horrified by the serpent-advised Eve of the blood, obtuse and arrogant in his Adam obstinacy, is an enemy pure and simple.

Solve the puzzle. The quickest way is for the wife to smother the serpent-advized Eve which is in her, and for the man to talk himself out of his old arrogant Adam. Then they make a fair and above-board combination, called a successful marriage.

But Nemesis is on our track. The husband forfeits his arrogance, the wife has her children and her way to herself. But lo, the son of one woman is husband to the woman of the next generation! And oh women, beware the mother's boy! Or else the wife forfeits the old serpent-advized Eve from her nature, and becomes the instrument of the man. And then, oh young husband of the next generation, prepare for the daughter's revenge.

What's to be done?

The thought-adventure! We've got to take ourselves as we are, not as we know ourselves to be. I am the son of the old red-earth Adam, with a black touchstone at the centre of me. And all the fair words in the world won't alter it. Woman is the strange serpent-communing Eve, inalterable. We are a strange pair, who meet, but never mingle. I came, in the bath of birth, out of a mother. But I arose the old Adam, with the black old stone at the core of me. She had a father who begot her, but the column of her is pure enigmatic Eve.

In spite of all the things I know about her, in spite of my knowing her so well, the serpent knows her better still. And in spite of my fair words, and my goodly pretences, she runs up against the black stone of Adam which is in the middle of me.

KNOW THYSELF means knowing at last that you can't know yourself. I can't know the Adam of red earth which is me. It will always do things to me, beyond my knowledge. Neither can I know the serpent-listening Eve which is the woman, beneath all her modern glibness. I have to take her at that. And we have to meet as I meet a jaguar between the trees in the moun-

tains, and advance, and touch, and risk it. When man and woman *actually* meet, there is always terrible risk to both of them. Risk for her, lest her womanhood be damaged by the hard dark stone which is unchangeable in his soul. Risk for him, lest the serpent drag him down, coiled round his neck and kissing him with poison.

There is always risk, for him and for her. Take the risk. Make the adventure. Suffer and enjoy the change in the blood. And, if you are a man, slowly, slowly make the great experience of realizing. The final adventure and experience of realization, if you are a man. Fully conscious realization. If you are a woman, the strange, slumbrous serpentine realization, which knows without thinking.

But with man, it is a thought-adventure. He risks his body and blood. He withdraws and touches the black stone of his inner conscience. And in a new adventure, he dares take thought. He dares take thought for what he has done and what has happened to him. And daring to take thought, he ventures on, and realizes at last.

To be a man! To risk your body and your blood first, and then to risk your mind. All the time, to risk your known self, and become once more a self you could never have known or expected.

To be a man, instead of being a mere personality. To-day men don't risk their blood and bone. They go forth, panoplied in their own idea of themselves. Whatever they do, they perform it all in the full armour of their own idea of themselves. Their unknown bodily self is never for one moment unsheathed. All the time, the only protagonist is the known ego, the self-conscious ego. And the dark self in the mysterious labyrinth of the body is cased in a tight armour of cowardly repression.

Men marry and commit all their adulteries from the head. All that happens to them, all their reactions, all their experiences happen only in the head. To the

unknown man in them nothing happens. He remains shut up in armour, lest he might be hurt and give pain. And inside the armour he goes quite deranged.

All the suffering to-day is psychic : it happens in the mind. The red Adam only suffers the slow torture of compression and derangement. A man's wife is a mental thing, a known thing to him. The old Adam in him never sees her. She is just a thing of his own conscious ego. And not for one moment does he risk himself under the strange, snake-infested bushes of her extraordinary Paradise. He is afraid.

He becomes extraordinarily clever and agile in his self-conscious panoply. With his mind he can dart about among the emotions as if he really felt something. It is all a lie, he feels nothing. He is just tricking you. He becomes extraordinarily acute at recognising real feelings from false ones, knowing for certain the falsity of his own. He has always the touchstone of his own conscious falseness against which to test the reality or the falseness of others. And he is always exposing falseness in others. But not for the sake of liberating the real Adam and Eve. On the contrary. He is more terrified even than the ordinary frightened man in the street, of the real Adam and Eve. He is a greater coward still. But his greater cowardice makes him strive to appear a greater man. He denounces falsity in order to triumph in his own greater falsity. He praises the real thing in order to establish his own superiority even to the real thing. He must, must, must be superior. Because he knows himself absolutely and unspeakably and irremediably false. His spurious emotions are more like the real thing than genuine emotions, and they have, for a time, greater effect. But all the time, somewhere, he knows they are false.

And this is his one point of power. Instead of having inside him, like the Adam of red earth, that heavy and immutable black stone which is the eternal touchstone

of false and true, good and evil, he has this awful little tombstone of the knowldege of his own falsity And in this ghastly little white tombstone which he erects to himself, lies his peculiar infallibility among a false and mental people.

That's the widdishins way of being a man. To know so absolutely that you are *not* a man, that you dare almost anything on the strength of it. You dare anything, except being a man. So intense and final is the modern white man's conviction, his internal conviction, that he is *not* a man, that he dares anything on earth, except be a man. There his courage drops to its grave. He daren't be a man : the old Adam of red earth, with the black touchstone at the middle of him.

He knows he's not a man. Hence his creed of harmlessness. He knows he is not a man of living red earth, to live onward through strange weather into new springtime. He knows there is extinction ahead : for nothing but extinction lies in wait for the conscious ego. Hence his creed of harmlessness, of relentless kindness. A little less than kin, and more than kind. There should be no danger in life *at all* : even no friction. This he asserts, while all the time he is slowly, malignantly undermining the tree of life.

THE CAVE

By J. D. Beresford

"If you'd had my experience . . . ." Henry flung out his hand with a gesture of exasperation. Another familiar phrase of his uncle's recurred to him : "When you've lived as long as I have . . . ."

He paused to wipe the sweat out of his eyes. It was true that when he had lived as long as his uncle, he would not be tearing along this exposed road, under a nearly vertical sun, with the thermometer at something over 80 deg. in the shade. For a good reason. He would not have the physical vitality. Which was just the whole point. Old people pretended that they were too wise to go out in the sun or . . . . to marry out of hand. Rot! It was not wisdom, not the fruit of experience ; nothing but the lack of physical vitality ; energy ; courage !

His uncle's own doctrine might be turned against him in this connection. His doctrine of compensation ; the very stick he had so recently been using on Henry himself. "A single desire may fill you for an hour, a week, perhaps more," he had said ; "but not for a lifetime. And once that desire is satisfied, the compensation you will seek will be in contrast, probably a violent one. You see, the body has an independent life of its own ; strong enough sometimes to dominate the whole personality." Then, seeing Henry's disbelief, that familiar look of despair had come to his face and he had fallen back, feebly, on his old "When you've lived as long as I have . . . ."

What he could not realize himself was that all that philosophy of his was merely compensation ; the clutch-

ing at an excuse for refusing those delights which he was no longer vital enough to enjoy. This pretended wisdom was the phantasy of the old; the phantasy with which they deceived themselves and tried to deceive others into the belief that they deliberately and wisely rejected the pleasures and adventures that they were no longer strong enough or brave enough to relish. If it were true that the body had a sort of independent life of its own, it had no doubt almost ceased to function now in his uncle's case.

Ye gods, how hot it was! Too hot to think of his uncle's philosophy. There were pleasanter things. Dreams, for example. Of Julia . . .

By the Lord, he *would* marry her out of hand. Nothing should stop him. To marry Julia would be eternal bliss. It wasn't true that such a violent desire as his could not last a lifetime. Its very violence was a proof of its vitality. If anything, it would increase. A lifetime would not be long enough for him and Julia. Their love would grow. Endlessly. Increase till they almost died of bliss. Till it consumed them. Till . . . .

But it was sheer agony to think of that, here. He had not reached the age when he could content himself with phantasy.

He must get somewhere out of this sun. If he cut across country he might find shade among that queer bulk of sudden hills over there to the right. There was no other promise of shade to be seen anywhere . . .

The pale old man in the shadow by the mouth of the cave seemed to be expecting Henry. His casual nod had the half-condescending air of a public official.

"Want to go in and cool off, I suppose?" he said.

"Into the cave?" Henry asked. "One may go in?"

"You pays a penny for the candle and what you likes to me when you comes out," the little old man replied.

"You won't want me to come with you. No fear o' losing yourself. All you got to do to find your way out, is to walk up'ill. They goes down and down, God knows where. Walk up'ill and you're bound to come out 'ere again. I goes down with parties o' course, but that's different. 'Elp yerself to a candle off o' that shelf. Cool 'ere, ain't it, after the sun?"

Cooler still when you entered the cave. Henry, wiping away the perspiration that trickled down his face, decided that this was a rare and delightful sensation. He would certainly repeat it. What could be more pleasant when you were overheated, than to step suddenly—so much depended on that quality of suddenness—into this exquisitely cool air? It was as if a man parched and dying of thirst were unexpectedly to come upon a spring of pure cold water.

He was almost blind as yet after the glare of the sun, but the candle burnt steadily. There was no least movement of air. Only, as you descended, a feeling of gradual submergence, a steady sinking into—Cold; as it were another element, denser than air and not so dense as water. You could almost drink it. When you drew a deep breath you could feel the heavy coldness of this new element slowly flooding you.

Sound there was, but not like the sounds of earth. The occasional drip of water falling into a pool—deliberately, with an effect of premeditated resolution, of old, incalculably old, persistence. And the sound of that solemn, infrequent drop was strangely metallic, like a short mechanical blow struck upon flawed metal; a sound with sharp edges; cracked and unmusical, but almost painfully clear, distinct; as if there were some peculiarly conducting quality in this dense cold air.

Ahead of him, as far as he could see by the small unblinking flame of the upheld candle, the way descended until it fell into a formless gulf of darkness. How far could he go? Apparently there were no pit-

falls—he would have been warned—no unexpected plunging into an abyss; nothing but a regular descent into blackness and immense cold. Already he was chilled. More than chilled. The cold of this place enveloped you, sank into you, as if you were completely submerged in ice-cold water.

Even his thought was frozen. The image of Julia did not stir him here; filled him, rather, with a slight sense of impatience. She was so impetuous, so rash; almost—there was no use denying it—immodest. It was difficult to realize that the thought of her had been so enticing a quarter of an hour ago.

Should be go any further? Why should he? There was nothing more to see, nothing but the darkness ahead; nothing to hear but the clink of those deliberate drops of water, falling and losing their identity in the immensity of the pool; nothing to feel but the steadily increasing permeation of this deadly cold.

And the air was becoming foul. The light of his candle had diminished; was burning, now, with a wan blue flame.

At last one would descend into the darkness; be merged in the depths of invisible, illimitable waters; become permeated with the eternal cold of death . . . .

The pale old man, sitting in the shadow, smiled as Henry stepped into the sunlight, and bathed himself in its exquisite warmth.

"Ah!" said the old man; "I prefers to stay as I am. Neither too 'ot nor too cold, that's best."

Henry laughed carelessly. His blood was running warm again. "Think so?" he said.

The old man shook his head. "When you've lived as long as me . . . ." he murmured, puckering his pinched mouth.

Henry shrugged his shoulders.

That was what was wrong with his uncle and this old

man. They were cold, and when you were cold you lost all your energy, all your courage, all your desire.

The guardian of the cave gave up his argument and relapsed into his usual formula. "Found it pretty cold like, down there?" he chuckled.

"Aye; cold as . . . ." Henry replied gaily, and paused.

The old man looked up with a hint of foreboding.

"As old age," Henry concluded, standing in the sunlight.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.—Their deeds are not necessarily evil who love darkness; for the light within us if it is wavering and small can prove its existence only in darkness. A weak small light brought forth into the light of day, set over against the heavenward-soaring flames of other men, wavers, though quite out it cannot go, either towards extinction, or towards loss of itself in their ampler light. In such loss there is no finding. In such exposure no going forth to strength, but only to folly or the closer and ever closer wrapping of the cloak of deceitfulness. Secretly, in starless darkness must its gleam be fostered until the day comes when even the light of heaven will not quench its rays.

There are those on earth to whom the light of day is a fostering darkness they are ready now to pierce. And any one of us, having watched by night under the stars knowing their suns to make our sun a rushlight, has within him a sense of light beyond our light, a light that is *confined* by the light of day; grows aware of the sunlight that visible makes our scarf of cloud, or, shutting out space, paints above our heads a roof of blue, as a fostering darkness.—R. THEOBALD.

LOOKING BACK

By Dorothy Johnson

So that is all over. Eight years of teaching fall away from me, settling as they recede, into a definite shape. Now at last I can see what it was like to be a teacher. But soon I shall begin to forget. I may even, as my second childhood approaches, imagine that I was a success. Now or never, then, is the moment for making a sketch.

Eight years. That seems rather an odd coincidence, when I recall, as I often do, the Professor's farewell words. The time was a drowsy summer afternoon ; the place a dim lecture theatre fitted with prim and shiny pews ; the audience a set of post-graduate students, on th eve of sitting for the Teachers' Diploma. The Professor wore the white beard of wisdom ; his voice was gentle and his accent Scotch. " Please write in your note-books," said he, " that eight years—let me see—yes, eight years from now you will be kind to the enthusiasm of young teachers." Our pens hovered doubtfully above the paper and we tittered. " Write it down, please," he quietly insisted. We wrote, still tittering. " Thank you," said the imperturbable Professor. Then, having no more to say to us, he gathered up his books and papers and was gone.

And now—what was it like to be a teacher? At the outset, pure romance. Perhaps it had no business to be, but in the early twenties you make a romance out of anything, just as, at a somewhat earlier age, you turn anything into a doll. Besides, the young woman who at that date bore my name is now so remote from me that I dissect her without embarrassment. I am glad

to think that she may prove a useful "subject," simply because she was so commonplace. She was one of the countless human beings who love fighting because they are timid, and power because they are diffident. Her life in her turbulent High School was at first a series of duels against charming opponents ; and she was simple and immature enough to be very proud of her victories. An unruly boy may be merely quelled ; an unruly girl has to be quelled and won over. Our young teacher being frankly and bitterly told by a colleague, "It's all right here, if you can make the girls like you," admitted the truth of this, but thought that the condition was not too hard. The method was to deal a swift thrust, then fling down the sword and bind up the wound very nicely. It is the best way to gain any human being, and it is also intensely exciting.

So she carried on her work in a glowing melodramatic atmosphere ; but she carried it on as well as she could. The war, black and muttering in the background, made every duty seem a patriotic duty. She was not only interested in method and character ; she studied the rites of register and mark-book and "charges" with infantile seriousness. Education, she heard on all hands, was more important than ever. The young must not be neglected because their elders were so busy killing each other. The world would come out of its blood-bath scrubbed and shining, and these children must be taught to keep it from getting dirty again. They also serve who only, much against the grain, keep their mark-books neat ; for children are allowed to see the mark-book, and example is potent, and if they unconsciously learn to love tidiness, they will never again let the world get so messy that another blood-bath must be ordered.

Still, she knew she was not a first-rate clerk, but she did not realize at first that if you are not a first-rate clerk you are useless in a school. At her training college she had been taught to look upon teaching as an art. If

that was so, then the teacher must be free, within the limits of his art, to develop his own personality. But such ideas had no place in the heads of her seniors and superiors. The business of a schoolmistress was to be reliable, which meant that she could be trusted always to do the prescribed thing at the prescribed time in the prescribed way. Individuality ought most certainly to be suppressed; as Mrs. Merdle said of Little Dorrit, it was very pleasant, but not professional.

Our novice learnt to know that there is nothing so ruthless as the gentleness of grey-haired women. She believed (one does in the early twenties) that she had special gifts. She was probably wrong, but her elder colleagues did not seem to think so. They praised her to her face, as the Spaniards did Sir Richard Grenville, while somehow preserving the right accent of courtly enemies. They let her see, very tactfully, that her gifts were merely luxury articles. She lacked the essential qualities of a teacher. One could not be quite sure what she would do. And when she tried to adapt herself, for she had all the humility of the vain, she found that she was making bad worse. If she had offended their eyes as a contrasting colour, she offended still more as an imperfect match. It was not very long before she faded out altogether.

Soon, looking back from the entirely different milieu of a boy's preparatory school, she felt as if she had exchanged a green-house for the open air. She wondered how she could have endured and even for a time enjoyed her High School, with its emotional over-heating, its barbed-wire entanglement of acutely personal relationships, its strain which, with such rhythmic and cruel regularity, culminates three times a year in the nightmare of tingling nerves called "end of term-ishness." Her new colleagues and pupils were clear-eyed and breezy realists. They did not pretend, for instance, that work in itself was delightful; that pupils love masters

and masters pupils, and that all are facing the same way. The boys learnt their dull little grammar rules out of their antiquated Latin books, not at the call of duty or sentiment—

> " But for the love of winning heaven
> Or of escaping hell "—

heaven being represented by marks and prizes, hell by the stick or (much more painful) detention. But they seemed free and happy creatures, and their preceptors differed from them only in being larger—one could not say older. A delightful place to sojourn in even as a stranger. Especially, perhaps, as a stranger. Our young schoolmistress, no longer very young, knew that she might be entertained for a time, but never assimilated. She was treated with the tender consideration due to a visitor, who must, in return, take care that she does not outstay her welcome. Meanwhile, nobody took her seriously. Youths of nineteen regarded her efforts with such a lenient smile as Raphael might have bestowed upon a baby dabbling in a paint-box. For that she felt heartily grateful. It left her free—free to make experiments upon which she dared not have ventured in her comparatively advanced High School.

And now it is all over. I will come out of the third person into the first, and claim the fool's privilege of speaking frankly. I do not know what is the proper aim of education. Girls and boys must go to school, if it is only to save the reason of their parents. It does not matter what they are taught. A child who wants to learn any particular thing will learn it in spite of authority; and he has, on the other hand, a blessed power of passive resistance which keeps him from swallowing what he cannot digest. That dead young teacher, whose ghost I have so rashly raised, interrupts me here with the indignant cry that the children should be taught to appreciate good literature. Therein she betrays how young she was when she died. If only it were possible!

If only one could make children judges of quality! "A man," said Mr. Weller, "as can form a ackerate judgment of a 'orse, can form a ackerate judgment of anything." There is some truth in that; but I should myself substitute books for horses, for into books the best and the worst of the human mind drains off. If only children could be taught to distinguish first-rate from second-rate; false from true; the essentially good from the essentially bad; even clearly to grasp the fact that such distinctions exist! But they can be taught this only by persons of artistic sensibility, and persons of artistic sensibility cannot stay long on the staff of a school. Still, let them try if they like. (It would be good for everybody to do a little teaching. Pupils need not learn, but teachers must. You cannot, indeed, know anything until you have tried to teach it.) They should remove themselves, however, before they becom: embittered; otherwise, disregarding the Professor, they will certainly revenge, upon young enthusiasms, the brutal murder of their own. Let them leave, then, well within the prescribed eight years and embody their theories in books—"good books, I warrant ye." Literature of this class is always amusing.

The main work of education—that is, the daily policing of the young—will always devolve upon the conventional; the people who take their ideas from a common stock, who do not ask questions, whose minds readily slip into a uniform. The spirit of pedagogy frowns as suspiciously as it ever did, upon anything that even looks like genius. Perhaps that is wholesome and right. Education must favour the normal; and genius is the better for something hard to cut its teeth on. I believe profoundly in the value of friction and opposition; and that, by the way, is why I deplore the infamous suggestion of the moderns that pupil and teacher should be at one. Their proper, healthy relation is one of good-humoured antagonism.

Lastly (remember it is the motley fool who speaks), I wish that men and women could work together. I have seen them apart, and each is fine—I speak without bias, for neither approved of me—but each needs the other as complement and corrective. Men are kindly and hard, women cruel and tender. Women have too much patience, and men too little, with the dull and weak. And, whether mixed clases are good or not, I am sure that girls should be taught partly by men, and boys partly by women. If only mutual fear and jealousy could be dropped—but I am on dangerous ground, and even the licence of a fool has its limits. I was a failure as a teacher, but I am not sorry that I taught.

GHOST-HUNTERS

By Violet le Maistre

I thought I heard small voices go
  Weeping through the night
And then a pattering of feet
  In panic-stricken flight.

I thought I heard the moonlight rent
  By laughter shrill and cries
Among the trees re-echoing
  And crashing down the skies.

But when I leant into the night
  And listened, still and tense,
There was no panic in the air
  Nor any turbulence.

FOUR FISHERMEN OF MONTROSE

By Jeffrey Mark

"WHISKY when you're sick makes you well, but whisky makes you sick when you're well."

Only a few hours before, in the pleasant bar-room of a hotel at Montrose, I had vainly tried to repeat this simple sentence of fifteen words to an amusing old man who had bet me "drinks all round" that I could not do it. The second clause is, of course, the inverse of the first, although they sound puzzlingly alike. It looks quite simple on paper, but try it on somebody else, and you will find (as he evidently had done) that it is an almost certain way of getting a cheap drink.

Now, of course, he was safely and warmly in bed, and here we were at Ferryden (a small fishing village on the other side of the bay, and a good three miles' walk from Montrose) at half-past one on a cold, dark morning in September, waiting to go out with the fishermen. We had made a rash appointment with the skipper of one of the boats some four hours previously, but now that we had got to the village we found complete darkness, and not a sign of life anywhere. We sat down on a doorstep, and stared, in wordless misery, across the blackness of the bay. Presently a fisherman came along. Jerry got up and talked to him, but I stuck to the doorstep. I was meditating on the fact that I would shortly be going out on the sea for nine or ten hours, and that, if anything untoward happened, there would be no rest and no return. I felt uncom-

monly empty about the stomach! How these small boats are tossed about, too! I thought of our late friend. With miserable mirth, I found myself fitting his sentence to the present situation.

"Sailing when you're sick makes you well, but sailing makes you sick when you're well."

When I looked up the fisherman had gone. It was now about quarter to two; Jerry said he was waking up the other fishermen. There were three or four boats going out. Only a few went on Friday nights. Presently the fisherman came back. Then another came. Then another, and soon there were five or six about. We stood up and made a few poor efforts at conversation. There was a rail running along a sort of rough promenade about ten feet above the level of the sand and stones where the rowing boats were beached. We all seized on or leant up against this rail and looked across the bay in utter silence. Then a most curious and impressive thing happened! All the fishermen suddenly—and to us, without any warning whatever—left the rail and stood behind us in a body; for the moment, poised and irresolute. Then, as suddenly, they fell to pacing up and down behind us. But the uncanny thing about it was that they moved absolutely together; and turned about as one man, varying the number of steps backward and forward almost every time. How the men in front knew when those behind them were going to turn, I cannot imagine. They seemed to *feel* each other with an eerie certainty, and kept absolutely and rigidly in step. Not a word was spoken; Jerry and I still looked straight across the bay. What an absurd position! There behind us—one, two, three (turn)—one, two (turn)—one, two, three, four (turn). How foolish! How funny! And yet, when for a moment, I caught Jerry's eye, I saw that, like myself, he was not smiling—but strangely affected. It was much more likely to guffaw during a Cathedral service than smile

then. To describe my feelings more exactly would be to say that I felt horribly and frivolously irrelevant, and completely beneath the temper of the incident.

They stopped as suddenly as they had begun. Then the same odd, scrappy talk. Presently from one of them—" Here's your skipper ! " and we turned to see him walking towards us with his crew of three behind him. He said little, but went down to the beach with us immediately. It was quite dark. We got into their rowing-boat ; two of them pushed us off, wading into the water up to their thighs, and then scrambled in over the side as the boat left the ground. One rowed, and we soon reached the trawler, about fifty yards away at her moorings. We all got aboard, and the crew immediately fell to their tasks. For over two hours they worked without a pause or hitch of any kind—until, in fact, we had reached the bank where they threw out the lines. A small motor which drove the boat was started (the sail was only used as an aid), the decks were cleared, ropes and sails put in order, red and green lights lit for port and starboard and a white light for the masthead, the lines, baskets and boxes for the fish all got ready. The skipper, when once out of the harbour, steered a course a little to the left of the moon. Not a word of any kind was said during all this : Jerry and I—huddled together in the middle of the deck—talked in whispers as if we felt it sacrilege to break such a busy silence. The other boats (four in all) had got away ahead of us, but after two hours' sailing we saw their lights ahead. We had reached the bank. The fishermen broke the silence for the first time, pointing to the lights. Again the same scrappy talk in speeches of one, two, or three words : it was as if a company of dumb men had suddenly found their voices and were struggling helplessly with the unfamiliar processes of speech.

Then began the task of setting the lines. First a

red flag on a long pole was thrown out to mark the position for this end of the line. It was held up in an upright position by a system of home-made floats which looked like a string of giant seaweed (the round, black-bob sort). The flag was then anchored, the fish-line secured to the anchor-line and paid out. These lines were all coiled together in long, open baskets in such a way that they uncoiled themselves and ran overboard (over a piece of curved tin laid across the side for this purpose) as the boat moved away from the flag. There were five baskets of line in all—each holding a mile of line, and there was not a single stoppage in paying out the whole. This struck me as rather remarkable at the time, but more forcibly later when I realised that at intervals of less than a yard along the line short pieces of gut were attached, each with a baited hook at the end. As a basket of line ran out, it was connected, of course, to the end of the next. How these five miles of line were coiled so that not a single hook caught during the paying out (and it ran over the tin at a fair speed) absolutely "beat me." Later I learned —or rather calculated—that each line bore about 2,000 hooks, so that there were just under 10,000 hooks in all. Each hook was "double-baited"; this was done by the wives and children of these men. All sorts of stuff were used, but chiefly cockles and mussels, which the children dug for and collected every day. It took a woman three hours to bait and coil a mile of line in the basket ready for use. "But," as the fishermen calmly told us, "it takes far longer to get the bait ready." And this a daily, invariable task!

The mere running out of the line, of course, took a fair time, but when, at last, the fifth basket was almost paid out, it was fastened to another anchor. As before, this held in position a second flag with its seaweed floats. The ends of the line were thus clearly marked. This done, we pushed on a short distance,

and the tiller was pulled over and fixed at hard-a-port, so that the boat went round and round in a narrow circle but did not get much further away from the flag. This continued circular course, combined with the heaving and tossing of the boat (always changing, of course, as the ship took the swell at an ever-varying angle), was going hard to test our stomachs, but fortunately there was little wind up and the sea comparatively easy. At any rate, we survived without accident. The men were now below, drinking the mug of tea which they certainly deserved.

They were soon on deck again. On with the job! There was some tea down below for us, if we wanted any, the skipper said. Did we not! With some difficulty we got down and crept into a small hole which contained a stove, two rough, bare bunks, and a few lockers to sit on. The tea was ready made for us—in the kettle; the sugar (mixed with sand) in a cocoa-tin; the milk was with the tea in the kettle. There were two large mugs—each holding more than a pint, and some dirty crusts of bread and pieces of scone which they had left for us. We drank about two pints of tea each, but could not face the bread and scones. It was beautifully warm and cosy, and at once we told ourselves we were staying here for the night (not meaning to, of course); but the heat of the stove in that small space—once we were thawed through—became rather oppressive, and the smell of oil and exhaust gases from the engine a few feet away made things worse. We clambered back on to the deck immediately.

They had now got the flag and anchor hauled up, and were just beginning on the line. It was about 5 o'clock, and from then until about 8.30, when the flag at the far end was pulled aboard, these four men did not pause in their work for a second. Again, not a word was spoken. A marvellous regularity of routine was maintained. There was a job for each man,

and they changed round in a certain fixed cyclic order as each mile of line was pulled in. A man at the helm to keep the boat on the same side of the line; another to haul in the line; the third to take the fish off the hooks and throw them into boxes according to their kind; the fourth to clean and sort the hooks, and to roughly arrange the line, as it was hauled up, in some sort of order in the baskets. At the change over, the man at the helm became line-arranger, the line-hauler went to the helm, the fish-sorter became hauler, and the line-arranger became fish-sorter. There were subsidiary matters of routine dependent on the main changes, but still as rigidly adhered to. Thus the line-hauler had his coat off and sleeves rolled up, but on taking the helm he took off his waterproof trouser-overalls, pulled his sleeves down, and put on a coat and scarf. On changing from helm to line-arranger he took off his coat and scarf, and donned his overalls—trousers and coat. The fish-sorter, before starting his line-hauling, took away the basket full of line, brought another empty one, and gave a look to the fire below. There were other details—still more trivial, but still quite as invariable. The skipper took the helm first, so that, there being five baskets, he had two turns at the "soft job"—a small, and the only concession to his authority, for he was a harder and more skilful worker than any of them.

Altogether they got four or five boxes full of fish—some five or six hundred in all. Perhaps three pounds worth—if they could get a market for them. Thus it was that only one bait in every seventeen or eighteen brought up a fish; for a few yards or so there might be a fish on a'most every hook, but then again, they might pull in as much as a hundred yards of line without getting a single fish. The dead silence of the scene was broken only by the screaming and wheeling of the gulls as they followed in the wake of the boat. They

and the tiller was pulled over and fixed at hard-a-port, so that the boat went round and round in a narrow circle but did not get much further away from the flag. This continued circular course, combined with the heaving and tossing of the boat (always changing, of course, as the ship took the swell at an ever-varying angle), was going hard to test our stomachs, but fortunately there was little wind up and the sea comparatively easy. At any rate, we survived without accident. The men were now below, drinking the mug of tea which they certainly deserved.

They were soon on deck again. On with the job! There was some tea down below for us, if we wanted any, the skipper said. Did we not! With some difficulty we got down and crept into a small hole which contained a stove, two rough, bare bunks, and a few lockers to sit on. The tea was ready made for us—in the kettle; the sugar (mixed with sand) in a cocoa-tin; the milk was with the tea in the kettle. There were two large mugs—each holding more than a pint, and some dirty crusts of bread and pieces of scone which they had left for us. We drank about two pints of tea each, but could not face the bread and scones. It was beautifully warm and cosy, and at once we told ourselves we were staying here for the night (not meaning to, of course); but the heat of the stove in that small space—once we were thawed through—became rather oppressive, and the smell of oil and exhaust gases from the engine a few feet away made things worse. We clambered back on to the deck immediately.

They had now got the flag and anchor hauled up, and were just beginning on the line. It was about 5 o'clock, and from then until about 8.30, when the flag at the far end was pulled aboard, these four men did not pause in their work for a second. Again, not a word was spoken. A marvellous regularity of routine was maintained. There was a job for each man,

and they changed round in a certain fixed cyclic order as each mile of line was pulled in. A man at the helm to keep the boat on the same side of the line; another to haul in the line; the third to take the fish off the hooks and throw them into boxes according to their kind; the fourth to clean and sort the hooks, and to roughly arrange the line, as it was hauled up, in some sort of order in the baskets. At the change over, the man at the helm became line-arranger, the line-hauler went to the helm, the fish-sorter became hauler, and the line-arranger became fish-sorter. There were subsidiary matters of routine dependent on the main changes, but still as rigidly adhered to. Thus the line-hauler had his coat off and sleeves rolled up, but on taking the helm he took off his waterproof trouser-overalls, pulled his sleeves down, and put on a coat and scarf. On changing from helm to line-arranger he took off his coat and scarf, and donned his overalls—trousers and coat. The fish-sorter, before starting his line-hauling, took away the basket full of line, brought another empty one, and gave a look to the fire below. There were other details—still more trivial, but still quite as invariable. The skipper took the helm first, so that, there being five baskets, he had two turns at the "soft job"—a small, and the only concession to his authority, for he was a harder and more skilful worker than any of them.

Altogether they got four or five boxes full of fish—some five or six hundred in all. Perhaps three pounds worth—if they could get a market for them. Thus it was that only one bait in every seventeen or eighteen brought up a fish; for a few yards or so there might be a fish on a'most every hook, but then again, they might pull in as much as a hundred yards of line without getting a single fish. The dead silence of the scene was broken only by the screaming and wheeling of the gulls as they followed in the wake of the boat. They

kept a vigilant eye on the line above and below th water, and if any fish fell away from the hooks and go clear of the boat, they dived and very seldom missec it. Then it was simply a question as to whether the lucky gull, as it pushed and flapped its way across the water, could bolt the fish before the other birds pulled it away from its throat in the act of swallowing When however a fish fell away from the line anc was still near the boat, the gulls came near and circlec about the boat in vain. In such cases, the line-hauler gave a peculiar note of warning, and the man at the helm leant over the side of the boat with a pole-net he kept by him for this purpose. He very seldom failec to retrieve the fish, and the gulls fell back, with a disappointed scream, to their usual distance behind the boat.

When, about 8.30, the other terminal flag was go aboard, and the boat faced back to the mainland, there was a certain relaxation in the unconscious tension anc concentration of the work routine. Actually not a mar was idle in any way until the boat was within Montrose harbour again, but once headed for home, a freer dis cipline was allowed. Words were exchanged (but no more than about thirty or forty in all, during the whole o the two and a half hours or thereabouts it took us to ge back). The deck was cleared, and everything—fish boxes, baskets, flags and floats—arranged tidily. Ther the three settled down (one man, of course, at the helm to arrange the lines in the baskets—in coils as we firs saw them when baited. The sorting out of a mile o line—complete with "sprags" and hooks at less thar a yard interval—would have broken an ordinary man's temper, even if he knew he had three or four days to do it in. These men, however, settled down to sor their apparently inextricable mass of line and hook as if it were a pleasant sort of relaxation. They all hac a turn at the helm, and by the time we got back to

the harbour, the skipper and one of his men had already —in some miraculous manner—sorted out and coiled a mile of line each, and had made a fair beginning with a second; the other two had very nearly finished their first.

While they were on this task we had a good chance of examining them individually in the strong sunlight of the morning. The skipper was a clean-built man, with a rough, canvas-textured face of quiet power. His eyes, an even and impassive gray, were always far-away across the sea when he was at the helm; when called to some more immediate task, there was no corresponding animation in them—only the change of tension necessary to bring his work into focus. The other man, who finished his first basket, was a big burly fellow with a ruddy face and kindly, humorous eyes; he volunteered an occasional word to us. The third was small and wizened, and wore ear-rings. The fourth was a long, loose sort of a fellow, and comparatively talkative. He tried, once or twice, to strike up some sort of talk with us, but his accent was so strange, and he had such a habit of exploding on the first syllable of a word and thus leaving the second or third (if any) in the air, that we couldn't make head nor tail of what he was saying.

When (about eleven o'clock) we finally got back into the harbour, we gave the skipper some money. He made no speech of thanks, and it was quite impossible to see from those gray eyes whether he was disappointed with the amount, or surprised at our generosity. He simply joined in the general "Guid-day" as we scrambled up on to the quayside.

We walked away in silence. What fine fellows these fishermen were; and how strangely impressive in their bearing! No obsequiousness or apologies for this, that and the other (" Oh I am *so* sorry you have no spoon, my dear—how criminally careless of me! I am afraid

it has only been a very scrappy meal to-day," etc., etc.); we were received as Kings might receive us in their Palaces. How hard and how silently they worked! They seemed to understand each other perfectly, without words or explanations—continual working together had established some sort of telepathic connection between them. (That strange pacing to and fro!) When the small wizened man was at the helm, either through incompetence or carelessness, he steered the boat so badly that he brought it right across the line, and for a few hundred yards or so the hauler had to pull in the line from the other side of the boat. Everything was upset and thrown out of gear, but there were no expostulations or swearings. Not a word of any sort! Everyone simply jumped to it and lent a hand until things were righted again. Truly they were different beings from us, and lived in another world!

"Poor devils!"—it was Jerry who first broke the silence. He was thinking of their hard work and strenuous life.

"I don't know," I said slowly—"at any rate, they were very decent fellows." (This quite colourlessly so as to provoke his real opinion, and not one modified out of consideration for my enthusiasm).

"Oh!" he at once replied, "as fine a lot of fellows as you'd be likely to meet anywhere."

I was glad he said this. I should have been quite dashed down if he had made some cynical or humourous reply.

FROM A MINER'S JOURNAL

By Roger Dataller.

ON DARKNESS.

Give me but the veriest fragment of a light, and I am not afraid. A mere pin-point suffices to confirm resistance in this darksome place. The warming, rehabilitating quality of flame illumination, none but mine workers can ever hope to know. Sunshine, starshine, moonshine ; candle, gas, electric light, the blazing of enormous furnaces, these are of the world and function in continued service. But underneath the world, we swing our sundry suns and stars upon our index fingers. Bravest of lights they are—and very mortal. . . .

No night so dark above, that the outline of an outstretched hand cannot be seen before one's eyes, but down below the world, all darkness here is utter, final, and controlling.

Let your lamp go out—but once, no more—and in IT floods upon the dying spark, overwhelming in intensity and volume. The blackness swims around you, thick and fluid almost, takes you by the legs, the throat, the eyes ; presses with a sinister intention full upon your shoulder blades ; it seems to flurry in your hands ; engulfs your body wholly, and drives your little soul upon itself into the remotest and most secret of fastnesses.

And then you stand beleaguered, wondering, awhirl. . . . While presently you stumble on, touching coal, and dirt, and props, with eager, fluttering, super-

sensitive fingers. The picture of the flame is almost gone by now, and in its place remains a monstrous distortion of vivid, ill-assorted fireworks, exploded with a sinister inconsequence. The word you can recall, and "Light! light," you say, "more light—light enough to see." But a little lamp just now would mean immeasurably more than that. It would mean a new existence, a swift return to sanity, to the normal things of earth; to the faces of one's fellow-men. Pinch your cheek if that is what suffices, touch your empty eyes then, pull your hair and feel the mitigating pain! It is all of no avail—of no avail. The coal face gives a feeble little hiss and the "Infamous" bears down upon you, with his sable, suffocating draperies

> "Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as a pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever Gods there be
> For my unconquerable soul."

Aye—just so. But in these circumstances the unconquerable soul begins to do a little jazz and to become a trifle too aggressive and insurgent, for my liking. I have no taste (as yet) for the asylum walls.

PIT TALK AND THE PRINCE.

If soap were all! And the mere machinery of running a lather-ladened hand around one's neck, together with the vigorous sluicing of water, to clear away the grime—if the blest rites of the towel made welcome a necessary completion—if that were all, then I would say no more. But you cannot wash away "Pit talk." It clings. It is as if the working place cries "tarry friend" or "'owd 'ard a bit!" or "doster think 'ahm goin' ter leave thee naow mate?" In the Yorkshire pits we are still to be found clinging to the Quaker phraseology. We pepper our conversation with "Thee's" and "Thous" and "Aye lad" comes

easier in Main Street than " Yes sir ! " (we are not easily given to saying " sir "). We refer to the manager as " t'mester," and to the owner as T'Lordy (he is a Baron) and beyond a primary acknowledgment of this status, the after-talk generally is as rugged as you please. Rugged is a proper word, for there is *strength* in our dialect. Above ground and below, we feel that it is proper to the situation. The Southerner lisps (or seems to lisp) ; he has his " gan " for gun, and " barth " for bath. Hear a Yorkshireman roll out both words. You could never mistake the first of these for anything but a terrible, destructive, fire-belching instrument ; but in the mouth of a Southerner it sounds like the vocal equivalent of a little ha'penny cane ! When people are really silly, we call them " gorm-less " with emphasis upon the first syllable. The sillier you are, the more " GORM-less " you become. There is nothing quite so devastating as this word. One doesn't mind being " silly " at any time, one feels that there is still a little hope, the word seems to leave a latitude, a capacity for recovery. But to be named " GORM-less ! " I tell you the word can be made to fall with the terrific force of a sledgehammer. And there is no hope.

The dialect clings. " Aye—aye," we say when our faces are washed, and our hands are clean, and we are drinking out of real tea-cups.

" Ger' whoam "—which being translated means " Oh ! Go home "—comes most easily as a term of derision. Abroad, in speaking if not in writing, I take up constant guard. The cleaner and more polished self cocks a constant, and most apprehensive eye upon " Brer Pitman." Neither slumber, nor take rest, and in the end it is generally a drawn battle. But I love the dialect. It is of ourselves and we are of the soil—the Yorkshire soil.

And so you see (even if we would) we can't do much to help ourselves.

This morning at the Pit Head I encounter Isaac Burnaby. He is a middle-sized man, a pit top worker, and a great follower of hounds. He is busy with his occupation, and in waiting for the chair I discover that he has been visiting the neighbouring horse show in the city of S——. "It wor' yesterday (says he), an' me and t'wife wor comin' across t' grounds an' ah saw a young chap—nobbut young. An' ah sez to th' wife 'Luk ah'll bet that's Prince!' And it wor! 'E 'eard me, bless yer. 'E raised 'is hat an' a crowd gathered. Ah! quicker'n ought ah've seen fer a long time. Ah could a touched 'im! So ah sez, 'Eh up lad tha wants to ger on that theer stand or tha'll be crushed to dee-ath!'"

"And what did he do?" I ask.

"'E smiled an' 'e went!"

I know Isaac Burnaby. He would speak like that to the Arch-Angel Gabriel.

THE TRUE UNITY OF ITALY.—Is there any country but Italy that christens her ships with the names of her great artists? On a newly established line of steamers between Naples and Marseilles two of the boats are the *Cimarosa* and the *Rossini*, while there is, or was, an Italian battleship called the *Dante Alighieri*, and you may chance to be carried up the Lake from Como on a *Plinio*. This is only as it should be. Italian unity finds a far truer expression in the national art, in the poets and the musicians, than in any political form. Art is the higher synthesis in which all political and provincial differences, due to the history of the country and the shape of the peninsula, become instantly merged and forgotten.—L. COLLISON-MORLEY.

THE CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB

CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.—The original aim of Cervantes in writing *Don Quixote* was, he declares, to overthrow the romances of chivalry, the reading of which, in his opinion, was harmful and unsettling to the mind. Can we, however, accept Cervantes at his word? Without urging my views upon others, I do not myself believe that the romances of chivalry or the reading of them were as harmful as Cervantes would have us suppose. Other writers of the day, and of the epoch immediately preceding, did not share his conviction that the romances of chivalry were injurious to the public welfare. Among them were the religious writers and moralists, who in that age were persistently solicitous for the reform of public morals. Nothing of the kind is to be found either in the laws or royal decrees of an era more given than any other to legislation, even in matters least susceptible of regulation. In my judgment, Cervantes, like certain physicians, first invented the specific, and afterward invented the disease to which to apply it. Literature whose purpose was merely to please and amuse—as we should say to-day, art for art's sake—was frowned upon as being frivolous, wholly beneath the attention of serious, cultivated minds. It was necessary to justify a piece of literature by some moral purpose, or to impart information at the very least. The authors of the picaresque novels never fail to call attention to the fact that the laxity which they picture in such detail is set down merely to serve as a warning to the incautious or as advice to the depraved. Cervantes was very much a man of his day, thoroughly schooled by adversity; and partly for this reason he could not free himself from the temptation to legitimatize his work by a moral purpose. In common parlance, however, he was masking his hand.

In spite of his diatribes against the books of chivalry

and his attempts to wax indignant, Cervantes was one of their greatest admirers. He was not only an admirer, he was a devotee. There can be no question but that the romances had been his favourite reading. That famous inquisition into Don Quixote's extensive library, conducted by the Barber and the Priest, betrays a profound knowledge of the literature of chivalry. Innumerable quotations and allusions to the thousand and one knights-errant, their names and encounters, are evidence enough of familiarity with the entire catalogue. The references are, moreover, spontaneous and sincere. They breathe no suggestion of formal, perfunctory learning. If Cervantes had abominated the romances of chivalry, two or three, which he had happened to read, would have been quite sufficient as a basis for his judgment, but the reading of so many, the retaining of even the most insignificant incidents in his memory, must be accepted as an indication rather of approval than of dislike. Cervantes intoxicated himself upon the romances of chivalry ; it is affectation to pretend that he did so for the purpose of destroying them. I have no doubt that his original intention was to write another romance of chivalry. Certainly this was the germinal idea of Quixote. *Persiles and Segismunda,* his favourite among his works, the offspring of his mature years, which he assured the world would be either the best or the worst book ever written in Castilian, affords proof enough and to spare of Cervantes' love for the type of adventure with which fictions of this nature abounded.

The *dulce amargura* of Cervantes was in his case no rhetorical contradiction. Out of the bitterness which life drops into the cup and the sweetness which, either through natural goodness or the discipline of resignation, we are able to add ourselves, the spirit itself is refined, and that mellowness of temper is produced which is the fulfilment of its promise, and which manifests itself as tolerance in our daily lives and as humour in literature.

This sweet melancholy of Cervantes, together with that clear perception of reality, so characteristic of all Spanish art, and in the highest degree characteristic of Cervantes, insensibly brought to shipwreck the purpose with which he had set out, so that what might have been but one romance of chivalry more, what with realities and imaginings, between jest and truth, gathered to itself, in admirable blend, epic and parody, tragedy and farce, portrait and caricature, and becoming all things, became yet more than all, epic or novel or drama or satire, lyric or pastoral or grotesque burlesque—the most admirable of books, at once the most human and the most divine, without rival throughout the entire range of literature, save only in the poems of Homer and the Greek tragedies, and, in England, the plays of Shakespeare.

As the original design of Cervantes is betrayed by itself, it is easy to observe how little by little the spirit of Don Quixote takes possession of that of Cervantes, imposes itself imperiously, exacts justification, and refuses to resign itself to being a mere stage automaton moved about at the caprice of a Maese Pedro. Don Quixote acquires dignity, his character becomes ennobled, and before the first part of the story is half ended, and still more in the second part, he stands forth as the noble gentleman of towering ideals, and there is no reader so low as not to sympathize with him and pity him when he is harassed and overthrown. At the close, in those sublime pages which are devoted to his death, when his mind has been swept clear of the illusions which have beclouded it, and his eyes turn fixedly towards eternity, he remarks simply :—

"In the nests of yesterday
New fledged birds no longer stay, . . .

I am not Don Quixote, but Alonso Quijano, the Good." Alonso Quijano the Good—the Good! I am perfectly certain that Cervantes shed tears over the death of Alonso Quijano the Good, and that Cervantes' own

spirit was borne aloft with that of Don Quixote as he closed his book, with his Knight of the Rueful Feature, who, in gradual ascension had lifted himself from the most grotesque insanity to the loftiest pinnacles of the soul!

Is it proper, then, to say that this unconscious labour, which breathed life and soul into Don Quixote, was something alien to the mind of Cervantes? Is the work, as Miguel de Unamuno has maintained, superior to its author? Most certainly not. It was accumulated capital, riches of the spirit, which Cervantes himself had never stopped to take into account, but which were treasured up in him. The soul of Don Quixote was born of the injustices suffered by the unhappy, one-handed soldier of Lepanto, of the miseries and wanderings of his life, of his captivity in Algiers, his struggles as a tax-gatherer, of his imprisonment in the Seville jail, of his family misfortunes, the disdain of the great, of experience of the world and disillusionment, of the bitterness of life, and out of the kindliness of a generous heart, which, when all these things have been heaped upon a soul which is great, becomes all understanding and forgiveness for all.—JACINTO BENAVENTE.

WHY THE WRITER WRITES.—In the March ADELPHI one of the contributors answers the question: "Why do I write?" He says, in effect, that he writes: (1) Because it is his trade. (2) Because he has an impulse to write. (3) Because he cannot help feeling that what he writes may matter to somebody. (4) Because the art of writing seems to him the highest of human activities. (5) Because writing is his particular way of linking up with humanity.

It is obvious that he has tried sincerely and searchingly to explain the writer's attitude towards his craft, and yet he has not wholly explained it. To do so, he should have gone back to childhood.

Now why do children—many children—want to write? They don't consider it their trade, or their predestined means of expression, or their mission, or their glory, or their sociological duty. Yet they sit around in odd corners covering the spare leaves of last year's exercise books with their laboured imitations of the stuff they happen at the moment to be reading. Why do they do it?

They do it because they are romantic. Some children want to be soldiers and some want to go on the stage, and some want to have a big wedding and some want to die young, and some want to be authors. It will be observed that their cravings inevitably lean towards an activity which places them in the limelight. . . .

Now of all these desires the desire to write—just literally to put down words—is the most readily capable of gratification. It is not so simple to become, at the age of ten, a soldier or an actress or a bride or a corpse. But it is most extraordinarily simple to become a writer. All one needs is ink and paper.

This is an attitude that does not fade with childhood. The adolescent is as romantic, as covetous of glory, as the child. And for him too writing seems to offer the easiest means of expression—the one opportunity in the world of achievement without training.

There it is: To become a carpenter or a mechanic or a baker or a golfer or a solicitor or a sailor or anything else in the world one must go through years of apprenticeship, but to encompass what (not unjustly) The Adelphi contributor considers the highest of human activities one wants apparently only—say, sixpennyworth of material. How quick and cheap! Who would not be a writer!

And this romantic vanity is the genesis of writing. This is the mean, small seed from which springs perhaps an immortal growth. . . .

Then let this scribbling go on as seed is broadcasted.

Sooner or later it becomes tedious to write if one has nothing to say—it becomes tedious either for other people or for oneself. The hope that does not see the light dies. Who wishes silken elegance to lie in the wardrobe? Who wastes his efforts on the dark recesses of his desk? The very proof that writing is primarily a romantic vanity is found in the fact that one writes for publication. The singer develops a temperament after her larynx has been generally acknowledged. The author develops a craving for expression when his writings are printed. The temperament and the craving for expression are both genuine, for they lie dormant in all humanity, only they dare not be admitted until admission is justified.

And all the time the growing writer—this being who has something to say—has been trying to make himself a writer. Consciously or unconsciously he has been training himself even more strictly than the carpenter or the golfer. He has discovered the lure of craftsmanship. He sees things that he never suspected before. The manipulation of words has begun to concern him deeply, and the manipulation of words being organized thought, he has had to begin, very seriously, to think. . . . Words and thoughts, they are always running round his head together now. His mind will not leave off grinding. It spills itself on paper. Now when he does not write, he feels as if he has betrayed the very essence in himself. This is probably the condition associated with the term "artist." And this, at last, is why the writer writes.—Sarah Gertrude Millin.

A Modern Pilgrim.—I have been staying at a little village in the Leicester district, and have heard talk about certain goings and comings of a "mysterious monk." But the other day, visiting the house of an acquaintance, I learnt exactly who is this elusive person. My acquaintance by a coincidence had just motored him

to Nottingham. In definite clerical terminology he is not a monk at all, but a "pilgrim." He is an embryo priest, one who has not yet taken his final holy orders; and in the meantime he is imitating the mediæval habits of the ancient begging friars, living on the roads as a tramp, sleeping in common lodging-houses and doss-houses (since there are no monasteries), and occasionally getting a meal at a well-to-do man's house or a lift in his motor-car. "Quite a crazy escapade!" a few matter-of-fact people may exclaim. But there is method in his craziness. And it conceals a very definite and great purpose, for he is one of those who (to put it quite accurately if somewhat flamboyantly), has heard the cry of "The Unknown Warrior." He wishes to come into close personal contact with the out-of-works, the outlaws of the roads, the human flotsam and jetsam thrown from the whirlpools of War. He wishes to learn their needs. Three-quarters of these people, he has told my acquaintance, are destitute through no personal fault whatever. Many of them have fought through the war and conducted themselves bravely and honourably. And most surprising of all, he has discovered cultured and university men among them, people whose knowledge and wits, one would have thought, would have saved them from falling into such an extremity. But this "pilgrim" has quite workable ideas. He hopes that some wealthy person will come to the rescue and offer money to buy land that an agricultural colony may be formed, large enough to give employment to one or two hundred of them. That would mean a start, and other agricultural colonies might follow on. Anyone going by train from Leicester to Ashby-de-la-Zouch must have been struck by the very fertile appearance of the country. Once upon a time, I am told, it was a notable agricultural district (perhaps previous to the closing of the monasteries by Henry VIII.), but now most of the land has been given over to pasture. It has a forlorn,

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bankrupt appearance, made even more dismal by the scattered villages of the mining population and occasional carbon heaps of the pits. Coalville, the chief town, is a depressing litter of houses, old and new. The district lies along the borders of Charnwood Forest, a rocky continuation of that timbered expanse (once much larger) known as Sherwood Forest, of Robin Hood reputation. The ghosts of his "merry men" (some of the first of really respected democrats) would smile through the sparse groves of trees to see the outlaws of the roads so decently served. Everything would seem so easy if only the heart of man were a little more generous and kind, and his brain a little more practical. Only the land and a small outlay are asked for. I understand that it is the pilgrim's idea that until the colony could become self-supporting the members of it should continue living in much the same way as they have done, on erratic charity and alms. Moreover, this sort of thing might be done all over England and help to restore the prosperity of agriculture to our decaying countryside. It is high time.—HERBERT E. PALMER.

OF CONCERT-GOERS AND CONCERT PLAYERS.—Now that the concert season is drawing to its close, it may not be out of place to offer one or two comments on the spirit and conditions of concert-going in this country.

It may, I think, be taken as axiomatic that the task of listening to music of the highest order is one of considerable difficulty. I do not mean by this that it is not an enjoyable task, but I do mean that it requires effort and concentration, that it demands a fresh mind and quiet nerves, and that it should not be attended by discomfort, or exposed to distraction. Above all, no factors extraneous to the performance and appreciation of the music should be allowed to intrude.

If this much be admitted, two consequences of outstanding importance would seem to follow.

The first is that the person listening to music should be in a condition of marked physical comfort. Ideally he should be at rest in an armchair, with facilities for crossing his legs and putting his feet up ; he should be able to smoke, to drink, and, if he feel so inclined, to expectorate, and he should be perfectly easy in the matter of his clothing. Such conditions cannot, of course, be completely realised in a modern concert hall. In Germany, however, where they understand these things, there is a sufficient approximation to them to satisfy reasonable men. You sit in a café, you drink your beer, you remove your coat in hot weather and take your ease in your shirt-sleeves ; you smoke, you laugh —for laughter is appropriate to the hearing of some music—you take out your collar-stud if the collar feels tight round the neck, and there is a spittoon. The players, moreover, are accessible, and in due course will drink with you.

Consider now the conditions at the Wigmore or the Aeolian. Rows of straight-backed, red plush chairs strike a note of strict formality, and discourage any suggestion of ease. The fact that you have paid exorbitantly for your seat suggests that music is an expensive luxury, a suggestion which the perfectly groomed person who shows you to your place confirms. The general tone of the place is markedly high ; everything is quietly refined and in excellent taste ; nobody could possibly swear there, and even if you could smoke, which you cannot, it would not be a pipe. You are, moreover, inevitably well dressed, since if you are not, the irreproachable attire of your neighbours produces a feeling of embarrassment even in the most insensitive. Top hats are plentiful, and, if it is evening, evening dress is the rule. The general effect is to put music in its place as an adjunct of the drawing-room, a mere embellishment of the elegant life.

In spite, however, of the excellence of the social tone

you are thoroughly uncomfortable. Your chair is straight-backed and too narrow; there is nowhere to put your hat and stick, and you fiddle with your programme. You may not smoke, drink, or eat; you may not spit, put your feet on the seats in front of you, stretch, yawn or laugh. You feel very much as if you were attending a social function—a church parade is not dissimilar—and the anxiety displayed by members of the audience during the quite unnecessarily long intervals to be seen by the other members of the audience, suggests that they are under the same impression.

Next to the importance of physical ease in the audience is the assignment of a proper unimportance to the interpreter. I do not wish to suggest that the personality of the interpreter is a matter of complete indifference. It is obviously essential that he, or she, should be a competent performer, possessing a degree of skill adequate to the task of rendering all the intricacies of the music with ease and assurance. But this is a question of acrobatics, of mere digital dexterity, and, provided the interpreter can render a satisfactory account of himself on this score, the less he has of "temperament" the better. He is, after all, but a medium through which the music reaches us, differing not in his function, but merely in his way of performing it from the instrument itself. Being a medium his excellence consists in being as clear and as transparent as possible, and any infusion of murkiness due to what is called the "temperament" of the artist can only serve to distort and obscure the message of the composer he is seeking to interpret. What matters at a concert is what is played; how it is played, provided that it is played competently, matters scarcely at all.

These views are shared neither by those who promote concerts nor by the artists who play in them, nor, apparently, by the audiences who attend them. Adver-

tisements of forthcoming concerts in London are eager to inform us that Miss XY will give a recital; but with regard to the music she proposes to recite they remain silent. The preliminary notice on the walls of the underground railways strikes the note in which the whole performance is pitched. Suppose that you have taken the trouble to pay an advance visit to the Aeolian or Wigmore Hall, obtained one of those leaflets, from which alone the items on Miss XY's programme are to be ascertained, and found something to your taste. You decide to attend the concert, and punctually at eight p.m. you are in your uncomfortable and expensive seat. The audience is composed largely of ladies in evening dress, with a considerable sprinkling of school-girls, most of whom seem to be mutually acquainted and to be unusually pleased to see their acquaintances, so that the animated scene suggests a reunion of old friends. These amenities enable the audience to tolerate with equanimity the lateness of the performer who, after discreetly waiting until the audience has been keyed up to the proper pitch of expectàtion, finally puts in an appearance about 8.20. She is greeted with tumultuous applause, which is redoubled after the performance of each item, and again after the numerous encores. Also, she is overloaded with bouquets. Most of the audience is in a state of adoration, and the school-girls are ecstatic with hero-worship. Treated as though she were a prima donna or a cinema star of modified lustre, she fills the limelight and dominates the music. The latter has become an incidental accompaniment to the triumph of Miss XY. It is not a performance of works by Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven which you are attending, but a public exhibition of the musical prowess of a modern young lady, a display of skill not dissimilar in kind and in the manner of its reception—witness the anxiety of the audience to obtain positions from which they can see the pianist's hands—from that

of troupes of acrobats and jugglers at an old-fashioned music-hall.

The glorification of the interpreter being the end and purpose of the concert, it follows that only that type of music is chosen which tends to subserve that end. Chopin, between whose lines what a world of wistful meaning may be read, and Debussy, with his challenge to the stresses and pathos of the pianist, are obvious favourites. So is Bax, or indeed anyone whose modernity gives scope for a highly personal interpretation untrammelled by tradition, while showy pieces with bravura passages are naturally popular.

Bach, of course, is a thankless job ; it is not to be believed that so much hard work should have gone to the production of so little apparent effect, and would-be stars are right to avoid him. I wish, though, that on those rare occasions on which, having rendered a piece of Bach, they meet with a still rarer encore, they would not so readily relapse into the moderns. Nobody encores Bach in order to hear Ravel ; and the pianist is wrong in thinking that the encore is provoked entirely by her playing. For similar reasons chamber music is out of fashion. It demands team work, and playing so carefully dovetailed that no one instrument should dominate, even when it may be distinguished from, the rest. It holds, therefore, little attraction for the celebrity and sensation-craving audience, and less for the star player, who, by the way, is usually a shocking performer of trios and quartets. Hence the tradition of the public performance of chamber music in this country is chiefly kept up by the enthusiastic amateur, who, innocent alike of a reputation to enhance and an ambition to acquire one, can afford to dispense both with stunts and " starring " and to be merely workmanlike ; he plays, that is to say, exactly what was written in a manner not wholly at variance with what may be presumed to have

been the composer's intention, and in so doing is content.

But such fare is too insipid for audiences who desire above all things what is called "the personal touch," and who are led to demand fireworks from a soloist for much the same reason as they have come to prefer tennis as a spectacle to cricket.

Meanwhile, those of us who like music in comfort, but not in evening dress, who think that the difference between Bach and Debussy is more important than the difference between Miss XY and Miss AB, who want, above all, to hear exactly what Bach wrote, and who prefer no temperament at all to too much of it, are driven increasingly to the use of that estimable invention the pianola.—C. E. M. JOAD.

A GREAT NEAPOLITAN ACTOR.—Everyone who knows Naples knows Edoardo Scarpetta the elder, though it is true that he has played far more in Rome than in his native city; and it gave me quite a shock to come across his picture among the members of the famous S. Carlino dialect company in the S. Martino Museum. However, a friend assured me that he was still alive, having retired from the stage after a career lasting fifty-five years, which began with an engagement at the S. Carlino at a *lira* a week. He is the sole survivor of the company of which Antonio Petito, the last great Pulcinella, was the chief glory. Old Neapolitans still talk wistfully of the S. Carlino, the last refuge of the true improvised dialect theatre, which was pulled down in 1884 in the improvements in the Piazza Municipio; during the last four years of its existence it was kept open with brilliant success by the young Scarpetta with a series of farces, often adapted from the French, from his own pen, in which he appeared invariably in his mask, if we may so call it, of Don Felice Sciosciamocca, who has become a household word in Italy. "Go and

call on him," said my friend. "He is a typical Neapolitan of the old school." So I duly betook myself to the Palazzo Scarpetta in the fashionable Amadeo quarter which he has built from the earnings of Don Felice. A copy of the well-known engraving of the S. Carlino faced me as the door opened. It was all I could do not to burst out laughing when I caught sight of the sideways twist of the face of the courtly old gentleman who came forward to greet me, and he told me that many others had said the same. Not that his mouth is actually on one side, like Toole's. I saw Toole only once when a boy, but I should imagine the two actors had much in common, though Scarpetta's art was much finer. But the colossal smile of Don Felice did not spread over his whole face, nor did he begin to rub his hands in that worthy's inimitably insinuating manner. The Cavaliere's dignity did not relax for a moment as he seated himself at his desk in his skull-cap with a shelf of photos running along the wall behind him, and unlike almost every other educated Neapolitan with whom I have conversed for any time, he never once dropped into dialect. Apparently I was almost the first foreigner who had troubled to call on him, of the many who had been to laugh at Don Felice at the Valle in Rome. The news of the Duse's death had arrived a day or two before, and he spoke respectfully of her saying proudly that she had lived for two years in his palace. I reminded him of his performance of the public letter-writer in one of the best of his plays, *Miseria e Nobiltà*. He was pleased, for it was also one of the best of his parts, with a touch of tragedy, if that is not too strong a term, and we laughed over the huge bowl of spaghetti on which the curtain goes down, while a couple of young men are despatching it with uncanny skill with their walking-sticks. He then referred to the difference of temperament between the Italian and the Englishman, saying that Salvini told him that when he

came to London to play Othello he went to see Irving in the part. After the first two acts he decided to give up the idea, so impressed was he with Irving's acting. During the third act, however, he changed his mind. He found Irving cold, and as the play went on he was confident he had something new to show us in the scenes of passion.

The veteran actor is respected of his dependents as becomes the owner of a palace. While the twelve-stone Iris was trudging up to Olympus on the third floor with my letter of introduction, I asked the porter what was the best time to call. " You see, Signò', the girl is taking up the letter. Then she will bring you your orders, whether you are to call at one or two or three. . . . No, impossible. The Cavaliere always rests between four and five. Ecco gli ordini," with a wave to the lift, as a shrill voice came down the shaft ; and his jaw positively dropped when he found that I was to have an immediate audience.—L. COLLISON-MORLEY.

THE DOOM OF THE PEREGRINE FALCON.—In my heart I am troubled, for foul things are done to the peregrine falcons in Devon, in this manner.

I was standing in a field near the small-gauge railway line which is laid in the valley to Lynton from Barnstaple. The rattling croak of a carrion crow in the oak-wooded coombeside made me look up. It was the familiar warning treble croak. The crow had seen a sharp fluttering speck travelling under the grey south-westerly rainclouds. I recognized a peregrine falcon. She flew at about a thousand feet, and possibly at eighty or ninety miles an hour. She bore a pigeon in her talons, which she was plucking in flight. (I knew the habits of the peregrine ; the male, or tiercel, broods the young in the cliff eyrie, and the female or falcon, hunts and plucks and skins, calls him off the ledge with

her wild and wailing cry and he takes her catch in the air.)

As I watched she checked and tumbled. She spun and spiralled, like one whose brain-motors are flashing out. It was sad to see the haughty fearless one so troubled. Strychnine was twitching and torturing her neck and legs.

She fell in the long grass beside a red spire of sorrel, on her back, with hooked beak gaping and a pigeon feather stuck to the tooth of the mandible. Her yellow feet spread and clutched spasmodically ; but in the full liquid brown eyes remained an untamable fierce hauteur. I was squeamish about crushing those eyes (with their Conradian steadfastness) under my heel, so I gave her water in my tobacco pouch, and she died.

Her death was the work of certain Barnstaple pigeon fanciers. Years ago, having despaired of shooting, trapping, or frightening the falcons (there are three known pairs in North Devon), these men tied poisoned rabbit-liver to the breasts of selected pigeons, but when struck these birds were usually abandoned by the falcons. The men plucked pigeon breasts, and rubbed in lard and strychnine, but the pigeons died before the falcons stooped. Now they keep in cot all birds on certain days ; the falcons come over, often a mile high and invisible by the naked eye, and circle until the chosen kit is released. Lard and strychnine is already smeared on the breastfeathers of these birds.

What can one do? The fancier who hates the falcons (they are rare birds) loves his pigeons—or the prizes he hopes to win. It's against the law, of course ; but no one seems to care, and they have been doing it for years. The local journalists go their torpescent way ; once I saw three lines, between advertisements for Female Pills and Smokeless Powder, describing "a lively duel between a champion tippler and a hawk" over the town. The tippler won, by the way ; it must

have flown miles into the air. What to do? The pigeon owners are protecting their birds, but no one protects the wild peregrines; there's no money to be made out of them nowadays, and what is the value of life compared with money?—HENRY WILLIAMSON.

SCIENTISTS, ELEPHANTS AND PARROTS.—It has been argued by scientific writers that while the scientist, particularly the mathematical scientist, is an artist, one great difference between the scientist and the artist who has no training in science is that the former, seeking always for proof, is ever open to conviction, and is less prone, both by temperament and the necessities of his work, to the vices of vanity, self-consciousness and overbearing in controversy, because the subjects of which he treats and the discoveries he makes are verifiable and valid to us all; he dare not go over the edge; mistakes, if in candour he admit them, count nothing against him, but he has to toe the line of experience or be proved a charlatan; whereas there is something of the occult—"truth" from a realm sensible only to supernormal approach—in a work of "pure" imagination, and if it surrenders nothing to our unwary understanding then the fault is in us, and the artist may justly whisk away on the wings of his superior culture and leave us in our darkness. The scientist accepts the "facts" of Copernicus, Newton, Darwin, Einstein when they are proven, and, without breaking his heart, would throw them down if they were disestablished by to-morrow's discoveries, for his search is for truth, and in that serene, impartial enterprise there is no wisdom in controverting a "fact." An austere discipline. But though its laws are rigid it grants its adherents ample scope—and they are free of the layman's criticism. They are commanded to describe but they need never explain, and are warned that philosophy is full of perils—and, anyhow, is no part of their business. It calls to its service

only orderly, tidy minds, so disinterested in their observation of phenomena and impartial in the formulation of theory that even emotional sincerity must be dismissed as sentimentalism.

But this layman is puzzled. In the history of science instances of altering the evidence or ignoring it may be very rare; though there was that matter of Alfred Russell Wallace, whose belief in spiritualism led him in his old age to construct a stellar scheme which placed our earth at the very centre of the universe, a unique position which alone could make possible the development of intelligent life. How this helped his theory of design, his belief in spirits and his faith in mediums I never understood, but his own mind was satisfied and comforted by it. In trying to get at the evidence for and against the opposing anthropological theories of the independent generation of customs and beliefs and of the diffusion of culture from one starting-point, one would expect to enter a region of controversy where all the disputants, intent on nothing but the truth being made known and our history cleanly written, conduct the debate lucidly, single-mindedly, and without passion. Instead, the ethnologists reveal themselves as heated in temper and as brazen in the concealment and the manœuvring of facts as any politicians, and, since they are ten times more intelligent than the latter, there is nothing but dust for the poor layman's eyes. This behaviour of the scientists is in itself an interesting psychological problem which needs investigation.

We are anxious to learn whether Professor G. Elliot Smith and the late Dr. Rivers have established their case. Briefly, they claim that the inspiration to develop civilization in America came from Asia in the first ten centuries of the Christian era. The fashionable ethnological dogma is that pre-Columbian civilization was a native product owing nothing to, because it knew nothing of, the Old World. Professor Elliot Smith has

now written a book, *Elephants and Ethnologists* (Kegan Paul, 15s., net) which to me is convincing, but what is almost as interesting as his theory is the evidence he adduces of the state of mind of the unbelievers. One untrained in the science has to tread warily; there may be much to say on the other side. But what is it? It surely should be something better than the assertion that a figure which any man or child after a visit to the Zoo would at once declare to represent an elephant is either that of a blue macaw or a tortoise. Hitherto the resemblance between a parrot and an elephant has never impressed us as very striking; but the anti-diffusionists cling to their dogma with a tenacity which suggests they must have a better case. We should like to know it.

Very largely the evidence for diffusion rests on the nose of an elephant. Professor Elliot Smith has followed the nose from India to Honduras. Proboscidea have always attracted the artist. The cave-man depicted them, and when we find the elephant design in lands that creature never knew, what conclusions are to be drawn—apart from those of, perhaps, deeper import, which touch upon the mystical significance of the proboscis and the perennial fascination it has had for the artist, paleolithic and futurist? To study only the illustrations to this sumptuous volume brings conviction to a mind unbiased by a pre-conceived idea; Professor Elliot Smith's talent for crystal-clear exposition leaves nothing for doubt to feed upon. The occasional spice of derision he mixes with his argument may be only another proof of the common origin of the human species, scientists and theologians as well; that can pass.

The illustrations mentioned are of the figures carved on monoliths at Copan, in Honduras. No certain date is ascribed to these ruins; generally, it is agreed to place them within the first ten centuries A.D. Certainly, several centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic

a sculptor carved upon the Copan monument what no one would hesitate—if we had not read to the contrary—to call an Indian elephant ridden by an undoubted turbaned *mahout*. Neither elephants nor mahouts are indigenous to the New World, and the turban is not known there as a head-dress. Then, since no one denies that the carvings are pre-Columbian, what conclusion can be drawn other than that the Mayan's inspiration came from Asia? Professor Elliot Smith makes the definite claim that the American culture was derived in large measure from Indo-China and bears the same relationship to it as Cambodia does to India. But there is a solid phalanx of opposition. An elephant completely upsetting their theory of "spontaneous generation," the Monroe doctrinaires assert that the trunk is the beak of a blue macaw, or, if not that, then a tortoise, or perhaps a tapir, indeed, any creature but the one it looks like. It is not explained why a turbaned *mahout* should ride on a macaw, nor why the Mayan artist, who was so skilful in representing other objects, should be so entirely unsuccessful in depicting creatures with which he was familiar. Other anthropologists, conceding a little ground, argue that the Mayans could quite well have been acquainted with the fossil skulls of miocene elephants. And it is not impossible; but one also has to accept, if this be correct, that the Mayan was not only an artist but an expert paleontologist—he dug up the fossil bones of the extinct mammoth and clothed them with flesh, and even had prescience of the boneless trunks and ears!

There is much else besides the Indian elephant: corroborative details appear in the whole design which could be derived only from the mythology of India. But the elephant suffices—though it is amusing to note, in regard to one of the details, the strange obfuscation which can overcome unyielding upholders of *a priori* hypotheses. There is a Maya representation of a man

or god emerging from the mouth of a monster. Dr. Herbert Spinden says of this that it "is perhaps the most striking and original feature of Maya art." Original! Dr. Spinden has never heard of Jason's search for the Golden Fleece nor of Jonah's adventure with the whale.

To the question of how this culture reached America from Asia, the details of the Copan monument provide significant answers. The track of migration is from India, by Indo-China, Indonesia, Melanesia. "The stream of Western culture that was effecting such profound developments in Cambodia during the centuries from the fourth to the twelfth A.D.," Dr. Elliot Smith argues, "was not stopped at the Asiatic littoral, but spread to Oceania and America." Man was an early wanderer in Oceania. Long voyages were made in great boats—many boats, it is known, were 130 feet in length—and during the centuries many thousands of immigrants must have landed on the Pacific coast of America, bringing with them their traditions and their customs.

The facts adduced by Professor Elliot Smith in this great human problem seem to provide a definite and conclusive demonstration of the diffusion of culture. If there is evidence against it, we want to learn of it. What is the case for the ethnological Monroe doctrine? If it is to convince, it must rest on something sounder than the turning of elephants into parrots and tortoises. —PHILIP TOMLINSON.

WANTED: A CINEMA REVIEW.—To remark that the film-play has established itself as an art-form is to state a fact no longer widely disputed. Yet, though most of all in need of friendly attention, it alone among all the arts of wide popular appeal remains without adequate criticism. There are only two classes of periodicals which deal with film-plays in general in anything like

the same way that many weeklies deal with books as a whole, but neither of these offers the least assistance. The main function of the trade journals is to guide theatre-managers in the choice of the films they are to show; the distinctions made here have nothing to do with art but only with popular appeal. The other style of paper seems to cater solely for the undiscriminating if enthusiastic "film-fan"; its editor puts his trust in the well-advertised and the "big name." A million-dollar "star" is more to him than a wilderness of actors, and the showing-up of a single "stunt" of more profit than any consideration of its significance as one episode in a complete story. These apart, there are but one or two weeklies which attempt anything like regular criticism, and they have necessarily to confine themselves to outstanding films, many of which never reach cinema-goers as a whole: the rest is silence.

But the cinema deserves better than this. It exerts to-day a powerful and far-reaching influence; it is becoming to the many what the theatre is to the few; it is in most cases the illiterate man's nearest approach to the world of literature, and its neglect by the intelligentsia will only affect it for the worse. What is wanted is a new kind of weekly or monthly which will confine itself mainly to criticism of the film-play, a sort of *Times Literary Supplement* of the cinema, a paper neither for the tradesman nor for the film-struck, but one which all men can read with interest. It must be at once both comprehensive and severely critical, containing at least a brief notice of every film as it is issued. The plainly damnable can be damned roundly and be done with; the more intelligent film-play must receive consideration at some length, and with a due seriousness and a constructive criticism such as will benefit not only the spectator, but also author, producer, and actor. Its columns can give space to competent essays on the æsthetic and technique of the film-play, and on such questions as that of

the translation into its peculiar terms of the literary masterpiece (a feat which has too rarely been tackled successfully or even intelligently); the merit of the individual actor may be profitably discussed without recourse to the "heart-to-heart" interview or the "personal message." In short, the film-play must be treated with the respect which it deserves.

The main argument against such a paper will be the statement that as yet there exists no sufficiently intelligent cinema audience to give it a circulation, but indeed it is difficult to believe that there would not be as wide a circle of purchasers for it as for one dealing with an instrument of such comparatively limited scope and interest as is the gramophone. It is my belief that a periodical of this nature is bound to appear some day, and soon; it is time for it now! Achievement can never forge very far ahead of appreciation, and until such a paper appears to play its part in educating the public the advance of the film-play must necessarily be slow.—GEOFFREY H. WELLS.

CONRAD AND COWES

By The Journeyman

I THOUGHT Joseph Conrad's last novel, *The Rover*, was an assurance that he would be with us for some time yet. It even satisfied, we have been glad to be assured, the younger and more particular critics, who missed in it what they have named his "parade." They did not like his parade. And it is true there was a slow and sombre stateliness about Conrad's prose; and stateliness is not a characteristic of most of our younger writers. If one tried to imagine them in the act, they would appear a little curious parading slowly in purple robes; their stature might not accord with such a display. Still, their instinct may be right concerning purple and the grand manner, and if they have something better to show than that, then we shall know what it is when we see it.

But to me *The Rover* was, as we would say of the work of a young man, a promising book. We had heard that Conrad was in ill-health, yet his last novel was evidence of unexpected mental vigour—of an easy control of his material and of austere economy in the use of it—which must have surprised a generation that had forgotten *Typhoon*, and had been wearied by *The Rescue*. It was natural that we should then suppose the author of *The Rover* would for long keep bright a light that was noteworthy in an age darkened by barbarism and muddled by what resembles hysteric levity. I speak with some feeling, for the day after Conrad was buried I walked six miles to get a London paper which would tell me of the passing of a great artist who had

not only enriched English literature, but had added to the body of it a tribute to the men and the ships of a period of our maritime history which, but for his rare knowledge and his just art, would have been forgotten. I could find, however, only two popular dailies; each had but a brief and vapid paragraph in an unimportant position. But there were columns of Cowes and boxing, and pages of pictures of women bathing.

Conrad, of late years, disliked being referred to as a novelist of the sea. One of the finest tributes to the author of the *Nigger* I have seen appeared some years ago in the *Nation*, and was signed by Havelock Ellis. It was, to those who do not know that Mr. Havelock Ellis was born in a house overlooking the Pool of London, that his father was master of a wool clipper, and that he himself has voyaged round Cape Horn in a barque from Australia, a curious subject for that scholar and critic. But Mr. Havelock Ellis, I thought, said the right word about an important but scarcely marked feature of Conrad's contribution to letters, and said it with his usual mastery. Yet when I mentioned this to Conrad, he became, quite evidently, a trifle petulant. It was clear he had been wearied by the inordinate love of those who continued to refer to his epics of the South Seas, his "windjammers," and his experiences off Cape Horn. Conrad was never in the South Seas; he never rounded Cape Horn; he never called ships windjammers—though it should be unnecessary to point out these things to readers and admirers of his works so ardent that they feel impelled to comment upon them in print. His experiences were mainly in Eastern waters. He was familiar enough with the China Sea between Singapore and Borneo, and with the Gulf of Siam and the Indian Ocean.

Still, we will admit that those facts have about as much to do with the case as has Dorchester with Thomas Hardy's prose. For Conrad gave us old man Singleton,

and Captain MacWhirr, the picture of the *Narcissus* on her beam ends in the Southern Ocean, the story of his first long voyage in *Youth* (never again will there be such a story of a voyage in such a ship), the disaster to the pilgrim ship in the Red Sea when Lord Jim left her so casually, almost accidentally, but fatally, one hot night; the chapter named Initiation in the *Mirror of the Sea*, the fight of the *Nan-Shan* with the typhoon, and so many vistas of coasts and seas, in all phases of wind and weather, and of so many ships and their chance companies of men, that we may say that through Conrad, who was not an Englishman and not even an islander, justice at last was done, with commensurate dignity, to an aspect of human activity so peculiarly English that we had always jealously resented the claims of foreign seamen, yet an activity so far and obscure to most of us that we had cheerfully accepted as its meet representation ballads and stories of ships and seamen which came in nicely between the painted noses and the tricks with bicycles of our music-halls. Are we a nation of seafarers? London east of Tower Hill is as foreign as Samarkand to the important residential suburbs which would become overgrown with chickweed and groundsel but for the men, often disreputable, and nearly always inarticulate, whose mysterious and distant labours keep London's chimneys smoking. Yet those two vapid paragraphs in those two popular newspapers, and the photographs of the nobility at Cowes! We're a queer people!

Well, Conrad chose our island for his home, and chose the Red Ensign, which marks the British industry that provides our nobility with the means to lark about with sailing-boats at Cowes, for his symbol. And he justified himself with a tribute to our seafarers in that rare form of English art, imaginative prose. He did even more than that. When he left the sea—he was a master mariner in our service—it was at the end of an era.

Steam, the Suez Canal, and the submarine cable, were abolishing a tradition of the sea which had lasted from Tyre ar l Sidon to Blackwall Point in 1890. The ships had become entirely different, and their men. In Conrad's day the very pilot cutters, like those of the M·rsey and the Bristol Channel, embodied a lore which began with the dug-out canoe. They were the perfection of all that accumulated knowledge, little creations so adjusted to the elements that hurricane weather could not keep them from their duties, handled as they were by men who could have worked their way home from uncharted southern waters on palm boles, if a wreck provided them with nothing better. A new time was changing all that. The old lore was being lost. A new generation, even of seamen, began to look upon old Singleton as though he were an amusing object, disreputable, rude, yet perhaps a trifle dangerous. At times, even young men could see, he betrayed unexpectedly an uncanny knowledge and prescience. No doubt. It was the Singletons who made London. That able seaman was the last of a great race whose work ended with the clippers. Then the engineers took over the job. Joseph Conrad contributed to the stock of English literature a testimony to those men and their work which is in accord with the great tradition of our prose.

What more could he have done for us? In what better way could he have proved his sense of fellowship with the English? And what has Cowes Week, that assembly of white duck trousers, pea-jackets, and toys, to do with us? Have you ever stayed at a Cowes hotel during "the week"? A desolating experience! Almost like trying to find reality in a popular daily, or fun in the Brompton Road. We are not a nation of snobs. We really do prefer our disreputable Singletons to all the august wonders of the Royal Yacht Squadron's club-house, for we know they belong to

life, and the other to make-believe. But, like Singleton, we are not very articulate, and are easily imposed upon. We accept our picture Press without a protest, as if we were entitled to nothing better, yet knowing in our hearts that it is not the people that make Cowes so attractive who pull us through storms, somehow, when we are on our beam-ends, but a different sort of folk, through their hereditary skill with the raw stuff of life, and through their dumb fidelity. Fidelity to what? To an idea.

But to what idea? I suppose that is more than any of us could say. Why should Singleton have been faithful? Did he get anything out of it? Four-pound-ten a month, and hot coffee when it could be made. Holding on to a duty, frozen and dazed, his skill but an instinct, for thankless owners and people at home who knew nothing about it, when it would have been much easier to have accepted doom as inevitable and have surrendered to the powers of darkness. Pulling her out of it, and then going ashore again to chuckle over it, or grumble about it, and get drunk. Imbecility or magnificence? Singleton to me is like that other uncouth figure, nameless, as forgotten as himself, shapeless with gas-mask and digging tools, cumbered with a rifle and tin-cans, crowned with an iron bowl, who once crouched and sludged through the mud of Flanders, whose face bore no expression, either of despair or of hope, but who hung on dumbly while his betters thought out the next historical mistake. An imbecile or a hero? Neither. Just one of the Nobodies who are as essential to our well-being as the sun whose faithfulness benefits both the just and the unjust. Conrad loved the Singletons and the MacWhirrs, who faced it without knowing enough to ask why they did it; and that always warmed me to Conrad. He wrote about those humble men as though he were a Chronicler of Kings. His purple and his stateliness were right.

MULTUM IN PARVO

NEWLY FOUND POEMS BY CLARE.—It has been questioned whether a poet of Mr. Edmund Blunden's worth is justified in spending so many years of his life in resurrecting the reputations of poets dead and gone; but we are grateful for the good things that have come from this loving labour. Over fifty newly found poems by Clare are printed in a beautiful volume, "Madrigals and Chronicles," edited by Mr. Blunden and published by the Beaumont Press. The work is more than justified by such lines as these, which Clare produced with a prodigality which in itself is surely an attribute of genius:—

> "Ragwort, thou humble flower with tattered leaves,
> I love to see thee come and litter gold,
> What time the summer binds her russet sheaves;
> Decking rude spots in beauties manifold,
> That without thee were dreary to behold,
> Sunburnt and bare—the meadow bank, the baulk
> That leads a waggon way through mellow fields,
> Rich with the tints that harvest's plenty yields,
> Browns of all hues; and everywhere I walk
> Thy waste of shining blossoms richly shields
> The sunburnt swar l, in splendid hues, that burn
> So bright and glaring that the very light
> Of the rich sunshine doth to paleness turn,
> And seems but very shadows in the sight."

In discussing Clare's position, Mr. Blunden perceives possible criticisms, and concedes that Clare's "conception of an eternal singing leaves many of his individual poems insufficiently wrought up," but he has an "unparalleled intimacy with the English countryside; a rare power of transfusing himself into the life of everything beneath the sky, save certain ardours and purposes of men; a natural ease of diction, well suited to hold the mirror up to Nature; a sense of the God in the fly and the cataract; a haunting—Mary Joyce the symbol—of an ethereal love, Woman *in excelsis*; and, as the charm for his casual hearer, a delicate and elemental music."

"LIKE ME."—A writer in a literary weekly describing Joseph Conrad, says: I was just then on the crest of a tiny little boom of my very own. There were, I know, quite a goodly few people keenly curious about me. I found myself being described in personal paragraphs as all kinds of an extraordinary creature. . . . And then, somehow, I was being introduced to Joseph Conrad. . . . He was little known then. I had read hardly a line of his stuff. But in the instant we began to talk he was enthusiastically praiseful of H. G. Wells. Wells had been the first to extol in the *Saturday Reveiw* his earliest books. "I didn't know," said I, "that Wells had ever done any literary criticism. I knew he was a thundering good judge of literature because he likes my stuff." "A thundering good judge—yes, said he, with that strong inflexion of a foreign accent which he never overcame. "He likes my stuff, too." . . . He was aristocratic in grain, as I am, and we felt that indefinable link between us which made us understand and at the same time wonder how the lives of two such men as he and I should diverge so abruptly, so acutely, only to converge at last to that single point of contact. . . . He was, like me, by nature a silent man. But, again like me, under stress of excitement, he could talk prodigiously.

LOVE AND JOY.—He who does not love man in his joy does not love him in anything. How is asceticism going to cope with this idea? He who does not love man's joy, does not love man himself. (*V. V. Rosanov.*)

PROBLEM NO. 16.—A man sits on a perfectly frictionless table out of reach of the edge. How can he, by his own efforts, get off the table?

Answer to No. 15: Zero.

BOOKS TO READ

REJUVENATION AND THE PROLONGATION OF HUMAN EFFICIENCY. By Dr. Paul Kammerer. (Methuen.) 8s. 6d. net.

Dr. Kammerer is known as Professor Steinach's closest co-worker and disciple. He has written a popular exposition of his master's discoveries. There is an over-confident, buoyant note which does not impress a reader as being very scientific.

THE ECONOMIC CONDITION OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By S. M. Prokopovich. (P. S. King & Son.) 7s. 6d. net.

The sources used by the author are Bolshevist. Since there is no freedom of the Press in Russia no other sources of information are available. As a professor of economics he knows how to estimate the value of his material, and he believes he has succeeded in giving an impartial account of Russia's national economy under the Soviet Government. He concludes that what is called the "new economic policy" contains too much of the old Lenin policy to be really helpful in establishing legal order and economic freedom.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND, 1066-1500. By R. Trevor Davis. (Macmillan.) 16s. net.

A book of great merit. A better introduction to the life of the Middle Ages and their influences on subsequent times might be possible on a larger scale but not within the compass of 385 pages. Events are described only in proportion to the greatness and permanence of their results—"so far as they can be ascertained." Social and economic happenings are treated as of more importance than the deeds of people in power.

RICHARD THE LION HEART. By Kate Norgate. (Macmillan.) 16s. net.

A Serbian Minister pleaded at a meeting in Paris in 1919: "It is not Great Britain who will fail in keeping her promises. Great Britain has known us ever since Richard received our hospitality and built for us a most beautiful church on the spot where our ancestors had saved him from shipwreck on his way back from the Crusade." A trusting belief in our regard for an adventurer who is little more than a legend. Miss Norgate writes romantically of this strange prince, and, if she leaves us in the dark about what the common people of England were like, she has done something to make us at least as well-informed as the Serbian Minister.

THE AWAKENING OF ITALY. By Luigi Villari. (Methuen.) 10s. 6d. net.

Dr. Villari is a well-known writer on politics and travel, and is an official of the Italian Foreign Office. He has all the advantages of possessing information, but he will prove not too useful a guide to English readers. To speak of his belief in Fascism would be to use too mild a word. It is a religion with him, and makes it impossible for him to offer any critical analysis. The beauty of force dazzles him.

GREEK CIVILISATION AND CHARACTER. By Arnold J. Toynbee. GREEK HISTORICAL THOUGHT. By Arnold J. Toynbee. (Dent.) 5s. net each.

Two new volumes in the Library of Greek Thought. The success of a series such as this is significant. The demand does exist or the supply would not. Of the anthologies named above the first is a self-revelation of ancient Greek Society, and the second illustrates by passages from Herodotus and other historians the philosophy of history.

A DICTIONARY OF THE CHARACTERS AND PROPER NAMES IN THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Francis Griffin Stokes. (Harrap.) 21s. net.

An ambitious project carried through to success. Much information is given concerning the characters and places classified. A highly useful reference book.

A GEORGE ELIOT DICTIONARY. By Isadore G. Mudge and M. E. Sears. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d. net.

A dictionary of the characters and scenes of the novels and short stories and of the poems where the last named contain fictitious names of characters. It is not true to say that such a work is within the power of anyone possessing the gifts of accuracy and painstaking research. These qualities are needed, but in such a degree that, as with these authors, they amount to talent.

Cambridge Cameos. By Sir Arthur E. Shipley. (Cape.) 10s. 6d. net.

No one knows the life of Cambridge University better than Sir Arthur Shipley does. He writes of people and places with charm. There is much seriousness in his "attack" on any subject, but always cheerfulness breaks in.

A History of Art. By H. B. Cotterill. Vol. II. (Harrap.) £2 2s.

The second volume of Mr. Cotterill's work deals with later European art, and contains also chapters on Oriental sculpture and painting. The author has kept to history, eschewing criticism as much as possible, and he is wise, for his ventures into expressions of opinion are not always happy. As a collection of facts and dates the book is of much value. The arts of architecture and sculpture are considered as well as painting. It is profusely illustrated with photographs.

A Book of "Characters." Compiled and translated by Richard Aldington. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d. net.

The latest addition to the Broadway Translations is an entertaining anthology of 550 "Characters" drawn from the works of Theophrastus, Sir Thomas Overbury, Thomas Fuller, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Cyrano de Bergerac, and a great many others. Mr. Aldington is to be congratulated upon his selection, particularly upon his discoveries among works inaccessible to the general public.

A Pilgrim in Spain. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. (Methuen.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bell dislikes tourists, and we recommend them to read his book, for he chasteneth more by example than by scorn. He travelled over Spain as a pedlar, and since he knows the Spanish people, their language, their literature and their history, and possesses a lively English pen, he has written a real travel book.

Carlyle and Mill. By Emery Neff. (Columbia University Press.) $2.25.

Herbert Spencer expressed the not too pious wish that someone would compare John Stuart Mill as a typical Utilitarian with Carlyle as a typical Anti-Utilitarian. What Spencer suggested in malice, Mr. Neff, in this study of Mystic and Utilitarian, has carried into serious, almost solemn, execution.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Something Childish: and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. (Constable.) 6s. net.

The Marriage Craft. By D. H. S. Nicholson. (Cobden Sanderson.) 6s. net.

The Little French Girl. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

Shadows that Pass. By Otto Rung. (Appleton.) 6s. net.

The Natural Man. By Patrick Miller. (Grant Richards.) 7s. 6d. net.

The Dark Night. By May Sinclair. A Novel in Verse. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

SOME CHEAP REPRINTS

The Inn of Tranquillity. Studies and Essays by John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.) 2s. net.

"The Misfortunes of Elphin" and "Crotchet Castle." By Thomas Love Peacock. Edited by R. W. Chapman. (Milford.) 2s. net.

The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche. By Anatole France. (Lane.) 2s. 6d. net.

Cashel Byron's Profession. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable.) 3s. 6d. net.

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The Adelphi

VOL. II. NO. 5. OCTOBER, 1924

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

By John Middleton Murry.

THIS month I am pressed for time. I have been given up to the study of Keats, and I could not drag myself away from him until there were but three days left in which to write this article. Two of these days I have spent in writing an essay on "Beauty and Truth." This morning I was overwhelmed by the sense that it was too difficult, too obscure. So I tore open the printer's envelope and put the essay on one side. I believe that the essay is true; but I doubt whether one in a hundred of my readers would understand it. What I had tried, with effort, to compress into a dozen pages, would need a whole volume for its proper exposition. I was compelled to use a dozen vital words in senses other than those which they usually bear, and the explanation of what I meant by any one of those words would have taken another essay.

So, with but an hour or two before the inexorable post, I sit down to write something else. It is painful to me to have had to reject a thing written with so much effort because I realise that others must find it obscure. It is more than painful; it is alarming, because I am suddenly aware that all the thoughts which are now most natural to me on subjects which I hold to be of prime importance, must appear obscure to others. There is a point in one's progress at which it becomes

impossible to express one's thought clearly without distorting it; and the more completely natural and spontaneous this thought is, the more hopeless seems the attempt to try to translate it into terms of discourse. These natural and spontaneous thoughts—I will call them organic thoughts—are of a different kind from the thoughts that can be formulated by the intellect and grasped by it. To me they seem altogether more true; they seem to belong to another realm, to a realm, if not of the pure reality, at least of a higher reality than can be grasped by the intellect. And, strangely enough, after a little while the mind moves freely and with ease among these organic thoughts: they flow out of each other with a movement which I can describe only as the movement of life itself. Yet they are not abstract; they are not divorced from what we normally call the world of reality. These thoughts are such that they give the actual world substance and meaning and inevitability and truth and beauty. Let me take a paragraph from my abandoned essay, describing their power.

> One has the sense that many things (nay, all things) fall into place. They fall into place, but not into place in a scheme, for a scheme is fixed and static, but true knowledge being itself organic apprehends organically. It makes contact with that all-pervading and living reality which must needs be manifested to a knowledge that is not organic in antinomies and oppositions; it knows that these things must be thus and not otherwise; it watches the One flower into contradictions and dilemmas and mysteries; it watches, yet indeed it does not watch, for itself is such a One, flowering in the realm of discourse into contradictions and dilemmas and mysteries; yet indeed it is not such a One, it is itself that One.

There is the cause of my pain and disquietude. I wrote that passage with a flowing pen, with the utmost ease. To what I have called my organic thought it seems to me even now utterly simple: but to my normal thought, which is no longer normal to me, let me say to

that faculty of thought which was habitually mine five years ago when I edited *The Athenæum*, it seems strange and incomprehensible.

What shall I do then? I cannot translate these thoughts of mine into a simpler language. In the language that is natural to them, it seems to me that the elements of paradox and contradiction are held as it were in solution. They are not precipitated. To a mind which understands this natural and organic language, the contraries are dissolved by it. But if I were to try to make it simpler, they would crystallize, solidify, and become impenetrable. I can see that it must be so; I saw that it must be so, before I made the experiment. The very moment after I had written that paragraph which—I say again—is simple and lucid to me, I had the feeling that it could not fail to be misinterpreted. And I tried to put myself on guard. "I read my words" (I wrote) "and they sound like the words of a pure mystic. I am not a mystic. . . ." Then I had to write, "and yet indeed perhaps I am." And no sooner was that written than, What can my readers think of this, I thought? They will look upon me as some sort of juggler with words. "I am not a mystic; and yet indeed perhaps I am." Am I to appear like a casuist and quibbler because sheer honesty compelled me not to suffer the statement "I am not a mystic" pass without qualification? It does not matter to me one rap whether *I* appear as a casuist and a quibbler; but it does supremely matter that what I am trying to say should not appear as casuistry and quibbling. Yet every thought I try to translate into the simple language of discourse becomes a paradox. I see that it must be so. That is a complete consolation to me as a man who has in his own way struggled to reach the truth; but it brings no consolation to the editor of THE ADELPHI.

I do not want to scare away from these pages readers who find me incomprehensible: not because it matters

to me in the ordinary sense whether this magazine lives or dies. But in the extraordinary sense, which things chiefly have for me nowadays—a sense of the same order as the thoughts I vainly try to express—it matters a great deal that people should continue to read THE ADELPHI. There is in it something—though not always and not in every part—that they will not find in any other magazine to-day. I did not put it there; and I am not planting a feather in my cap by saying so. I am simply uttering my conviction, my certainty. There is in this magazine something which you will not find in any other magazine to-day: and this something is important. Moreover, this something is not me, or mine. I have a part in it, but nothing more; I think my part is necessary to it: but it would become not merely unnecessary, but positively dangerous, if my writing had the effect of frightening away from the magazine by its obscurity readers who might receive what is essentially the same thing through other minds than my own.

For my own mind—I begin to see it clearly now—is not a simple one. It has been created out of very complex elements, and though these complex elements have at last attained their resolution in a simplicity which I myself know to be simple, its simplicity is not what others would call simplicity. I have had to go my wn way—always my own way. And so it has come bout that I can only describe myself paradoxically: "I am not a mystic, yet perhaps I am; I am not a hristian, yet perhaps I am; I am not an editor, yet erhaps I am." Such a mind as this, I know, cannot ut be confusing to minds simpler than itself. And yet must continue to go its own way. It is no good my retending to a simplicity of another kind than that I tually possess. It is no good for well-meaning people say to me, as they sometimes do: "Why don't you ally *edit* your magazine, as you used to edit *The*

ra

Athenæum?" Frankly, I have no interest in editing what the critics would call a good magazine. There was a time when I had such an interest; but that was in the days when I did not know the difference between the true and the false, when I had a welcome for anything that was "well-written." That was the only standard I could apply: and I was by virtue of that standard, a good editor. Now I am something different. I have a standard of truth, because I have some knowledge of the truth. I am interested now, not in "good writing," or "attractive articles," but in truth. To me no writing is good except it is the vehicle of the truth, or of part of the truth. For many years I knew instinctively that all the greatest literature contained the truth; but I could not truly understand how or why it was that the fullest truth should be contained in great writing and great art alone. I felt that it was so, but I could not comprehend. Now I do comprehend.

The essay which I have put aside was written to show why and how this is so. It pains me to think that it must inevitably be incomprehensible, because it contains a fragment of the knowledge to which all that I have written in these pages has been tending. And now that I have something of the knowledge, I cannot utter it. What I wrote last month on life and death brought me to the verge of sheer incomprehensibility: I tried my utmost to say something that could not be said. I think and hope that some people understood it; but if they did, it was because they knew it before, even though they had not spoken it. But the essay on life and death was the extreme point where I might hope to remain intelligible. What I know now, it is clear to me, must be incomprehensible. But, for those—and I hope but dare not expect that they are very many—who understood what I was trying to say about life and death, I copy out the last sentences of the essay I have put aside. (As was inevitable, I find

when I turn to them, that they are another *caveat* against misinterpretation.)

> At this point (I know by grim experience) some well-meaning person will interpret me as the sort of idealist who imagines that the soul inhabits the body like a superior little gentleman in the top storey of an otherwise disreputable block of flats. I hate that "soul"; of all vicious non-entities he is the worst. The soul lives in and through the body; through the body alone it can come to discover and possess its own identity. The soul which does not accept the body and know it for its own true and inevitable mansion, may be a very wonderful thing, but it is less than a living soul. The living soul is the point of focus of the complete man—the Holy Ghost that broods over and manifests in the secular antinomy of soul and body. And for the knowledge of this living soul (who is other than the soul who opposes body) the work of art provides the fullest, though not the only speech. The living soul alone can enter wholly into that realm of truer life where Beauty and Truth are indeed one and the same; it enters it by virtue of the fact that in itself also Beauty and Truth are one and the same. It enters its own kingdom: nay, it enters into itself.
>
> This kingdom is pre-eminently the kingdom of art; for art alone can hold in a single act of natural vision the living One that is manifested and the Many through which it is and must be manifested. Religion and Science alike, though they also have sovereign access to this kingdom of the One, can see their road to enter it only by turning their eyes away from the Many: and the Many is also real.

At the same moment that I know that this is simple and lucid and true I know that it is incomprehensible, impossible in this magazine. What I shall do henceforward with these thoughts of mine, I do not know. Perhaps some way may be found of uttering them—a way not of discourse, but of art. I am reminded of Wittgenstein's ending to his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. "He who has found wherein the meaning of the world consists finds it impossible to say wherein that meaning consists." But there is an utterance for these things: the utterance of great art. I am not a great artist. I have never cared to be a little one. But

I am not an artist at all. I am, if I am anything definite, a critic. And I am in the queer position of having reached a point at which my medium of utterance is useless; I have entered a country where my language is not spoken.

What will happen I do not know. I do not worry myself with speculating. I cannot go back—I am speaking now not of myself but of my writing here—and I cannot go forward. Perhaps it may be well, at this moment of marking time, to try to explain what I mean by saying that "I am not a mystic, and yet perhaps indeed I am." I mean this: I believe that essentially my position is the same as that of a mystic, but that I did not reach it by any mystical path. (Perhaps even that is too much to say. I know very little of mysticism; and it may be that the road I have followed is perfectly well-known to mystics. But that would not make it a mystical path in the sense in which I am now using the phrase.) If I am a mystic, the cause is simply that *omnia abeunt in mysterium*, and the mystery into which all things and all human souls do emerge, is the same mystery. That I know to be so. It seems to me to be simply a question of following that in yourself which you know to be true. Then there will be as many paths as there are individuals, and every path will lead finally to the same knowledge of the same truth. Some of these paths can be grouped together, no doubt, as mystical paths. That, I think, will depend upon whether the individual finds his authorities—that is to say, voices which are authoritative to him—in what are called mystical books, of which our own Scriptures are one, and perhaps the only one, that is familiar to ordinary men.

I have found no authority in mystical books, save the Bible. And to speak the exact truth I have not found much there, save in the words and life of Christ. These have at various times held a great depth of meaning for

me. But even they have not been in the road of my most intimate and natural evolution. My scriptures have been books which the mystic would not regard as scriptures at all—Shakespeare supremely, next perhaps Tchehov and Keats, then Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Tolstoi, Whitman, Melville. Nor have these men ever been authorities to me in the ordinary sense of the word. I have found my own experience at various phases of my life ratified in them: that is to say, I had *proved* their truth, I had known exactly what this or another among them was saying through the strange language of poetry. So I came to trust them where I did not understand. My attitude towards them was precisely the same as that of Keats at one time to Wordsworth, and all through his life to Shakespeare.

> In regard to his genius alone—we find what he says true as far as we have experienced, and we can judge no further but by larger experience—for axioms in philosophy [by "philosophy" Keats meant the deepest human wisdom, not metaphysics] are not axioms till they are proved upon our pulses. We read fine things, but never feel them to the full until we have gone the same steps as the author. (*Letter to Reynolds, May 3rd*, 1818.)

Slowly these books and these men have yielded up more and more of their secret to me, as I through my my own experience had more and more capacity to understand them.

So that, in a sense, my path has been the very opposite of a mystical path. And in actual fact also. There was a moment in my life when the staff in which I trusted to bear me up seemed to break in my hands in a stony place, and I tried to become a mystic. I tried with all my heart. But no illumination came to me. My mind was such that it could not comprehend the language of mysticism; and though I longed for that serenity and beauty which I knew to be in the soul of the true mystic to whom I went, the fountain was not unsealed to me. I drank and drank thirstily from that

man, but I drank from what he was, not from what he believed. I knew, and never for one moment did I doubt, that by his way he had found truth; for the truth is revealed in men not in their lips but in their lives. A man who has reached the truth, by whatever way he has reached it, is beautiful: for the condition of reaching the truth is to have become true in one's own being, and to be true in one's own being is to be wholly beautiful. There is a beauty of being manifest in a man's every action, from the way he gives you a cup of tea to the quality of his voice when he says goodbye, which can come from the possession of the truth alone. "By their works ye shall know them." The beliefs of such a man may seem to you incomprehensible, even childishly impossible: but the truth is in them. The beliefs of another man may seem to you subtle, persuasive, thrilled with the twilight of half-apprehended mystery: but if there is not beauty in his every act, the truth is not in them. It is far more important to believe in a man than to believe in what he believes, because to believe in a man, even though you cannot believe in the truth he formulates, is implicitly to have recognized that the truth is living. To know the truth is to make contact with a living thing; it is to have life and have it more abundantly. It is better to have a glimpse of this nature of the truth than to be wise with many wisdoms.

And perhaps—it seems to me now as I look backwards—though I could not become a mystic like him, I had all unconsciously learned from that man something of the utmost importance to me. I had learned that the way to the truth must be a natural and inevitable way, that it must in the last resort be one's own way, that it is no use trying with a desperate effort of the intellectual will to understand, and no use trying with a like desperate effort of the intellectual will to cease from understanding. New knowledge of the

consciousness waits upon new knowledge of the unconsciousness. What I tried to learn from that mystic I could not learn; what I was indeed learning through him I did not know that I was learning. So that when I went away from him, sorrowful like the young man (not because I had great possessions, but because I had none, save the certainty that the path of the mystic was not my path)—at that very moment when to all appearance it seemed that I was the sheer opposite of a mystic, I was perhaps making the first real step on a truly mystical path. I was leaving the vain attempt to follow a road that was not mine, in the profound conviction that, though my own road had led me aforetime to barrenness and despair, I must follow it to the end.

On Psycho-Analysis.—Possibly some men only know the lands of the devils, but the great majority visit the gods at times; and if they have spent the night sitting, like Amenhotep, on the lap of the Great Mother, it is a pity they should be taught to confuse her with the under-housemaid when they wake.

The craze for phallicism is as tiresome as Sun Myths and Golden Boughs. They are all true in their own octave, and foolish when transferred to the wrong octave. But there is no escape from this so long as man thinks himself to be only a bifid radish. All our condescension in permitting to the ancients the use of poetic license is entirely misplaced. All the things which a poet describes, if he is a *real* poet, are quite as real as brick walls and railway trains. (*Cosmic Anatomy.*)

H. W. MASSINGHAM

By H. M. Tomlinson

I thought it might help me to say what I should like to say about my old chief, so I walked round Adelphi Terrace, near midnight, and looked up at the windows of his room, where the *Nation* used to get done. They were black. There was no light. It did not help at all.

In a house at Rollencourt in France, in the war years, the *Nation* was savaged by some of us, in public, but read with private satisfaction by others. One evening there, in February, 1917, an officer sat me beside a pinched figure in a blue-serge suit, which seemed shy among the confident uniforms, and said, "Mr. Massingham, the editor of the *Nation*." We tried to be polite to each other, but found hardly a word between us. He did not seem to me to be the editor of so salient a review, a publication which awed me a little then, for it was obviously aristocratic, exclusive, and jealous of things which the daily journalist regrets, regrets, that he has no time to bother about. Massingham looked, and I think he felt, uncomfortable. With a wan smile he glanced from face to face of the speakers, who did not, if I remember rightly, show any noticeable nervousness. There was no reason why we should have shown indecision. Our Department in the War was that of Intelligence; to enlighten the public; and we knew how to do it. The next day, piloted by Captain C. E. Montague—who, it ought to be said, was normally as chary with his opinions as was our visitor from the *Nation* during his brief stay—I accompanied Massingham to Porières, through bitter north-easterly

weather; and the Somme battleground always was place to make you feel, as someone once said, th God was dead. Massingham's distress was obviou He was horrified by that forbidding prospect wi its shattering sounds. But he said nothing the except to tell me, on our way back, that he did n know how we stood it. We were accustomed to visito at Headquarters, some of them important and othe well known, but I don't remember one who was qu so unready as Massingham to explain just how the u verse was fixed.

When I was recalled from France that spring ceased to be a war-correspondent because Lord Nort cliffe's representative on the Newspaper Proprieto Association, so I was informed by my own newspap had objected to me as a "humanitarian." I do know what crime that word was intended to imply, b obviously it condemned me, for there can be no answ to it in the nature of things; and as a result I went o of daily journalism to the seclusion of Adelphi Terra to sit in an office all day with Massingham.

I was told by one who knew my new editor th I might stay with him for six months; and for a lit while I felt that the stay might be even shor than that. But I was with him for six years, a left the *Nation* because he did. It was a little d tracting, at first, to meet a journalist who was pun tilious and inexorable about the very commas. Ma singham never relaxed while the paper was bei shaped. He could see a minor fault through a mont back numbers, and grieve over it. I have some co science myself in these matters, but I loathed it at th time, especially in an editor. What were comm when one could publish any romance about the s down which young men were draining so long as t censor and the public enjoyed it? As will happen som times with a man in a catastrophe, the little things b

passed out of my reckoning. I thought they were of no consequence. Massingham thought they were. He would have been found recorrecting proofs if the heavens had fallen, and, being shortsighted, he would have thrust the almost illegible documents at the announcing angel, unaware in his tension that it was the last day. No young poet ever searched his trial efforts for what possibly might be of dubious import more closely than my new editor scrutinized the evidence and arguments for his paper, and the form in which they were to be presented. Yet he had men about him who would have given an ordinary editor confidence in all the ease and leisure he desired—J. A. Hobson, J. L. Hammond, H. W. Nevinson, J. Middleton Murry, H. N. Brailsford, Robert Lynd, Harold Laski, S. K. Ratcliffe, Hugh O'Neill, J. W. N. Sullivan, Leonard Woolf, C. F. G. Masterman, and D. L. Murray, and a group of occasional reviewers and writers who appeared to think it was good fun to contribute to the *Nation*—we may name Bernard Shaw, E. M. Forster, Bertrand Russell, and Havelock Ellis—which made my task as literary editor rather like that of a student at his lessons. Besides, we had a "reader" in John Randall who would have put right Greek accents during a bombing raid. No need to fuss over the tidiness, polish, and readiness of a warship. And what a possession for lucky proprietors! To say they owned the *Nation*, as the King might say he had won the Derby, or an American millionaire that he possessed the finest private collection of Chinese porcelain in the world! If the *Nation* had been mine, I would not have changed it for a fleet of *Shamrocks* and the America cup. I would have valued it at more than ten new bays to a factory. There was n t in the world, I used to imagine fondly, another review of quite the distinction and quality of the *Nation*; and certainly there was not one to equal it in it power to raise both furious enmity

and grateful approval. But the Liberals cast Massingham because candour may be regarded as an uncomfortable shoe. A cosy notion, for there are plenty of boot-shops. But I know how the proof that he was not wanted shook him, in spite of his gay acceptance of defeat. I must be candid, too, and confess that Massingham was not an artful strategist, but an impulsive man, who, when badly stung, was likely to act without consulting his more cautious colleagues; and so, in the matter of his final severance from the *Nation*, some slight, fancied or real, following a period of cold indifference, made him rush into a position from which there could be no retreat and no rescue. But that exactly was what I had guessed would happen to him in the long run, and had cautioned him about it. He would be caught out. He was. But the *Nation* was Massingham; and I have tried to imagine the American millionaire indifferently regarding his precious porcelain as replaceable Staffordshire crocks.

His mentality was liable to the accidents, which are usually unpredictable, of a greatly energized original. It was easy to get impatient with his waywardness. But this wilful, and at times violent man, who did not know how to guard his own interests, when in the editor's chair would show a temerity so swift, and yet so justly poised, that though his decision was startling yet his manner of handling it gave entire confidence; for as soon as he began to write he was in full control, and could guide the most dangerous matter along the edge of a declivity with not an inch to spare, even in the war years, and laugh with us over the deliberately narrow shaves. He did it as lightly as though it were comedy; but it was not comedy to Lloyd George, as the ex-Premier knows now, for he must be well aware that it was chiefly Massingham who placed him where he is and where he will stop in public opinion. What the critics meant by Massingham's pessimism in these

days was his inability to gloze the certain consequences of behaviour like the Premier's, Hamar Greenwood's, and Poincaré's. Whether it was Massingham who was more nearly right about the conduct of the war, about the peace, and about Ireland, or the polite and timid Liberals, we may now judge. Some fun has been made about the way he would set up gods, and then destroy them in sudden petulance. But at bottom Massingham was not interested in the political game, but in ethics, and his inconsistencies, which were sometimes amusing, came out of trying to see morals and politics closely related. It was out of that untrustworthy amalgam that he tried to make his political gods. During the progress of some subtle roguery, a public man would presently seem to Massingham to have the noble qualities of Perseus, and Massingham would imagine that Andromeda was safe at last. His fury was great when he discovered that Perseus required the maiden for his own purposes. And he never learned the lesson. This pessimist never doubted that the next man, too, could be trusted to put the Commonweal above self. He used to be very droll with us over the consequences once more, and he would surrender whimsically to our cruellest banter. Then, smiling sadly, he would twitch the tip of his thin and eager nose. I have never known another man who could do that. But soon again he would begin with the assumption, though his political lore was extraordinarily wide and his memory remarkable, that the next champion was as selfless as himself, as free from vanity, and as sincere; because Massingham passionately desired the perfect State; and to admit that politicians were imperfect would have been to admit that we shall never be nearer to the New Jerusalem than somewhere about Wigan. Massingham, though he knew this was true, and that he ought to admit it, yet inconclusively and even fiercely refused to admit it. No wonder one modern journalist,

speaking generously of my old editor after his death, discovered that he was a journalist of the "old-fashioned sort, now almost extinct." Why "almost"? But of course. He was the satirist who in other times would have been exiled, burned, or imprisoned; and in our own day of publicity machinery run for caucuses it is clear that he would not succeed at pulling the right ropes so well as some others. He was a righteous man, but thought he was a politician, and so, troubled by injustice in a careless world, and deluded by the hope that passionate men can be persuaded by reason, he was apt to see everywhere his abstract principles in active trousers.

Moreover, he expected his staff to be as fearless as he was himself. Just as he had gone for a holiday one year the great railway strike fell across our communications, and he was separated, somewhere in Wales, from his baggage. He telegraphed to me vividly emphatic instructions about the line the *Nation* was to take over this strike; but I guessed what kind of information he had been reading in Cardiff, and did the opposite thing. When he came back to London he thanked me for "putting the telescope to my blind eye." In fact, a chief so inspiriting, so quick to appreciate the significant trifle, so sure to understand one's faintest doubt, so well able to guess the unsaid word and to account for it, who could be so frankly abusive over inferior work and cut the heart out of the manuscript of a close friend, and yet never fail to say the just word whenever an obscure contributor pleased him, was not the editor who could be allowed to walk into the street alone. When he went, that finished it. There was nothing left.

He did not want to go. The *Nation* was his creation, but he had to leave it as though it were a grocer's shop and he was the retiring manager. His jokes about it were outrageous. But he was badly wounded, for he

was as tender-hearted as a sentimental girl. His literary predilections showed that. He keenly relished *Don Juan* and *Gulliver's Travels*. They just suited his steely and ironical mind. But he was also deeply moved by *The Story of an African Farm*, and thought it was great literature. He was, for another instance, convinced of the genuine nature of the tears in the eyes of Orpen's portrait of a beautiful *Refugee*, though I pointed out to him that Orpen was not painting in France when the refugees were about, and that I suspected the girl was the popular cashier at a hotel frequented by officers at Cassel. But no; those tears touched his heart. He flew to arms in their defence. His fun could be Rabelaisian, but he was like a nun over forlorn and pitiable souls. It wasn't safe to leave him about with the uplifted eyes of affliction; he would never see any grease-paint. And, naturally, he was instantly responsive to the human appeal, even of an opponent. It was a good thing that his reputation for "bitterness," as for "pessimism," disguised this fact. It was assumed that he was hard, bright, and ruthless. But one morning, after his severance was announced, I went into his room, and he stood at his desk brooding. There were tears in his eyes. "Read that," he said, fiercely thrusting a letter at me. It was from J. L. Garvin. "I've spent my life for the Liberals, and here we are, and they don't care. But *that* man," he said, pointing to Garvin's letter, "I've gone out of my way to mock."

Probably a feeling of sudden loneliness was part of the impulse which prompted Garvin's letter to Massingham. But that is not our business. Anyhow, he also is of the "old school, now almost extinct." But try to imagine the Conservative Party imploring for the removal of Garvin! The Tories know they must put up with him. They may dislike him sometimes, but some sound instinct tells them that they are improved

by the aid of scholarship, and convictions strong enough to face the opposition of friends; in short, by an original genius in the editing of an organ of their party. The Tories are not so confident that the Lovat Frazers and his kind do their affairs much good. Imagine Northcliffe and the Tories with a Massingham on their side! Would they have let him go? Would they have worried because he was inclined to tell a Premier that the atrocities of Black-and-Tanrery were best left to the Liberals? Would they have deprived him of his pulpit because he was willing and able at times to make a Ministry fear lest his bright quality would show their inconsistencies in a ridiculous light? The fact that a Minister had paused to wonder whether the *Daily Mail* had really noticed what he had done would not have worried Northcliffe to the point of discharging the journalist who had so easily drawn the eyes of the public. Tory newspaper proprietors are not like that. They know they cannot afford to be. It is only the Liberal Party, as the last election made quite clear, which can afford to dispense with the services of men like Massingham, Spender, and Gardiner.

Yet that matters very little, perhaps. At the time, standing close to a lovable man in his defeat, whose life had been devoted to the service of his fellows, and who had cared for the consequences of bleak and exposed courage as little as good men usually care, and against whom there was nothing but that he had done well enough to evoke the enmity of important public servants who were not too anxious to have their talents counted, one grew angry and bitter. Yet that was absurd. What else should we have expected? What else has ever happened to such men? Those who live by such a rare light know well enough to what it will lead them, and can look at that end more calmly than those who are with them, for they have always known what its nature would be.

AT COCK-CROW

By Lovel Mack

WAR. In the Army a boy, Howard, training. France at last—France in '17. Long weeks at the Base, the body there; the mind groping, imagining "up the line"; and even in the body the eyes turning nervously to the south-east. Finally the quick word and the train; and now night in an artillery wagon-line: a candle guttering on a tin in the middle of a tent.

Howard, lying silent on his back, piles his feet on the top of others round the base of the pole, and watches nothing.

"No, course they wouldn't—didn't last time, did they? Well—would they hell!"

"You never know, hasn't—— "

"Stow it."

"Gunner Howard in there?" The tent flap is pulled aside and a head thrust in. "Gunner Howard there? You Gunner Howard? The signallers up at the battery are short-handed, so you've to go up to-night. The ammunition wagons start in a quarter of an hour. You will go with them."

Howard, half-rising, sees the head go, leaving in its place a black triangle of night; sees legs crowded round the pole, sees square feet.

"Oughter 've warned you before! Quarter of an hour's no bloody time to warn a chap to go up the bloody line, and for the first time, too."

"Been at the Base?"

Howard nods, "Fed up."

"Fed up with the Base! 'Struth! Never been there myself, but there was a chap in last batch we had

yapped a lot about it. Isn't there a number 16, Rue Something or other, where a lot of tarts hang out?"

"Oh, I dunno—you see, I've got a girl at home."

"Who hasn't? What difference does that make? Any road, what if you never see the blinking place again?"

"Oh, stow it, Bill! Let's have a game of pontoon."

"Sick of pontoon. Any road, let's wait till he's gone, and we'll have more room."

"Wait till who's gone?"

"Who's gone? Why Gunner Howard—you gowk!"

Sitting silent on his rolled coat, Howard gazes at the candle—play after he'd gone, after he'd gone . . . the Battery. There would be the guns, signallers; and repairing wires . . . at night; sometimes you touched mud, sometimes you touched other things, sometimes you suddenly stopped, touched anything at all . . . so they said. It wouldn't have been as bad if it had been day . . . a quarter of an hour—you go with them; me, Howard.

It's cold.

. . . .

"Fear? Yes, I agree with the Major—everyone's afraid."

A third voice: "Perhaps; sometimes."

"Always—that is, when any show begins; even a solitary rifle-shot on another front."

"Oh, but——" a subaltern bursts out, and checks himself.

A laugh round the dugout: "Ah—the Child!"

"Of course, we exclude the Child. We were moving the other night and Hun 'planes came over, so we cowered into funk-holes. Afterwards, we crawled out paralyzed with fright, and there found the Child chatting about 'such beautiful bombs.'"

"I suppose I am rather green."

"I wish I were like you."

"Naturally," the first doubter pursued, "there are hell times, when any fellow might play the goat."

"Hell times, be damned! It comes any time, and often nobody but the man who's done the funking knows it's been there."

"Knows what's been there?"

"The test; the moment when you saw something that ought to be done, and you pretend to be so furiously occupied that you fool even yourself into believing you didn't see it."

"How do you mean? Fear's not a thing there's any doubt about."

"No! Besides, there are generally too many onlookers."

"Oh, there ain't always an audience; I remember a night on the desert in Sinai when a cloud drove me silly with fright."

"That's a different kind of fear. Do you remember ——"

"For the Lord's sake cut out the reminiscences!"

"Oh, they might be amusing; and, in any case, they wouldn't be like the actual occurrence—nobody tells the truth about his own fear."

"Well, I'm going—this litter's backchat's too morbid." The speaker rises: "Come along, Child, we'll go back to Headquarters, we can't wait any longer—Philamore's probably dead."

"No use your waiting for Philamore; he's repairing the forward wires, so we shan't see his skull before dusk."

The departing two pause in the exit; the older speaks. "If you straightened him out he'd act as a telegraph-pole himself, but in his present concave condition, with a stooping head and drawn-out legs, he's like a corpse on a gibbet stretching down to the earth."

"As a matter of fact," a voice sounds from a corner of the dugout, "he's a clay Christ we found slipping off the crucifix at St. Emilie and galvanized into a signals officer—being shorthanded."

"You're a ribald crowd; goodnight."

The two from Headquarters pass on through the opening; their legs step out of the candle-light up the dugout stairs, their footsteps, one, two—one two—one . . . one . . . die away.

Down the stairway daylight shines into the place: a two-entranced dugout having a passage along to the stairway of a second entrance; small squares hollowed out of the passage for beds. The group of officers move; break up—routine, routine of the hour of dusk; passing here, along there.

The stairway darkens, feet come into view, legs, Philamore; casting a concave shadow. Timber walls, damp walls and air, fungus on the timber . . . deep down and no sound.

Cough, Philamore coughing. The stairway darkens . . . nobody coming down—night.

They hear it, Philamore hears it, and yet it is difficult to hear; gas shell make no sound. Softly, softly, like padded foot-falls, and afterwards. . . . Philamore scents gas, feels gas; there can be no gas in the dugout, all the blanket doors are down; all . . . the Major remembers . . . two gunners above in a shelter with no blanket door—they must join remainder in the other dugout. There is no gas sentry yet: the gunners may be asleep, someone must warn them; someone . . . Philamore.

Philamore goes to the near stairs; no, fool, along the passage . . . gas, there's no gas here, gas; up the stairs, no one can see these stairs, gas; the gunners won't be asleep, they'll have gone already; there's no gas here, gas . . . gas helmet, mine, where is it? On up the stairs, at the top will be a blanket, blanket wet

and heavy. Safe this side the blanket . . . they won't be asleep, why should anyone go. Cough, can't cough with helmet on; out, out—I must, must . . . no air, gas, cough, would they be asleep? They'd go, probably have gone by now. Gas, no one sees these stairs, no one can see me, gas . . .

Where the hell's Philamore? Not back yet.

Yes, here's Philamore . . . I've told them, Major; no, they hadn't gone; yes, yes, I've told them; I went up and put on my helmet, then I pushed the blanket aside, crossed the trench, and sent them down; yes, I told them.

Silence, stiff figures, stiff faces, where are their eyes staring? Why don't they move? Shall we play poker? Major!! Shall we play poker? Why does nobody answer? Can't they hear? I will go, I will go. Fungus on the walls, faces, no air, no air; my skin damp; air, I want cold air; I have told them, I have told them. No, I didn't speak; I sent them down. Yellow faces, squat figures and oblong shadows; a candle guttering, gas . . . they don't move, they don't move; damp, damp; I did, yes I did; anyway, it's too late now; I went up the stairs, then I . . .

. . . .

You speak of strange names, and so suggest to my thought a name I have met once only—the name Philamore; and its mention recalls before me a moment in my career that I had forgotten.

During the year 1917, I was corporal in charge of a signal section in a field artillery battery serving in France. As you were yourself a soldier, you will know roughly the conditions of my existence; and the individual differences between your lot and my own would have to be experienced to become significant. So I will describe nothing.

I can remember, towards the end of the year, one particular dawn the day before which, and the day

after, are alike blank. In that dawn I can see t
features of a man.

At times one catches in a face an expression th
cannot be analyzed, and of which, in retrospect, t
fading detail excites again the same sudden emotion
the mind of the seer. So do I stir now, as I see aga
the face of Philamore. The night is, I said, a blan
but I know that somewhere in that night a signall
named Howard—a recruit to my section—had disgrac
himself. He had been sent, I think, to repair a forwa
line; I do not remember the circumstances, whether
not he went alone, what he did, or what was done
him; but I do know that the work was not done. A
last he was found by chance, sitting motionless in
deserted trench. He was afraid.

Throughout my time as a soldier I dealt only wi
facts; and never allowed my decisions to waver und
any weakness of sentiment or emotion. The man ha
to go.

As we were already shorthanded it was imperativ
that an unreliable man should be removed at once, an
as the ration cart, which was an additional method o
communicating with the battery wagon-line, came u
to the battery at dawn—that being the only possibl
hour for the position we then occupied—I decided t
send orders down by the driver for another signaller t
come up in the place of Gunner Howard. To g
authority for this exchange I went at once to the officers
dugout to speak with Mr. Philamore, who, as the bat
tery signals officer, allowed me little or no individua
action.

He was not in the dugout. This was unusual for th
hour.

In the night there had been, I remember now—I ca
breathe it again—a short bombardment of the imme
diate area with gas shell, and the faint smell rose fro
the earth as I passed out to look for him.

AT COCK-CROW

A few minutes, and I saw against the early sky his silhouette propped against a broken tree-stump; the head drooping forward, the body as of a figure fastened to the tree, and now slipping down from the shattered branches. I approached, and he remained without turning, so I spoke and told him of Gunner Howard's action in the night, and asked for the necessary exchange; and when I said that war was a man's work, and that we had no place for a coward, his head suddenly veered round, and he looked at me.

FIVE POEMS

By Herman Melville

Inscription for Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg.

To them who crossed the flood
And climbed the hill with eyes
  Upon the heavenly flag intent
  And through the deathful tumult went
Even unto death: to them this stone—
Erect, where they were overthrown—
  Of more than victory the monument.

The Tuft of Kelp.

All dripping in tangles green,
  Cast up by a lonely sea,
If purer for that, O weed,
  Bitterer, too, are ye.

The Sea.

In hollows of the liquid hills
  Where the long Blue Ridges run
The flattery of no echo thrills
  For echo the seas have none :
Nor aught that gives man back man's strain—
The hope of his heart, the dream of his brain.

The Healer.

Healed of my hurt I laud the inhuman sea—
Yea, bless the Angels Four that there convene :
For healed I am even by their pitiless breath
Distilled in wholesome dew called rosmarine.

Lone Founts.

Though fast youth's glorious fable flies,
View not the world with worldling's eyes ;
Nor turn with weather of the time.
Foreclose the coming of surprise :
Stand where Posterity shall stand ;
Stand where the ancients stood before
And, dipping in lone founts thy hand,
Drink of the never-varying lore,
Wise once, and wise thence evermore.

IN DEFENCE OF COUNTESS TOLSTOY

By Maxim Gorki

Authorised Translation by S. S. Koteliansky

After reading *Tolstoy's Going Away*, written by Mr. Tchertkov, I thought: someone will certainly come forward to point out in the Press that the one and only purpose of this book is to attack the late Sophie Andreyevna Tolstoy.

I have not yet come across a review which unmasked that pious purpose. Now I hear there is shortly to be published another book written with the same praiseworthy intention: to convince the world that Leo Tolstoy's wife was his evil genius, and that her proper name was Xantippe. The assertion of this "truth," it becomes evident, is considered extremely important and absolutely necessary to people, particularly, I think, to those who feed body and soul on scandal.

Gamirov, a tailor in Nijni Novgorod, used to say: "A suit can be made to adorn a man; it can also be made to disfigure a man."

The truth that adorns man is created by artists, and all other dwellers on the earth hastily, but with dexterity, make "truths" to disfigure each other. And it would seem that we abuse each other so incessantly, because each man is the other's mirror.

I have never been tempted to investigate the value of those "truths" which, in the good old Russian custom, are painted with tar on the gate; but I want to say a few words concerning the great Leo Tolstoy's sole friend, as I see and feel her.

Man, of course, does not become better by dying: that is obvious if only because we speak of the dead with as much malice and injustice as of the living. Of great men who, having dedicated to us their lives and all the powers of their miracle-working spirit, at last retire to their graves, having suffered a subtle martyrdom from our mediocrity—of such men we always speak and write, I feel, only in order to convince ourselves that they were merely wretched sinners like ourselves.

The crime of an honest man, be it even accidental and insignificant, delights us much more than the disinterested and even heroic act of a scoundrel: it is convenient and pleasant to us to regard the former as an inevitable law; but the latter disturbs us as a miracle which compels us to change our habitual attitude towards man. In the former case we conceal our delight under hypocritical pity; but in the latter, hypocritically rejoicing, we are secretly afraid. What if the scoundrels, damn them, should suddenly become honest men? What's going to happen to us then?

Indeed, as the poet justly said, most people "to evil and good are shamefully indifferent," and they want to remain so to the end of their days. Hence good and evil equally arouse our hostility, and the more evident they are the more do they disturb us.

This sad anxiety of the poor in spirit appears also in our attitude to women. In literature, in life, we crow and shout: "The Russian woman is the best woman in the world!" The shout reminds me of a hawker selling lobsters. "L-obsters! Living l-obsters! Large l-obsters!" Lobsters are thrown alive into boiling water and—with salt, pepper, and bay leaf, to [illegible] are cooked until they are red. Which is something like our attitude to the "best" woman of Europe.

After claiming the Russian woman as the "best," we become frightened. What if she turns out to be [illegible]

than ourselves? So, on any convenient occasion, w scald our women in the boiling water of greasy medio crity, without, however, forgetting to flavour the po with a couple of bay leaves. It has been observed tha the greater the woman the more urgent our desire t boil her red.

The devils in hell observe with tormenting envy th Jesuitical adroitness with which men can dishonour on another. Man becomes neither worse nor better fo dying, but he ceases to worry our lives, and for thi since we are not wholly devoid of gratitude, we rewar him with immediate oblivion—indubitably pleasant t him. Perhaps, after all, oblivion is the best we ca bestow on those, living or dead, who vainly disturb u with their aspiration to make us better and life mor humane.

But even this pleasant habit of forgetting is ofte upset by our petty spite, by our beggarly desire fo revenge and by the hypocrisy of our morality—as in th case of our attiude towards the late Sophie Tolstoy.

I suppose I can speak of her with perfect impartiality because I never liked her, nor had she any sympath for me, and she, being a straightforward person, did no hide this from me. Her attitude to me was often posi tively offensive, but it did not disturb me, for I sav clearly that she regarded most of the people surround ing her great martyr husband as flies, mosquitoes— parasites.

It is possible that her jealousy at times distresse Leo Tolstoy. Here is a convenient occasion for witt folk to recall the fable of *The Hermit and the Bea* But it would be still more appropriate and sensible they would realize how large and thick was the swar of flies that hovered round the great writer, and hov wearisome were some of the parasites that fed on hi spirit. Each fly had the trick of leaving its trace in th life and memory of Tolstoy, and among them wer

sickly specimens that would have aroused hatred even in the much-loving Francis of Assissi. Sophie Andreyevna was a passionate woman; all the more natural her hostility towards them. Tolstoy himself, like all great artists, regarded people with much indulgence, but he made his own original valuations of them, which did not often coincide with conventional morality; thus in his "Diary" for 1892 he made the following entry about a certain friend of his: "If he had not his passion for dogs, he would be an utter scoundrel."

As far back as the end of the 'eighties Sophie Andreyevna was convinced that the familiarity of some of Tolstoy's herd of admirers and "disciples" caused him only vexation and unpleasantness. She, of course, was aware of the grave and scandalous happenings in the "Tolstoyan colonies," as, for instance, the one in the Simbirsk Colony (under Archangelsky) which ended in the suicide of a peasant girl, and was soon after described in Karonin's sensational story, *The Borsky Colony*. She was aware of the nasty public "denunciations of Count Tolstoy's hypocrisy" written by repentant "Tolstoyans,"—for instance, Ilyin, the author of that hysterically spiteful pamphlet *The Diary of a Tolstoyan*. She read the articles of Leo Tolstoy's former disciple, the founder of the Novosiolov Colony, which he published in *The Orthodox Review*, a journal of the "church militant," and as orthodox as a police station. Certainly, she knew of the lecture on Tolstoy by the professor of the Kazan Ecclesiastical Academy, M. Goussiev, one of the most wearisome opponents of "the heresy of the self-enamoured Count." In that lecture the professor declared, among other things, that he had information about the domestic life of the "pseudo-sage" of Yasnaya Polyana supplied by people who had been carried away by his ridiculous heresy."

Among those "captured" by her husband's [illegible]

ing she saw Menshikov who, after saturating his book *On Love* with Tolstoy's ideas, quickly became an obscurantist zealot, and began to write for the *Novoye Vremya* as one of the most notorious of the man-haters who, with a combination of noise and talent, worked for that lewd journal.

Sophie Andreyevna saw many such people, among them the "advanced" poet Bulgakov. This poet was tenderly treated by her husband, who published his worthless poems in the *Russkaya Mysl*—and the illiterate, sick and morbidly ambitious poetaster, in gratitude, composed a dirty article *With Tolstoy: An Open Letter to Him*. The article was so coarse, lying and illiterate that no paper ventured to publish it; even the reactionary *Moskovskya Viedomosti* returned the MSS., with an editorial note: "This can't be published on account of its extreme coarseness." The MSS., with that inscription, Bulgakov sent to Tolstoy accompanied by a letter demanding that Tolstoy himself should publish "the truth about himself."

It is conceivable too that the affair of the notorious "Tolstoyan" Boulanger was no trifling matter to Sophie Tolstoy; and certainly these do not exhaust the examples of the crudeness, hypocrisy, and selfishness displayed by men "of the same beliefs" as Tolstoy. Hence her keen distrust of her husband's admirers and disciples is easy to understand; these facts completely justify her desire to drive away the parasites from a man whose great creative power and intensity of spirit she well and clearly realized. And there is no doubt that thanks to her Tolstoy was saved many a kick from the hooves of these asses and spared a great deal of dirt and slander.

It must be remembered that in the 'eighties nearly every illiterate idler considered it a sacred obligation to denounce the religious, philosophical, social, and other errors of the great Tolstoy. These denunciations did

not fail to make an impression on "simple-hearted" folk. Think of the immortal story of the fine old woman who piled up the faggots to burn Jan Huss.

I see as though he were now before my eyes, the Kazan confectioner Malomerkov standing by his cauldron of boiling sugar, and I hear the sighing words of that maker of sweets and pasties: "Wouldn't it be fine to pop the viper Tolstoy in here and give him a little boil. The heretic!"

A hairdresser of Tzarizin wrote a work entitled—if I am not mistaken—*Count Tolstoy and the Holy Prophets*. One of the local priests inscribed on the front page of the MSS. in a flourish of bright lilac-coloured ink: "Of this work I approve, saving the coarseness of its expression of wrath, albeit righteous wrath." My friend, the telegraphist Yurin, a wise hunchback, begged the author to lend him the MSS.; we read it together, and I was astounded at the wild spite of the hairdresser against the author of *Polikoushka*, *The Cossacks*, *In What is My Faith*, and *The Story of Three Brothers*, works which I had but then come across for the first time.

In the Don Cossack villages, at the stations on the Gryaze-Tsarizin and Volga-Don railways, one used to see a lame old Cossack who recited something about "Count Tolstoy near Moscow who incites insurrection against the faith and the Tsar," relating how the Count took away the land from the peasants and "gave it as a gift to his relations, all genteel postmen."

Echoes of this dark confusion of feeling and mind, aroused by the insistent voice of the rebellious conscience of genius, surely reached Yasnaya Polyana, and certainly the 'eighties were, though not for that reason alone, the most difficult time in Sophie Tolstoy's life. The part she played at that time I see as something heroic. She must have had great spiritual strength and foresight to conceal from Tolstoy the many mean and

spiteful things which there was no need that he shoulc know, and which might have influenced his attitude tc people. Calumny and spite are most simply killed by silence.

If we impartially examined the lives of the teacher we should see that not only do they—as it is said—spoi the disciples, but the disciples distort the character of the teacher; some by stupidity, others by malice, yet other by a caricature of the teaching itself. Tolstoy did no always regard the estimates of his life and work witl indifference.

Finally, his wife probably remembered tha Tolstoy lived in a country where anything was possible and where the Government put people into prison without trial, and kept them there for years. Th "heretic" priest Zolotnizky was kept in the prison c the Souzdal Monastery for thirty years, and was allowe to leave it only after his mind had become completel extinguished.

§ § § §

The artist does not seek truth, he creates it.

I do not think that the truth he preached to peopl satisfied Tolstoy. Within him lived two contradicto and, I should say, tormenting, types of mind: th creative mind of the artist, and the sceptical mind of th investigator. The author of *War and Peace* worke out and offered to people his doctrine perhaps in ord that they should not interfere with the intense an exacting work of the artist. It is perfectly conceivab that Tolstoy the artist of genius looked at Tolstoy th stubborn preacher with a condescending smile, with derisive nod of the head. In his *Diary of Youth* is dire evidence of his acutely hostile attitude to analytic thought; thus, for instance, in the year 1852 he wrote "An extraordinary number of thoughts can be foun together at one and the same time in an extraordinaril empty head."

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Evidently even then "thoughts" stood in the way of
he fundamental need of his heart and spirit—the need
f artistic creativeness. Only by this tormenting experi-
nce of the riots of "thoughts" against his unconscious
ravitation to art, only by the struggle of the two prin-
iples in his spirit, can we explain his words: ". . .
onsciousness is the greatest evil which may befall man."
n one of his letters to Mlle. Arsyenev he said: "A too
reat intellect is disgusting."

But "thoughts" compelled him to collect and connect
em into a likeness of a philosophic system. For thirty
ears he endeavoured to do this, and we saw the great
rtist come to the denial of art, incontestably the secret
ore of his soul. During the last days of his life he
rote: "I realized vividly the sin and temptation of
uthorship—I realized it in others and referred it fully
myself." In the history of mankind there is no other
se so sad; at any rate, I do not remember a single one
f the great artists of the world who came to the con-
iction that art, the most beautiful of man's achieve-
ents, was a sin.

In a word, Leo Tolstoy was the most complex of the
reat men of the nineteenth century. To be his sole
timate friend, his wife, mother of many children and
istress of Tolstoy's house, was indisputably a very
fficult and responsible *rôle*. Can it be denied that
ophie Tolstoy saw and felt better and deeper than
yone else how oppressive and suffocating it was to
olstoy to live in an atmosphere of mediocrity, to come
to contact with shallow people? But, at the same
me, she saw and understood that the great artist was
nly great when mysteriously and miraculously creat-
g the work of his spirit; but, when playing cards and
sing, he could get cross like an ordinary mortal, and
times get cross for no reason, attributing his mistakes
others, just as other people do, and, probably, as she
rself did.

IN DEFENCE OF COUNTESS TOLSTOY

Sophie Tolstoy was not the only one to be puzzled why a novelist of genius should till the land, make ovens, mend boots; quite considerable contemporaries of Tolstoy's could not make it out. But while it was only the unusual that aroused their wonder, Sophie Tolstoy must have experienced different feelings. Probably she remembered that one of the Russian theorists of "nihilism"—by the way, the author of an interesting study on Apollonius of Tyana—had declared that "Boots were above Shakespeare." Certainly Sophie Tolstoy, much more than anybody else, was distressed by the unexpected solidarity of the author of *War and Peace* with the ideas of "nihilism."

To live with a painfully agitated and agitating writer who read the proofs of his books seven times over and each time re-wrote them almost anew, to live with one who was creating an immense world which had not existed before him—can we understand and appreciate all the anxieties of such an exceptional life?

We do not know what words were spoken by Tolstoy's wife during the hours when he, face to face with her, read to her the first, the newly written chapters of a book. Though I acknowledge the marvellous penetration of genius, I still think that certain traits in the women of his great novel could be known only to a woman and were suggested to the novelist by his wife.

In order to make more complicated the confusion of life we are all born teachers of one another. I have never met a man who was perfectly free of the wearisome desire to teach his fellow-men. And although I am told that that vice is necessary for the purpose of social evolution, I still remain in the conviction that social evolution would gain considerably in speed and in kindliness and people become more original, if they taught less but learnt more.

The "thoughts" of the head, straining the great heart of the artist Leo Tolstoy, forced him at last to

take upon himself the hard and ungrateful *rôle* ("teacher of life." It has been more than once pointe out that "the *rôle* of teacher" distorts the work of t artist. I believe that in Tolstoy's immense historic novel there would have been more "philosophy" a less harmony had there not been the influence of woman. And, indeed, it may be that it was due to woman's influence that the philosophic part of *War an Peace* was set apart and placed at the end of the boo where it does not interfere with anything or anybody.

To the number of merits woman possesses this mu be added: though she does not love philosophy, sl begets philosophers. In art there is quite enough phil sophy. The artist, knowing how to clothe nak thoughts in beautiful images, wonderfully conceals t sad impotence of philosophy in face of the dark puzzl of life. Bitter pills are sweet-coated for children—it very sensible and very charitable.

Sabaoth created the world so badly because he w a bachelor. This is not an atheist's joke: it express my unshakable conviction of the value of woman stimulant of creative activity and as the harmonizer life. The old legend of Adam's "fall" will never lo its profound meaning: the world owes all its happine to the eager curiosity of woman. Its miseries, howeve the world owes to the collective stupidity of all, t stupidity of women included.

"Love and hunger rule the world"—that is the mo truthful and appropriate epigraph to the endless histo of man's sufferings. But where love rules, we, erstwh beasts, have culture, art, all that is great, and we a justly proud. But where the stimulus of our activiti is hunger, there we have civilization, and all the miseri connected therewith, all the burthens and restrictio necessary by the way to the so recent beast. The mo terrible kind of folly—greed—is a zoological attribu

Were people less greedy, they would be better fed, more sensible. This is not a paradox; surely, it is clear: if we learnt to share surpluses that merely burden our lives, the world would be happier and people finer. But only men of art and science give to the world all the treasures of their spirit. Like the rest, they become food for worms, but whilst still alive they are food for critics and moralists, who grow on their skins like fungus on the bark of fruit trees.

The part of the serpent in paradise was played by Eros, the indomitable power whom Tolstoy obeyed willingly and served eagerly. I have not forgotten by whom *The Kreutzer Sonata* was written, and I also remember how the Nijni Novgorod merchant Bolshakov at the age of seventy-two watched from his window the schoolgirls in the street and said, with a sigh: "Ah, that I've got aged so early! Look at those girls! And I can feel nothing but anger and envy!" I am sure I shall not dim the bright image of the great writer by saying that in the *Kreutzer Sonata* there is that perfectly natural and valid Bolshakov anger. And Tolstoy himself complained of the shameful irony of nature which, having exhausted the strength, retained the desire.

Speaking of his wife, it should be remembered that, for all the passion of the artist's nature, Sophie Tolstoy was his only woman during nearly half a century. She was his intimate, faithful, and, I believe, sole friend. With the generosity of one rich in spirit, Tolstoy called many people his friends, but they were merely acquaintances, followers. And, it will be agreed, it is difficult to imagine a man who, in truth, would be fit to be Tolstoy's friend.

This fact alone in that invariable and long union gives Sophie Tolstoy the right to be respected by all admirers, true and untrue alike, of the work and the memory of her husband. For this reason Messieurs les investigateurs of Tolstoy's "family drama" ought to

restrain their backbiting, their narrow personal feelings of annoyance and revenge, their "psychological researches," rather like the dirty work of police spies, their unceremonious and cynical desire to attach themselves if only by their finger-nails to the life of the greatest writer.

In my recollections of the happy days when I had the great honour of acquaintance with Tolstoy I deliberately said nothing of Sophie Tolstoy. I did not like her. I saw in her a jealous, taut, and even morbidly strained desire to emphasize her indisputably tremendous *rôle* in the life of her husband. She rather reminded me of the man at a booth in a fair who, showing an old lion, first describes the strength of the beast, and then demonstrates that he, the tamer, is the one and only man on earth whom the lion obeys and loves. In my view, Sophie Tolstoy's demonstrations were altogether superfluous, at times comical, and even somewhat humiliating to herself. She ought not to have asserted herself if only for this reason: there was no one near Tolstoy at that time who was capable of standing up to her in intelligence and energy. Now, seeing and knowing the attitude towards her of the genus Tchertkov, I find that her jealousy of outsiders, as well as her obvious desire to screen her husband (and also something else that was unpleasant in her), was provoked and justified by the attitude towards her both during Tolstoy's life and after his death.

I observed Sophie Tolstoy for several months in Gaspra, in the Crimea, when Tolstoy was so dangerously ill that, in expectation of his death, the Government had sent the Public Prosecutor from Simferopol, and the official sat waiting in Yalta making preparations, it was said, to confiscate the writer's papers. The estate of Countess Panin where the Tolstoys lived swarmed with spies; they lounged in the park, and Leopold Sulerzhitzky used to drive them out like pigs from a

vegetable garden. Part of Tolstoy's manuscripts Sulerzhizky had by that time already transferred secretly to Yalta and hidden there.

If I am not mistaken it was in Gaspra that the whole Tolstoy family gathered together : his children, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. My impression is that many sick and helpless people were there. I could very well see in what a whirl of poisonous trifles Sophie Tolstoy, the mother, turned round and round, trying to guard the peace of the invalid, to protect his manuscripts, to make her children comfortable, to remove the noisy importunity of "sincerely sympathizing" visitors—those professional spectators—and to provide them all with food and drink. She also had to mitigate the mutual jealousy of the doctors, each of them persuaded that to him alone belonged the great merit of healing the patient.

Without exaggerating, it can be said that in those hard days—as ever, indeed, in days of misfortune—the wind of evil banality swept into the house a mass of all sorts of rubbish : petty vexations, alarming trifles. Tolstoy was not so rich as people said he was ; he was a literary man who lived on his literary earnings, with a heap of children who, although very much grown-up, were incapable of work. In that whirlwind of blinding worldly dust Sophie Tolstoy rushed about from morning to night, nervously clenching her teeth, screwing up her understanding eyes, amazing all by her indefatigableness, by her capacity to be everywhere in time, to soothe everyone, to stop the petty grumbling of petty people dissatisfied with one another. There was the scared, anæmic wife of Andrey Tolstoy—she was with child, and through a fall premature birth was feared ; Tatyana Tolstoy's husband, with his weak heart, choked and rattled ; Serguey Tolstoy, a man of about forty, modest and colourless, gloomily and unsuccessfully looked for card partners. He had tried to compose

music, and once he played at my house to A. Goldenveiser, the pianist, a song to the words of Tyutchev's poem "Why dost thou howl, wind of the night?" I do not remember Goldenveiser's appreciation, but Dr. A. N. Alexin, a man of musical education, detected in the composer's work the indubitable influence of French chansonettes.

A strange, perhaps a wrong impression, formed within me, that all the members of the large Tolstoy family were unfit, that none was very pleasant to the other, and all were bored. I believe Alexandra Tolstoy fell ill with dysentery at the time her father began to recover. All of them needed the attention and care of Sophie Tolstoy: there were many things that might unpleasantly and dangerously have alarmed the great artist who was peacefully preparing to break away from life.

I remember Sophie Tolstoy's anxiety lest her husband should see the copy of the *Novoye Vremya* in which appeared either a story by Leo Tolstoy the younger, or Burenin's article upon it. That can be easily mixed; the point of the matter is that Tolstoy *fils* published some of his stories in the very paper in which the wretched Burenin coarsely laughed at him, calling him "Tiger Tigerovitch Sucking Babe," and even gave the address of the unlucky author as "The Mad House St. Saviour's-in-the-Blockheads."

Tolstoy *fils* was extremely nervous lest he should be suspected of imitating his great father and, evidently with that in mind, published in Yassinsky's untidy journal *Ezhemesiachnya Sochinenya* an "anti-Tolstoyan" novel on the virtue of bismuth and the evil of arsenic. It is not a joke: that was the problem of the novel. And in that same journal Yassinsky published an indecent review of Tolstoy *père's Resurrection* in which he criticized chapters of the novel that had not been passed by the censor in the Russian edition, and appeared only in the German edition published in Berl

before the Russian one. Sophie Tolstoy thoroughly understood that the review was the work of an informer.

I speak of all this very unwillingly, and only because I find it necessary to point out once again how exceptionally complicated were the circumstances in which Sophie Tolstoy lived, what an amount of tact and intelligence were required. Like all great men, Tolstoy lived in the high-road, and every passer-by considered it his lawful right to get in touch in some way with the unusual and wonderful man. There is no doubt that Sophie Tolstoy pushed away from her husband not a few dirty and greedy hands, removed a multitude of indifferently inquisitive fingers which tried coarsely to measure the depth of the spiritual wounds of this rebellious man, a man who was dear to her.

Sophie Tolstoy's behaviour during the agrarian revolution of 1905-6 is regarded as her particularly grave sin. It is maintained that during those days she acted like hundreds of other Russian landowners, who hired various warlike savages "to protect the Russian agrarian culture that is being destroyed by barbarians." I believe, too, she hired some Caucasian highlanders to protect Yasnaya Polyana.

It is pointed out that the wife of Tolstoy, who denied property, ought not to have prevented the peasants from plundering his estate. But, surely, on Sophie Tolstoy lay the duty of protecting the life and peace of Leo Tolstoy, who after all lived in the Yasnaya Polyana that provided the maximum of habitual and necessary peace for the work of his spirit. Peace was the more necessary to him because he was already living on his last powers, ready to break away from life. He left Yasnaya Polyana only five years later.

Shrewd folk may imagine a crude hint is hidden here: Leo Tolstoy, the revolutionary, the anarchist, would have done better had he left his estate during the revo-

lution. Certainly, no such hint is intended; what I want to say I say openly.

In my opinion, Leo Tolstoy ought never to have gone away, and those people who assisted him would have acted more sensibly if they had prevented him. Tolstoy's "going away" shortened his life, valuable to the very last minute—that is an incontrovertible fact.

They write that Tolstoy was driven out, squeezed out of his house by his psychically abnormal wife. It was never clear to me who of those who surrounded Tolstoy during those days was quite normal psychically. And I cannot make out why, if they considered his wife mentally abnormal, the normal ones did not think of paying proper attention to her and isolate her.

An instinctive hater of property, an anarchist by nature and not through doctrine, the honest Leopold Sulerzhizky did not like Sophie Tolstoy. But this is how he saw her behaviour in 1905-6:

> "Probably the Tolstoy family did not observe with any cheerfulness the way the peasants were pilfering little by little the property of Yasnaya Polyana and cutting the birch grove planted by his own hands. I think that he himself was unhappy about the trees. This general, though, maybe, unspoken sadness and pity provoked Sophie Tolstoy to an act which—she knew—would get her into trouble. She could not help knowing, realizing it, for she is a clever woman. But—all the house is sad, yet no one dares to do anything. Then—she risked it. I respect her for that. I shall go soon to Yasnaya Polyana and say to her: 'I respect you.' I think, after all, that she was forced to take that step. But, all this is of no matter, the point is that Tolstoy himself should be safe."

Knowing people a little, I think that Sulerzhizky's conjecture is right. No one will dare to say that Tolstoy was insincere in denying property, but I am also sure that he was sorry for his birch-trees. They were the work of his hands, of his personal labour. Here is already seen the tiny contradiction between ancient

nstinct and reason, however sincerely hostile to instinct reason may be.

I must add : we are now living in a time of wide and bold experiment in the destruction of private ownership of land and the implements of labour, and behold, that dark, damned instinct is ironically extending, growing fast, perverting honest people, making criminals of them.

Tolstoy is a great man, and his bright image is not in the least dimmed by the fact that what was human was not alien to him. That in nowise levels him with the rest of us. Pyschologically it should be perfectly natural that great artists should even in their sins be bigger than ordinary mortals. In certain cases we see it to be like that.

In the long run—what has happened?

Only, that a woman who had spent fifty difficult years with a great artist, an extremely original and rebellious man, a woman who was his sole friend during the whole course of his life and an active helper in his work, became terribly tired—and this is perfectly understandable.

At the same time she, an old woman, saw that colossal man, her husband, breaking away from the world, and she felt lonely, not needed by anyone, and it exasperated her.

Because she became exasperated at being ousted by strangers from the position she had occupied for half a century, Sophie Tolstoy behaved, they say, without sufficient regard to the moral standards—those fences erected by the poor-minded to restrain their betters !

Then, her exasperation assumed the character almost of madness. Deserted by everyone, she died lonely, and after her death some have remembered her only for the enjoyment of slandering her.

That is all.

In book IV. of the *Red Archives* is published a very interesting article "The Last Days of Leo Tolstoy." The article quotes the report of General Lvov, in which we read:

"Andrey Tolstoy in his talks with Captain Savizky says that Tolstoy's isolation from the family, particularly from his wife, appears to be the result of Tchertkov's pressure on the doctors and on the daughter Alexandra."

And further: "From certain phrases it can be concluded that Tolstoy's family was deliberately kept away from the patient for reasons that had no direct relation to the state of his health."

CONRAD AND ENGLAND.—The lights of the earth mingled with the lights of heaven; and above the tossing lanterns of a trawling fleet a great lighthouse shone steadily, such as an enormous riding-light burning above a vessel of fabulous dimensions. Below its steady glow, the coast, stretching away straight and black, resembled the high side of an indestructible craft riding motionless upon the immortal and unresting sea. The land lay alone in the midst of waters, like a mighty ship bestarred with vigilant lights—a ship carrying the burden of millions of lives—a ship freighted with dross and with jewels, with gold and with steel. She towered up immense and strong, guarding priceless traditions and untold suffering, sheltering glorious memories and base forgetfulness, ignoble virtues and splendid transgressions. A great ship! For ages had the ocean battered in vain her enduring sides; she was there when the world was vaster and darker, when the sea was great and mysterious, and ready to surrender the prize of fame to audacious men. A ship mother of fleets and nations! The great flagship of the race; stronger than the storms! And anchored in the open sea.—*Joseph Conrad.*

AMERICAN-CUT TROUSERS

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

(1)

LENA is Alita's sister, but the day Lena's eldest son was born Alita was not anxiously hovering around as she ought to have been. She was, instead, with all the other Kaffir women of her location, engaged on a big strike against the municipality of Bloemfontein.

The strike concerned the carrying of passes by the women, and it took the form of a procession which crept stealthily to town before the dawn, and there settled itself in the streets waiting for the world of affairs to awake. . . . It awoke. And then they rose up, the women, and with a magnificent gesture, flung at the feet of authority four pillow-cases full of the passes they refused henceforth to carry. There was talk; a little bloodshed; victory; the glorious, excited journey back to the location. . . .

When Alita arrived home her new nephew was there to welcome her, and she held him aloft in triumphant exultation, and cried: "His name shall be Mr. No Pass to mark the great day, and the manner of his birth. And he shall have no other name but Mr. No Pass."

Mr. No Pass is, accordingly, the only name Lena's child possesses. But the name has, as it happens, a double significance. For Mr. No Pass came into the world without the pass of wedlock.

(2)

Every family has its weak spot. In Alita's family the weak spot is Lena.

It is not only the little affair of Mr. No Pass. That, thank heaven, turned out to be only temporarily sinful—it was retrospectively blessed by a full-sized church wedding, and was, in due course, forgotten in the exercise of other maternal ventures. No, it was not the affair of Mr. No Pass. It was all the other affairs.

The trouble with Lena is that she has temperament. She hates work and likes change. . . . And here she was with her four children—sick and troublesome children. With a husband who had ceased to interest her. With an endless round of work. Life was slipping by, and romance. . . .

One day Lena ran away to Johannesburg with another man. In the middle of grinding her mealies she walked out of the house, and did not return.

So, naturally, there was only one retort possible for her husband. He, too, walked out of the house and did not return.

It was said he had gone to Kimberley. And next day Mr. No Pass arrived at Alita's home with two small, dirty sisters trailing after him, and a weeping brother in his arms.

There was nothing for Alita to do but adopt them. She did so with cheerful fatalism. If you had no choice, what was the use of talking? It was not as if Solomon, *the only brother of the family*, had still been there. Poor Solomon had gone with the native contingent to France, and had come home to die of the consumption he had found on the field of glory. It was a disappointing kind of death for a man who, in his youth, had said that drink was his wife and fighting his God. But when it came to the point he had allowed himself to be ushered softly out of life, a victim to a white man's disease, and the hero of a Christian burial. In the days of his power, he had ruled with the force of his arm, and Lena had gone in terror of him. But who was there now to chastise her? . . .

It was only after Alita had come with her son, Sydney, to work for us in Johannesburg that the Lord, she told us, helped her. He took two of Lena's children away.

There, for nearly eighteen months, the matter rested. And then, unexpectedly, we had an excitement. A visitor arrived. No, two visitors! Lena, and, in her arms, a beautiful child. Such a fat child, Alita afterwards told me, as she had never seen before. It was Lena's new pledge of love. And, in the admiration of its beauty, in the suddenness of its appearance, Alita forgot to give voice to all the conventional recriminations. Later, of course, it was too late. After the first hearty welcome, any reproach must have lost a certain amount of its effect. So no reproach was ever uttered. Henceforth Lena was a regular and honoured visitor.

And then suddenly, her visits ceased.

(3)

The explanation came from Bloemfontein. Did Alita know, asked agonized letters, where Lena was? A child, with a label notifying it to be Lena's child, had been deposited at Alita's home, while Alita's mother, the guardian of that home, was assisting a neighbour to clean a sheep's head and trotters.

But Alita did not know—not at that time—where Lena was. Later she discovered accidentally that she was again in Johannesburg—but with a third husband.

And then Alita did a powerful thing. She denounced Lena in church! She stood up in the middle of the congregation, and, with tears streaming down her face, and her arms dramatically outstretched, she demanded of the assembled folk if it was right of Lena to leave husband after husband and put the burden of her children on Alita's shoulders.

" And what did they say?" I asked, tremendously thrilled.

" They said it was not right," Alita answered simply.

" But was that all?"

" What else should they say?"

What indeed?

Still, now Lena walked around Johannesburg, publicly disgraced. Only, when next I saw her, the disgrace did not seem to have affected her well-being. She was shiny with health, and rotund with idleness. . . . And where did I see her next? Why, in our yard, of course. And not just Lena, but the very latest pledge of love too. It was sitting, the pledge, on Alita's lap, and Alita was making enthusiastic noises to it. I remembered Alita's denunciation, and looked at her with astonishment. But she met my gaze sweetly and frankly.

" Is it not," she demanded delightedly, " the fattest child missis has ever seen? . . . Ach, the little sharp nose! . . . And does not Lena look well?"

She beamed at Lena, and Lena beamed back at her.

When later I asked Alita if she had then forgiven Lena, all she said was: " What can I do? It is my blood."

" You are a foolish woman, Alita," I commented.

" Yes, that is true," Alita admitted placidly.

Well, it was no business of mine, and I did not feel called upon to moralize further on the situation until one day Alita came to me with an interesting piece of news. It appeared that Lena had sent her aged mother a present.

" That shows a good spirit in Lena," I remarked. " What did she send her?"

Alita's answer came slowly. " A strange present, missis."

" What?"

" A perambulator."

Alita's anxious eyes were on my face, and I did not smile. I agreed instead that it was certainly a strange present.

" But who will use it, Alita? " I asked. " Is there a child in your household too young to walk? "

Alita shook her head.

" Then what does it mean? "

" I am dumb," said Alita.

" But what is in your heart? " I persisted.

" I think that Lena wishes to bring this last child to my house too, and has sent the perambulator in advance."

There was no doubt of it.

" And now? " I demanded with rising indignation. " Are you satisfied? "

Alita began to weep. " What can I do, my missis? I am here in Johannesburg. Can I sit like a dog and keep watch outside my house? And when once the children are left with me can I throw them out into the street? "

" You have forgiven Lena too often," I pronounced with severity.

Alita answered meekly. " I am a woman and my heart is water. Solomon was different. He used to let fly his arm. But Solomon is gone now. And my husband is broken. So there is no one left."

" What about Sydney? "

" Sydney is a child."

" He is seventeen."

" Is he seventeen? I don't remember the years," said Alita wistfully.

But the idea had her. She came to me next day. If Sydney found a substitute, could he go to Bloemfontein for a few days? Just long enough to intercept Lena and bring her to justice. To the white minister or the police. Alita was vague, but hopeful. . . .

The substitute, Alita went on to tell me, was the friend in whose company Sydney had had that photograph taken. I had seen it. Did I remember? It was a very good photograph.

Yes, I remembered. Sydney and his friend appeared in attitude of stiff dignity before a wavering English landscape. Sydney's friend was sitting appropriately in a plush arm-chair, but Sydney was standing erect, his hand grasping the leaf of an artificial palm, and the expression of concentrated virtue on his face had unfortunately resulted in giving his left eye a pronounced cast. The triumph of the photograph, however, from the native point of view, lay in the transforming white light on their faces. . . .

I expressed myself willing to part with Sydney for a few days, and asked Alita if he would care to leave that night. Alita hesitated. I reassured her. She still hesitated. "What is the trouble, Alita?" I asked finally.

"It's the trousers, missis. Sydney wears short trousers."

"Yes?"

"And since he goes to Bloemfontein as the man of the family——"

"I see. He must dress accordingly."

"Missis understands everything," said Alita admiringly.

"So he wants to go and buy himself long trousers," I proceeded, in further justification of Alita's tribute.

"No," said Alita. "He wants to have them tailor-made. He wants American-cut trousers."

Alita went on to explain. It was the very latest thing. All Sydney's friends were wearing them. They were cut wide across the hips and narrow at the ankles. And they were extremely smart. Months ago Sydney had decided that his first long trousers should be American-cut or nothing. In fact, he knew of an Indian

tailor who made them for one pound fifteen. And he could take the opportunity to be measured when he went to fetch his friend, the substitute.

The scheme appeared to have been adequately considered before presentation. I gave it my sanction.

Sydney returned with his face beaming. He had chosen a brown worsted with a white stripe, he had been measured, and the trousers would be ready to-morrow, Saturday. He would leave in the evening.

Sydney danced about his work next day. In the afternoon he went to fetch his trousers. He returned gloomily at dusk. The trousers were not ready. Now he would have to wait till Monday night.

"That may be too late," said Alita. "Go as you are to-night."

Sydney threw her a baleful glance. Was he to go back to Bloemfontein from Johannesburg, the centre of fashion, in the same clothes in which he had left Bloemfontein months ago when he had been there for his holiday? All the people would laugh at him! . . (I visualized the scene. Sydney Itumeleng returns to Bloemfontein in his old trousers!)

Alita insisted. Sydney sulked. Alita implored. Sydney wept. Alita yielded. Sydney smiled again.

On Monday Sydney made another journey to his tailor's. This time the trousers were ready. He raced home with them, packed his things, came to say good-bye.

"But, Sydney," I said, "you are wearing your old trousers, after all."

"Only in the train, missis. Not to spoil the American-cut trousers. But when I come near Bloemfontein I will change, and let the people see. Good-bye, missis. The Lord must bless this home till I come back."

He was gone—Sydney, the man of the family.

(4)

He returned sooner than we had expected. . He told us at once that, when he arrived home, t first thing he saw was Mr. No Pass wheeling his ve newest sister in a beautiful perambulator. Mr. Pass was very proud to be met in company with th perambulator. He had found the baby in it very ea that morning. And people in the location said th Lena had been seen in the train going to Kimberl the same morning.

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" Yes, missis," said Alita.

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SHAKESPEARE'S HOMECOMING

By F. V. Follett

WHAT weathers have you dinned, what rivage strewn
  About the far shores of the desolate mind,
You, who have pondered beauty and have hewn
  A visioned track, in riot, athwart the blind
And pitiless arc of dusk : what viewless gleam
  Has steaded you to helm through whelming tides
And dirging storms to haven walls that dream
  In mirrored calm where endless peace abides?

To flesh old Lear to trudge your storming brain,
  To agonize Macbeth with costlier blood
Than coursed his craven heart, to wrack the fane
  Of Desdemona's love and crush life's bud
For fragrance of an all-redeeming lie,
  To thew cold aching bones with mightiest fears
And glean their terrors with a steadfast eye :
  How fashion these and win beyond hot tears?

Yet you, most gentle-lived, most placid-wise,
  Who glimpsed these agonies from loves long dead,
Found sundown glowing with Miranda's eyes
  And Imogen to grace your old homestead.
You rang green Cotswold fields achime with flowers,
  Where still your daffodils enrich earth's sun
And sweet Perdita's blossoms fall in showers
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A SCULPTOR OF DREAMS

By Dorothy Richardson

To dream, or not to dream? That, for those not already amateurs of dreaming, is the question written between the lines of a slender book* that shines out from the recent literature of dreams like a searchlight amongst naphtha flares. Herself a born dreamer, one of a family of dreamers, the author neglects this question; either because she does not know it is there, and in giving to the world this all too small group of extracts from her own dream-life and outlining the conditions, tested during years of experiment, upon which effective dreaming is attained, she unconsciously endows all mankind with her own genius, or because she regards her book as a letter addressed only to brother dreamers. In either case, she seems unaware of the havoc she has wrought in the fabric of up-to-date ideas on the subject of dreams, quite unaware that she has for good and all lifted the dream out of the frying-pan of mystery into the fire of mystery yet more wonderful; that she has achieved nothing less than the destruction of the dream as a freebooter and its reconstruction as a controllable human faculty. And although Mrs. Foster appears to ignore them, she offers to all whose dreams are so infrequent that they may be called those who do not dream, an embarrassment less only than that she casts upon the dreamer by the extent of the difference between being caught on the horns of a dilemma and being handed the clue to a maze one has no particular desire to explore.

* *Studies in Dreams.* By Mrs. H. A. Foster. George Allen & Unwin, 1921.

The difference, it is true, allows the infrequent dreamer, hesitating over the gift, the entertainment of witnessing the plight of the man of many dreams. For the man of many dreams, once aware not only that he may dream at will, but also that he may influence the material of which his dreams are built, must either accept a discipline or turn away to sorrowful possession of his disorderly wealth. If he chooses to carry on as usual, to go on being charmed or agonized or studiously interested by his dream-life, it will be with a difference. He may no longer regard dreams as the uncontrollable antics of his unknown self. If, on the other hand, he decides to accept responsibility, he will find himself at once in the hands of gods or demons, at once committed to the direction of his own thoughts.

For Mrs. Foster's success is manifestly dependent in large measure upon a condition she does not mention, a condition fulfilled in her, supplying both the zest of her book and the factor that gives to her dream-life the consequence of a work of art; a newly conquered territory of the spirit. She does not mention it because she takes it for granted, and it is just because she takes it for granted, because in her it is the quality of a *life*, that it speaks from every line she has written and avails beyond all she has acquired of concrete knowledge and here offers in the form of statements that can be discussed and passed from hand to hand. The key to its definition is to be found in her attitude towards "wandering thought," a state of mind she regards as possible only quite rarely, and then only as spree or experiment. She is of those who are, so to say, permanently conscious, thinking as they go, all the time, in words. Thought thus kept and fashioned is thought along the main propositions of some accepted faith or philosophy of life. And it is this permanently conscious thought, toned and strong and exclusive, that works both in her selection of her dreams and in steering the barque of her

consciousness through the dream existence which is so largely the occupation of her night-life as to make it possible to say of her that she neither slumbers nor sleeps. It is her manner of *being* that puts the dream-life she has attained so far beyond her modest definition of it as a refuge from the stresses of the working hours.

In her determined reining of fancy and relegation of wandering thoughts to the status of dangerous intruders or, at the best, the jolly clowns of an occasional moral holiday, Mrs. Foster is at one with the new psychologies and the old theologies. If, says the newest psychology, battle be engaged between the will and the fancy, fancy always wins. Therefore, to save time and expense, let the image be good, let it hit first and go on hitting. That the new psychology seems oblivious of the concentration of will required to fashion and hold the image in place, is, for the moment, neither here nor there. The interest for the amateur lies in the fact that the old theologians said the same thing. The devil, they explained, has no power over the will, a certain measure of power over the mind, and a great deal of power over the imagination. Look, therefore, to the imagination, lest it run forth and come under the sway of the powers of the air. And Mrs. Foster seems to say of those who just let their dreams happen, that they are not come into their kingdom.

So much, then, for the regular but chaotic dreamer. His retreat, in good or bad order, leaves the man [illegible] does not dream face to face with our opening [illegible] And if the specialists deny the existen[illegible] who does not dream, it must, even by [illegible] that where dreams are almost ne[illegible] there is, as a rule, a distinct se[illegible] *lessly, the dream-life may, for* [illegible] *as negligible. The questio*[illegible] *whether, given the vista she*[illegible] does not "dream" shall cho[illegible]

so far been latent and therefore unnoticed. Whether he shall choose to dream.

To answer this question with a hearty negative is to confess I know not what. But so I, for one, must answer it, in spite of dreams remembered that have brought me companionship, and dreams that have been chastening self-revelation wrapped delightfully in comic fantasy, in spite of dreams magnificent in form and colour and silently moving event. There is, for me, not only no attraction in the art of dreaming, but an aversion so strong that I am aware, while a dream is in progress, of an annoyed sense of being derailed, of wasting time. Most certainly I do not wish to learn to dream. Or do I? With Mrs. Foster's too few records fresh in mind, I hesitate. But when I face one of her conditions, the necessity of spending the wakening moments of each morning in recalling and noting down the features of the night's dream, though I now believe such research as hers to be of incalculable value, I hesitate no longer. And this morning sacrifice is not the whole cost. In *substituting the chance of profound unconsciousness for never so magically real a dreamland, I should sacrifice* the possible occurrence of some variant of a single experience due to profound slumber, and there are many, for which alone I would barter all the dreams [illegible] have ever dreamed. This experience, or something [illegible] I must suppose—I should very much [illegible] to know—common to "dreamless" [illegible] an accident is required to reveal it [illegible] the case of any single individual, [illegible] is there only when one is wakened [illegible] sleep. How wakened I do [illegible] other warning dis- [illegible] only sufficiently [illegible] that one is [illegible] has [illegible] in

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sleepers; but since an accident is required to reveal it
in progress it is, in the case of any single individual,
necessarily rare. It is there only when one is wakened
from the deepest of deep sleep. How wakened I do
not know. But not by noise or any other warning dis-
turbance. Wakened, and at peace, and only sufficiently
aware of the surrounding world to know that one is
awake. The experience I wish to try to convey has
visited itself time and again, and only once prevailed in

perfection. On that one occasion I awoke undisturbed from the midmost of sleep—is there anything stranger than the waker's immediate knowledge of his distance from either day?—to find myself, there is no other way to put it, busily alive in the past, and at the same moment onlooker at myself living. I remember surprise and the sense, in my emerging mind, that there was not a second to lose, and the plunge back, for perhaps a second or two, into this intensive living where, as onlooker, I had an inquisitorial view both backwards and ahead. As actor, my known self, who, if consulted beforehand, would have refused the experience with groans and tears, was living through whole strands of life, not in succession, but as it were all in one piece, superficially disconnected portions woven together, and was at the same time aware of the inquisitor presenting them, sharing the life and making judgments, stabbing them home, yet with healing blows, blows dealt with a gaiety bordering on amusement and enchanting altogether.

The swift moment was not in the least like those remorse-bringing flashes of self-revelation that are the gift of the daytime. It left me awe-stricken, full of amazement and utterly relieved. Bathed, too, in that joyous refreshment which is the morning gift of deep sleep. And I cannot escape the idea that I had caught myself, whatever that may be, at what, if I could always attain to perfect sleep, would be its nightly task. At what can only be reached in the uttermost depths of deepest sleep. I have wondered since whether the famous morning clarities and decisions are the result not so much of "cerebration" as of a direct consideration of things as they are, undisturbed by the sense of time and place, and sometimes of an undisturbed consideration of all that we are. Not a review, as one reviews life in memory, but a current possession, from a single point of consciousness, of our whole experience

ntact, and a consequent arrangement of the immediate uture. Whether, as a rule, one wakes only when the whole is done and there remains just the finished work, nd the sense of a vast extension of presented material f which the morning decisions are the fringe, sliding way out of sight.

It may be that a dreamless night-life is an inferior ubstitute for the active dream. That the artist of our ves works, if not by day, then at night, and, in the case f Mrs. Foster, continuously, both day and night. Certain it is that the rest that brings good waking is not nactivity. It may be that in revealing the conditions hat make for good dreaming, Mrs. Foster has at the ame time revealed those that make for good dreamessness.

THE TIMBER OF POETRY.—The poetry of exaltation will be always the highest; but when men lose their oetic feeling for ordinary life, and cannot write poetry f ordinary things, their exalted poetry is likely to lose ts strength of exaltation, in the way men cease to uild beautiful churches when they have lost happiness n building shops. Many of the older poets, such as Villon and Herrick and Burns, used the whole of their ersonal life as their material, and the verse written in his way was read by strong men and thieves and leacons, not by little cliques only. . . . It is the timber f poetry that wears most surely, and there is no timber hat has not strong roots among the clay and worms. Even if we grant that exalted poetry can be kept sucessful by itself, the strong things of life are needed in oetry also, to show that what is exalted or tender is ot made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that efore verse can be human again it must learn to be rutal.—*J. M. Synge.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SHAKESPEARE AND IBSEN: THE LAST STAGE.—Shakespeare's prophetic vision, if I understand Mr. Murry aright, looked forward across the culmination of the human tragedy to a fair, new world of younger spirits, and he embodied this dream in certain creations of his last period—Perdita, Marina, Miranda. Is it a mere coincidence that the only nineteenth-century poet who approaches Shakespeare in combining consummate mastery of the stage with the highest tragic inspiration should also, and at the end of his career, have chosen the same symbol—the younger generation—to express his dream of the final reality? In a letter of 1900, after his work was ended, Ibsen says of his four last plays: "You are quite right when you say that the series which ends with the Epilogue [*When We Dead Awaken*] really began with *The Master Builder*. Into this subject, however, I do not care to enter further. I leave all commentaries and interpretations to you." He left them to some purpose, for he ever loved to cover his tracks and to affect the inscrutable. The interpretation is still to seek, but when found it will, I believe, prove to have great significance for our present state; a belief in which I am meanwhile confirmed by Mr. Murry's view of what the younger generation meant for Shakespeare.

Hilda Wangel, who is the younger generation in *The Master Builder* (1891), had already appeared; alone among Ibsen's characters she is carried over from an earlier play, *The Lady from the Sea* (1886), where her youth and high spirits break like a keen, fresh breeze into a place of mists and miasmas. This unusual carrying over should make us suspect that the conception had some special importance for Ibsen, and there can be no doubt about it when we look at her fully developed *rôle* in the play in which he collects his

powers for the final attempt to state the destiny of the soul in dramatic symbols. The predicament of Solness, the successful architect, builder first of high church towers and then of "homes for human beings," is that he has reached a culmination, and it is not peace. He has achieved all that mind and will working as the obedient tools of genius can do, and he is resolved to hold what his strength has won from this world. But his resolve is insecure, and he knows it; terror, remorse, and a yearning for something of a different order gnaw at its foundations. Terror, because he knows that the younger generation, "which in my heart I yearn towards so deeply," will one day thunder at the door, under a new banner, "heralding the turn of fortune," and then "there's an end of Halvard Solness." Remorse, because his success is built on the sacrifice of others; he has to pay for it all, not in money, but in human happiness, "and not with my own happiness only, but with other people's, too. Yes, yes, do you see that, Hilda? That is the price which my position as an artist has cost me—and others. And every single day I have to look on while the price is paid for me anew. Over again, and over again—and over again, for ever." He owes a debt, and the coming of the younger generation will mean retribution. It comes in shape of a girl, knocking at the door, "in tourist costume," with alpenstock and knapsack, coming down from the northern mountains to remind him of the promise he had made her exactly ten years before, when he built a high church tower up in the north: to give her a kingdom.

This situation, with its issue—the climbing of the tower and the crash into the quarry below—is neither a realistic story nor a disguised exercise in psychological analysis, nor an exposure of current shams. On none of these hypotheses is there any psychological justification for Solness's fear of the young, and his refusal to give his assistant a chance to work on his own. Ten years ago

the great man kissed a child, and she turns up to tell him that, if he persists in crushing the young, if he will not face retribution and the turn of the wheel, he kills something in her that is "more than her life." What sense is there in such a fable? None, unless the play is an allegory of the conscious mind at the crucial point of evolution—the point where the personality clings to its achievement until there breaks into consciousness some higher principle with the command "let all go." With Hilda's knock at the door the hour of spiritual revolution has struck. Something has been forgotten which must be remembered, and if the life is to be saved it must be lost in cataclysm. Disobedience to the command is murder, a betrayal of life itself.

With Ibsen this theme is not a philosophic construction, but a central experience, and his last plays are attempts from various points of view to give it a living symbolic vesture. The symbols are deliberately symbols, chosen on a definite system; his experience does not issue directly, as Shakespeare's does, in created characters which are significant because they flower from the tragic vision. For instance, the north, the quarter whence Ezekiel's vision came, is the place of the higher spiritual consciousness. Hilda comes from the north, a wanderer, travelling light; the last play, *When We Dead Awaken,* begins with the end of a journey to the north; *Emperor and Galilean* (1871) had ended years before, in a last attempt of the Roman army to advance "towards the north" in the Persian deserts, where it was overthrown. Artistically the method may be inferior, although it would be worth inquiring how far it was determined by and appropriate to modern conditions. But my present point is that it is a deliberate method of shadowing forth the truth of spiritual progress as mirrored in Ibsen's tragic experience, and that, in at least one important respect, there is a strange consonance with what, if Mr. Murry is right, Shakespeare

foresaw. The difference is that Ibsen explicitly made the younger generation a symbol, and that in his last plays he faces the human tragedy. They are a relentless and (for personal reasons) despairing statement of the crime by which we stifle the life of the spirit and of the catastrophic destruction of personality out of which that life must be born.—S. P. WATERLOW.

REVOLUTION OR STERILIZATION.—There are times when the phrase "the brotherhood of man" seems one of the emptiest phrases imaginable. Think of the contrast, for instance, between the subtle, far-ranging imagination, the keen reasoning, the patient, serene detachment, the utter honesty of the unselfsparing effort which shines in every page of a modern great scientific memoir, and the shoddy claptrap, the feeble-minded lack of logic, the sheer dishonest truckling to base minds which festers in almost every leading article of almost every daily paper. If the first is written by a man, what is the second written by? His brother? Judged by their mental and moral qualities, surely men form different species! If the inner differences of men could be expressed in their bodily shapes no naturalist would lump them together.

Moods of this kind come to every thoughtful man. They are particularly apt to occur at breakfast time, when the morning paper is unfolded. We could almost believe that some such occasion has led Dr. Schiller to write his *Tantalus*,* except that his state appears to be chronic. He appears to have made up his mind to it that the majority of any modern population is feeble-minded—and worse. Yahoos, he calls them. Society, by making life easier for the "rabbits," has brought on universal degeneracy. It is of the nature of civilization, as civilization has existed hitherto, to ensure its own

* Kegan Paul.

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collapse. The lower classes multiply at an alarming rate, while the upper classes are relatively sterile. Such offspring as the upper classes do produce only too rarely resist the temptation to squander their lives on social amusements. Even those who devote their lives to knowledge are not much better. They lose contact with life, and retire even further into more and more incomprehensible and futile technicalities. But Dr. Schiller is not a pessimist. There are two possible ways of saving civilization. One is Christianity, and the other is Eugenics. The first way he thinks very unlikely. The Yahoos cannot appreciate the rationality of Christianity, and the opposition to it is enormous. All the Churches, for instance, would certainly vigorously resist any attempt to carry Christianity into practice. Besides, the Yahoos have had Christianity presented to them for two thousand years, but have shown no disposition to adopt it. Eugenics, Dr. Schiller thinks, is more promising. A vigorous public spirit would have to be created, he admits. But supposing this done, we could, tentatively, begin to breed a higher race. We would proceed by trial and error. We could begin modestly. It is better, for instance, to breed from healthy and intelligent people than from the sickly and feeble-minded. No fixed ideal is aimed at. We should discover where we wanted to go as we went along. The chief difficulty that suggests itself here is in connection with the creation of the requisite public spirit. If the majority of men are Yahoos, and the movement is to be a popular movement, then the Yahoos must be got to vote for their own extinction in favour of the future race. But Yahoos who are capable of this are hardly Yahoos. If they can rise to so much in the lack of food, air, light, sanitation, and education, it might be worth while seeing what else they would be capable of when given half the advantages of those superior stocks that spend their most active hours in night-clubs.

As a matter of fact, it is not clear that Dr. Schiller is justified in assuming that the upper classes form a better stock. This cannot be decided until the offspring of each stock are reared in identical conditions. Some of the acutest minds of the present day are beginning to suspect that being one of a family of five, brought up in one room, in an airless, lightless, insanitary slum, nourished chiefly on dry bread and cheese-rind, and sent out to work as a carter's boy at fourteen years of age, is very probably a handicap in realizing one's highest potentialities. If this surmise should gain ground in the minds of the Yahoos, it is probable they will first try the social revolution Dr. Schiller deprecates rather than the self-sterilization he advocates—and with the same object, namely, the production of better offspring. Besides, before we take measures for breeding by legislation we must know a little more about what we are going to breed. Healthy, intelligent types? Are not Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook intelligent and healthy enough? And do we want a planet full of them?—J. W. N. SULLIVAN.

THE REAL ROMANCE.—Two young people meet somehow or other, and Nature and Opportunity conspiring together, they fall in love, exchange compliments to the effect that the Lord created in each a unique specimen (which is, after all, literally true), and speak of their romance.

And, of course, it is romantic to think of two disconnected atoms deciding suddenly to become one molecule. But then, as everyone ought to know by now, rightly considered, everything under the stars is marvellous and therefore romantic.

To at least one person no human being fails of romance—himself. Give us, the sternest and sanest of us even, the ear of a sympathetic stranger, someone who does not accept us at our familiar valuation, and

watch us luxuriously spreading ourselves. How a little encouragement, a little sympathy, a little success, will lure from its retreat the abashed and retiring illusion that we matter. Out it comes, the secret mystery of our being, and pathetically we go through the process of what is called "giving ourselves away" . . . our inner selves, all we really possess, yielded, lost. How do we not too late mourn our abandonment. Romance has betrayed us.

Nevertheless, it is generally understood that whenever the particular combination of words "Quite a romance" is used, people mean that a man and a woman have arranged to get married. They seem to think this the greatest of all miracles.

Strange! Strange that anyone should consider a thing so very natural and obvious as young love romantic. Why, what is there less remarkable than that a young man and a young woman should be mutually attracted? It is as inevitable as the music of Bach, as the progress of disease, as the winding of the seasons round their spool, the earth.

How much more romantic than young love is old love—the curious, the almost unnatural, fidelity of marriage. Here are two ugly old people, and to no one else have they any meaning, but to each other they are precious. The world is full of lovelier, wiser, better, happier men and women, and they want none of them, their desire is towards one another.

Although it is the fashion nowadays to write books concerned with marital infidelity, spiritual or technical, it is not true that most married couples are yearning to part company. Making allowances for moments of natural imperfection or exasperation when anything seems better than what is, do many wives really want to leave their husbands and many husbands their wives? Is it not rather the opposite—a miracle to the outside world how two people love one another and cling to

one another, through good and evil, despite what to the impartial observer seems the most meagre of inducements? . . .

Go to some seaside place where men and women bathe together. Watch that elderly couple going into the sea. How ridiculous they look, the poor stout things, in their bathing costumes, how unshapely, how hideous. And they walk in hand and hand, the man guarding his wife from the contemptuous waves, the woman asking her husband anxiously if he isn't bathing too soon after his meal. Nor is the question, in its essence, prosaic; nor, ugly as they are, is it ugly to see them.

They do not even consider, the husband and wife, such exotic questions as love. They have got beyond love. They simply belong. Do they love their own limbs? Do they love their own eyes? They are not perfect limbs or perfect eyes—any chance passer-by can show better ones, but even if their eyes offended them, they would not obey the Bible and pluck them out. And so do they bear with whom they have married.

It is not young love or broken wedlock that is the romantic thing. It is this uncanny power of marriage itself.—Sarah Gertrude Millin.

The Epilogue to St. Joan: A Parallel.—Mr. Shaw's defence and Mr. Murry's criticism of the Epilogue to *Saint Joan* brought into my mind a thought which seems to me not irrelevant. If, as I believe, and as I imagine neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Murry would deny, the story of Joan is essentially a repetition (perhaps in some cycle of eternal recurrence) of the story of Christ, why not apply the same criticism and the same defence to that story? Mr. Murry says the tragedy must end with the Crucifixion, with "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Mr.

Shaw says, No, that is only the beginning. Many a man has been crucified, as Barabbas was, for being a thief: only one has been crucified and made a God. The apotheosis of Jesus is a necessary part of his story.

How are we to decide this issue? It is a deep one. The criticism is a real criticism, and the defence a real defence. The solution to it, it seems to me, involves an answer to the still deeper question: Has the apotheosis of Jesus reallv been a triumph for him? That is to say: Do men really in their hearts admit that he was, and is, God? Is he become more or less divine by being divinized? And, in the parallel case, Do men really in their hearts admit that Joan of Arc was a saint? Is she become more or less of a saint by being canonized?

I do not know how to answer this question. But there is a simpler question which, I think, can be answered. Would Jesus himself have regarded as a triumph his apotheosis by a world of which the two halves have spent five years in trying to murder each other by the foulest devices? Or would Joan herself have regarded her canonization by such a world as a victory? I think not; I believe rather that such an apotheosis and such a canonization would have seemed to them a mockery more bitter than his crucifixion or her burning. If Jesus were to look on the world to-day, and descend into it, and enter a church in which his story was being told or symbolically presented, would he endure to witness the Epilogue to his drama? Would he not rather murmur on Good Friday: "It is finished"? And if the bishop and dignitaries were to remonstrate with him, and tell him he must wait for Easter Day, and argue with him that "it was a much more difficult matter to get made a God than to get made a corpse, and that it was much more important," would he be persuaded? And if they were to say to him further: "Look what you have done! You have built all these churches, you have gathered together this great wealth from which we

modestly live! This is your triumph," would he accept the triumph for his own?

I know that is a one-sided statement. He would go and watch some poor devil of a slum parson keeping his soul and body alive by the fire of love that was in him, and he would say: "I have not triumphed, but I have not wholly failed. They have done their best to bury me beneath their churches, and slay me in their wars, but I am not forgotten. I shall never be forgotten by such men as this. But I shall never triumph; I am as far from triumphing now as I was on the day I died, and in the moment when, in the bitterness of my pain, I saw the eternal reality of human life, and the golden light of love through which I had looked upon it was darkened. But I would do it again, and for a less result than this. If there were but one man who would cherish the spark of love that I lit, I would die the same death again. If there was no man at all, still I would do it. For that for which I lived and died *must* be in the world. But do not talk to me of triumphs and victories, for by that sign I know that you belong to those who would kill me again. Perhaps I have truly triumphed only in the hearts of those who know, as I did, that I failed."

This, I think, contains the essential of the case against Mr. Shaw's Epilogue. When Mr. Shaw asks whether "he could be expected to stultify himself by implying that Joan's history in the world ended unhappily with her execution instead of beginning there," the answer is to point to the closing words of the Epilogue itself, when Joan is made to say: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy Saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" For by those words Mr. Shaw himself admits that Joan is no nearer to the only victory she would have cared for than she was when she was enthroned among the faggots at Rouen.—HENRY KING.

A COMMON PREJUDICE

By The Journeyman

"We all hate being preached at," remarks a preacher whose sermon appears each morning in one of our liveliest newspapers, "from the heights of intellectual culture. And the reason for this is that we know in our heart of hearts, though we can't always express it, that a lot of this so-called culture is all bosh and merely hides dense self-satisfaction." He appears, throughout his sermon, to be angry with some folk who are known to him as High Brows. His sermon is preached from the text of "Bosh," and it shows great impatience with "high-brow dictation on what to read."

Whoever they may be, it is clear that the High Brows must be great fools if they have really presumed to dictate to us about what we shall read. And it is easy to understand the journalist's dislike of them, for I myself have some fear and dislike of the High Brows, though all unwilling to admit that I prefer the society and the art of the Low Brows. Our fear of them is sufficient to condemn them. It is not for nothing that we bridle at the mention of their name, even though we cannot always explain our feelings except in half-articulate and angry cries. The High Brows are strange folk, and they enjoy strange things (though their enjoyment is incredible) like foreigners. They make us feel uncomfortable, as though we feared they knew of something we cannot see, which is distressing, as poor Kipps knew well enough when he got his plain but honest feet on a three-ply carpet in a room where the strangers, coolly conversing, ignored him. The

A COMMON PREJUDICE

High Brows are feared and distrusted, and the Low Brows are such that nuts are their chief nourishment; and thus a dilemma arises for the commonalty which is not inconsiderable. For what is intermediate is dwindled to an intellectual decision on one or another of Lord Rothermere's penny guides to good taste.

Yet perhaps we are hardly fair to ourselves, for even a Low Brow, if he were allowed the time for it, might see in the end that the variety of brow which owns and edits our liveliest newspapers is not of the kind that invented the linotype and the rotary press; and suddenly we remember that that machinery would be useless were it not for the forgotten self-satisfaction out of which was born electrical telegraphy. Perhaps we ought not to be too impatient with High Brows, even though they know what we do not. We might now be without our *Daily Mail* but for them, and when so much is admitted it is clear we ought to forgive even Mr. T. S. Eliot for his knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and some others, like Mr. Santayana, whose cold superiority and pure taste is embarrassing. If we could subdue our fear of the lofty gravity of the High Brows, and their occasional inscrutable amusement over the little things with which we are pleased, we might have leisure in which to ask ourselves why popular newspapers think it is useful to mention the High Brows now and then for the purpose of fun and abuse. For most of them do. It does certainly count heavily against the High Brows that the age of machinery is their creation, and that the devious brains of abstract theorists, mathematicians, chemists, and physicists made industrial Europe. But they did not destroy it. That was not done on their initiative, at least; though the important figures whom we may thank for the wreckage of Europe certainly could not have achieved so epic a destruction without borrowing the aid and the appliances of the High Brows, as Pro-

fessor Soddy has shown. On the other hand, it would be most difficult to prove common usefulness, creative intelligence, in such men as the late Tzar, the Kaiser Ludendorff, Lloyd George, Poincaré, Northcliffe, and Bottomley. No High Brows in that list. Therefore we may assume that popular journalists are not annoyed with High Brows because all the lore of modern Europe is only the accumulated labour of their superior minds; journalists who write for the million are not quite so subtle as to condemn intelligences greatly removed from the common because their studies, largely obscure, made possible both industrial Europe and its wrecking. There must be another reason for it.

What can be that reason? It is not likely to be a reason well calculated and well defined even in their own minds, but possibly is instinctive, like the quite natural anger of an active brigadier when the possibility is discussed of men ceasing to argue with machine-guns. I read carefully this outbreak of a journalist's indignation (before "the largest circulation in the world," too) on the subject of Bosh, and on the whole was inclined to agree with him, for it seemed that some irregular commission of meddling busy-bodies had decided to impose our reading matter on us because it was "the best," in their absurd opinion. But then, by chance, I discovered the pin that had run into this journalist. It appears that a body of scholars—Dr. Hagberg Wright, of the London Library, is among them—desire that, under the auspices of the League of Nations, a short list of books limited to 600 entries, representing the latest explorations of thought in the world, should be published annually, so that all who desire to learn the best that has been done in the year, in any language, may have no trouble about it. Curious that so hopeful and so simple a suggestion should have prompted anger in an agent of a newspaper trust, isn't it? A good-natured public, happy with its wireless sets

which enable it to share the joys of the fox-trotters of the Savoy Hotel, and even to hear their heel-taps, glad to hear that the Prince is able to take gymnastic exercises *incognito* with a group of titled friends and a corps of Pressmen on an Atlantic liner, and that the ants are still fighting at the Zoo, and to know that some fortunate witnesses at Wembley saw the refugees run in nightshirts when bombing-planes demonstrated the destruction of a home—such a public might miss, of course, as I nearly did, the cause for such a newspaper outbreak; and properly would suppose it was entirely just.

Yet is it not possible that too general and too insistent a curiosity for valuable evidence, evidence apart from what is broadcast or may be seen at the cinema palace or among the pictures of a morning paper; too common a desire to know whether the world is really as the daily headlines state, might do little justice to the vast sums invested in such newspapers as we know? Knowledge is not the kind of commodity which would improve their market. A public which began to learn just a little more than the producers of a lively Press desired to publish would certainly be a dangerous nuisance, and worse. It would jeopardize capital; it would compel a revision of the habits of those who are already settled and comfortable. Nothing would so imperil the vast fortunes which depend for profit on the mere suggestiveness of the names of a few newspapers as a little more curiosity and doubt on the part of the public. So there may be more than one reason for fear of the High Brows and the odd intensity of the derision when they are named.

"The movies beat 'em hollow—those scholars that nobody reads," said Bishop Talbot (of the American Episcopal Church) to a friendly London interviewer. "I've been judging England by your railroad bookstalls. You people read a whole lot more than we do.

There's plenty of life in a dime novel, so you just
your hand in your pocket and buy life. I'm sure it d
you good." The Bishop added: "I came to Engla
to see Liverpool Cathedral opened. Now I'm runni
over to France to see the boys' graves."

The railway bookstalls beat the scholars, as t
Bishop joyfully noted. But what connection on ea
or in heaven did the Bishop see between our cathedr
and the boys' graves? What completion of what go
work?

Poetry and Education.—Poetry being the mo
intimate expression of man's spirit, it is necessary
education; since no man can be a worthy citizen of an
earthly state unless he be first a citizen of the heavenly
The other fine arts aim also at spiritual expression, bu
their material forms are more remote from ideas, an
their interpretation often requires some special dispos
tion of mind—as in Music, wherein also the appea
being to moods and untranslatable emotions, is uncer
tain of its moral effects. But in poetry the material i
language, and words are not only familiar to all of us
but are of all forms the most significant we have. Prose
while using the same material, is no rival to poetry in
this part of education; for though it be the logica
guardian of Truth, and may rise to the highest pitch
of expression, and—as we see in Plato, himself a poet—
may duly claim the name and rank of Poetry, yet it is
the common drudge of the Understanding for all work,
and consequently inseparable from the usual routine of
life, which is the chiefest enemy to spiritual abstraction.
Poetry, on the other hand, with a more memorable
form and a diction more musical, is of set purpose
devoted to the high imaginative task of displaying the
beauty, solemnity, and mystery of man's life on earth.
(*Robert Bridges.*)

MULTUM IN PARVO

Why Does the Writer Write?—Reading Gertrude Millin's clever analysis of why the writer "writes," I couldn't help feeling that the writer described becomes, generally, the good journalist or the simply "popular." No one has spoken for the essential artist, and so I venture to do so, if I may.

In the first place, does the "germ" of writing really begin with a romantic child's scribbling in an exercise book? And is scribbling really the simple way to the limelight for an imaginative child? I think a really imaginative child finds it simpler to die for King Arthur in the vegetable garden than to sit and scribble. It is quite easy to be "on the stage" or "an opera singer," or Hereward the Wake, between breakfast and lunch, and one can "die young" twice a day. Another urge beside the ideal of fame (and beside all conscious reasoning) lies at the roots of the writer. A sudden emotion which caught him as a child, frightening but marvellous, when known things—aspen tree, privet bush, sunset—looked "different" . . . (so that the West nearly made his little heart burst). A moment not to be defiled by speech even to the beloved parlourmaid, certainly not to his own kith and kin; but some day—some day . . . !

And it is this same moment at intervals, all through his life, which makes him write. It is the *moment of vision.*

The desire for fame, the scribbling mood, and the craftsman's love, belong too; but are not the primal cause. All his life the cause will be, and must be—that sudden opening of an inward eye.—*Dorothy Easton.*

Change at Tottenham Court Road.—Every morning. Every one. Going from places they hate to places they hate. I am one of them. I really am. I

know it. This realization comes strongest at Tottenham Court Road when I change from the Hampstead line to the Central London Line to Oxford Circus. Every morning I have this realization—and the realization that I shall have more realizations just like this realization. It is sickening.

It will go on and on—and nothing will change it. Oh, they may build other tubes,—we may come to work in airships,—I might even get off at Goodge Street (and save a penny) and vary the monotony. But it will go on and on : every morning, everyone going from places they hate to places they hate.

Places they hate. I live at Golders Green. I hate Golders Green. Everyone who lives at Golders Green hates it, but no one will admit it except under ether or a sleep-walking episode. If you are one who lives at Golders Green you are not one who disparages the place. I live in a semi-detached villa on the Vale. It is mine, freehold, furniture, family and all. I have worked hard for the freehold, denying myself many little things such as good cigarettes, really good coffee, a *bonâ fide* holiday otherwise than at Margate, Ramsgate, or Ostend, and I have never afforded myself non-committal clothes. I have paid over six hundred pounds for my freehold, and I have paid much really good psychology for it, too. The furniture—perhaps the least said about my furniture the better. But my furniture is better than anyone else's on the Vale. It is. That's honest. But my furniture is really much worse than the furniture in the other Vale houses, for it expresses not so much what I really like as what I think I ought to like. That characteristic is also found in my neighbours' homes, too.

My family—I cannot, of course, say anything but very sweet stuff about my family, for I—like the others—am damned with a sense of loyalty. Anyway, my family is all I really have of the meum-tuum relationship

in this world, and why should I desert them for honesty and a reading public? My wife is a sweet dear woman. And that is sad. She wasn't a sweet dear woman before I married her. She certainly was not. She was an entity, a human, a personality, a force of her own. I changed all that—I and our home. Don't misunderstand me when I say I hate my wife. I hate my wife for allowing me and our home to make her into such a ninny. In order that we might secure our freehold she, poor dear, had to learn the science of higgling. To pay off our home she, my helpmate, dedicated her life to higgling with the butcher, browbeating the baker (when she could), and the candlemen. It is not enough that she has had to do trashy things, but she has had to do them in the trashy air of respectability. Anyway, the freehold *is* entirely ours now, and my wife has certainly something fairly splendid to slave herself in. She seems happy. She really does. If she has got happiness out of it all—well, good for her! I think she has paid a damned good price for a roof over her head, respectable clothes, and three meals a day. I owe everything I have to-day to my dear little wife. Do I thank her for her unselfishness? Not much! I have learned to take her unselfishness for granted and have learned to expect still more unselfishness. I only condemn my wife for not being a bright spark and an entity, —a woman of whom I can be proud. I often reflect with sentimentalism, think over the days when I should have given my eye teeth to be master of her.

To places we hate—— My office. I hate it. I do. I like hating it, but worst of all, I hate liking it.

I couldn't do without my office; I should have no place from which to go if I didn't have my office. Neither should I have any place to which I should come in the morning. It is, you see, necessary to be coming and to be going. I have done rather well here. I am becoming one of the higher-ups, so to speak. I have

a number of girls under me. I could sack one or all of these girls without ever being held to account. That thought enhances my own importance somehow. I can be either pleasant or unpleasant to these girls—and a number of lesser people about the office with impunity. I can make their life a hell or a heaven. I use my power as I am prompted by my digestion or indigestion.

I know there isn't a boy of fourteen in this office who couldn't do what I do. I often wonder why this isn't discovered. Somehow it isn't. I could be away from this office for the rest of my life and my three girls could carry on with much grace—and peace. I often wonder why this isn't noticed. But if someone tells on me—then I should tell on them—and all we chiefs would lose our jobs.

If I should plant six seed-potatoes and tend to them until maturity, I should be doing more purposeful work than if I spent an aeon here slaving my girls and keeping myself busy at slave-driving. Mine is a work—a phenomenon somehow. No real reason for its existence—except perhaps to keep seventy-six people doing something and being paid for it.—R. F.

Problem No. 17.—Seven cards are taken at random from a pack and placed (not on top of one another) on a table. Each card counts as a number equal to the face value of that card, irrespective of the suit, the ace counting as one and court cards as ten. On top of each card is then placed a number of cards equal to the difference between twelve and the face value of that card. When the seven piles are completed it is found there is one card left over. What is the sum of the face values of the seven cards?

Answer to Problem No. 16.—By throwing something away—*e.g.* by expectorating.

BOOKS TO READ

MICHAEL NEO PALAEOLOGUS: HIS GRAMMAR. By his father, Stephen N. Palaeologus. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.

The humorist is a rare bird among philologists and grammarians, but who buys this book will catch one. It is strange to have education imparted in this bright, even hilarious, manner. Stephen must be proud of his son Michael, whom he approaches, sure of being understood, with so rich a store of literary allusions. The father is no pedant, either, but he insists on the laws, which in these days of anarchy are being dragged in the mud; and, never forgetting that Michael is, after all, a mere youngster, he mixes much entertainment with his polysyllables

YOGA AS PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION. By Surendranath Dasgupta. (Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

An exposition of the system of Yoga thought made as lucidly as so subtle a subject will allow. It is to be read slowly, if not with delight. A large number of people practise, or attempt to practise, a system which, even to those trained in philosophical thinking, needs most careful study to comprehend—a thing most strange. It is the intellectual foundation that Mr. Dasgupta discusses, the philosophical, psychological, cosmological, ethical, religious, and other doctrines which underlie the practices.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF." By Hans Vaihinger. Translated by C. K. Ogden. (Kegan Paul.) 25s. net.

The philosophy of Vaihinger is pragmatism in another form. Fiction is what works. Since man lives by imagination, *thinking* is the fiction that helps him to live. We use hypotheses which are true and hypotheses which are workable fictions. Science abounds with the latter. The theory was stated, more or less, by Kant, but in such language that when Vaihinger comes forward with his clear and poetic writing the ideas strike us with the freshness of original thought.

THE GREAT PYRAMID: ITS DIVINE MESSAGE. By D. Davidson and H. Aldersmith. Vol. I.—Pyramid Records. (Williams & Norgate.) 25s. net.

There is some science in this stately volume, but more mysticism. The record of things past is made with a purpose. "The Great Pyramid is shown to be a monumentalization of the science of a former civilisation, built for the purpose of handing down to posterity a clear and definite message . . . the Pyramid enshrines a knowledge of precise gravitational astronomy, and contains a system of astronomical chronology, which, when considered in relation to ancient history is seen to be not only a record of things past, but also a prophetical indication of future events . . . the message of the Pyramid is addressed to the present era and to the British race." The Egyptologist will not like this elaborate work, the psychologist should like it, and the faithful certainly will like it.

SOCIAL STRUGGLES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By M. Beer. (Parsons.) 6s. net.

Mr. Beer has an axe to grind. It is the Marxian axe. He keeps it sharp and bright, which is more than can be said of many others of his faith. And if there are flaws in his interpretation of social life in the Middle Ages they are not easy to detect. He sees mediæval heresy as a fight for Communism, a moral revolt against private property and Church power, a protest on behalf of natural law and the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. A most interesting book, skilfully written.

A KNIGHT'S LIFE IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY. By Walter Clifford Meller. (Werner Laurie.) 30s. net.

At first glance Mr. Meller's task might seem a little more theatrical than Mr. Beer's; but, though it is on a lesser scale of importance, it does help to a realisation of what one section of life was like in the Middle Ages. By research in old records and the study of mediæval writings, poetry and prose, Mr. Meller has reconstructed the life, from the cradle to the grave, of a knight of chivalry.

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN THE MAKING. As told by Many of its Makers. (Encyclopaedia Britannica Co.) Two vols., £2 10s. net.

Eighty-four writers tell, in these large volumes, the history of this century. The frontispiece is not a portrait of a contributor sprawling across two hundred pages of rhetoric concerning the "seething solution" of the world's affairs in its greatest epoch, and so on; but a photograph of an enormous column of water caused by the explosion of a mine at sea. There are several violent eruptions in this work. Much excellent matter, too; Mr. Wells's article, for instance—which, maybe, is why it has been overlooked by critics with a taste for verbal upheavals. The behaviour of man during the last twenty years does not damp Mr. Wells's optimism. He thinks it possible that a hundred years hence there will be "a modernised Russia and its associated peoples, a renascent and federated Japan and China, and a federation of the English, Spanish, and Portuguese-speaking communities in America and round and about the world," which will take "the lead in the last step towards human unification, the establishment of the world-peace on the best possible basis for such a peace, namely, upon universal free trade, a common world-currency, a world-control of the production of staples, an extension of a world parcel-post to cover the transport of all goods by land or sea at fixed rates, and a merger of sovereignty in a world-control to maintain minimum standards of education and welfare, and a watch upon the movements and expansion of population, and a common supreme court, a final court of appeal for all the world."

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. (Dent.) 35s. net.

This highly useful reference-book covers a very wide field, yet in history it does not go further back than the year 1880, when Parry's *Prometheus Unbound* marked, as the Editor and his committee of experts put it, the beginning of the English Renaissance in music. The articles have been written and assembled by Prof. A. Eaglefield-Hull, as General Editor, working with a committee consisting of Sir Hugh Allen, Prof. Granville Bantock, Mr. Edward J. Dent, and Sir Henry Wood.

THE DICKENS ENCYCLOPAEDIA. By Arthur L. Hayward. (Routledge.) 15s. net.

We have searched for slips, but so far as our knowledge of Dickens guides us we can find none. This is an alphabetical dictionary of references to every character and place mentioned in the novels, with explanatory notes and phrases. In itself it makes entertaining reading, besides being an efficient reference-book.

THE STORY OF OUR INNS OF COURT. As told by Sir D. Plunket Barton, K.C., Charles Benham, and Francis Watt. (Foulis.) 10s. 6d. net.

The enthusiasm of the authors of this work is right. There is something very moving, besides the beauty of building and charm of quietude, in Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and that little isolated region in the middle of the great Metropolis called the Temple. The visitor need have but a very small store of historical knowledge to be aware of their tremendous significance in the social life of England and America. The significance and the charm colour this well-told story.

MODERN LILLIPUT. By David Alec Wilson. (Daniel.) 7s. 6d. net.

To evoke the memory of Swift is daring in a satirist. Mr. Wilson comes with credit from his task because he has done no more than to use the island of Lilliput for his setting. It would do him injustice to make comparisons with Swift, whom he makes no attempt to imitate. He has his own native vigour, and has written a stimulating satire on war and the ways of the warlike. If we do not cease to kill and to make wars, he concludes, if we rejoice in robbers rather than saviours, no skill of art or science can save us: "Our character is our fate, and we will fight each other till we improve the world in the only way we can, by eliminating ourselves out of it."

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray, Henry Bradley, W. A. Craigie, and C. T. Onions. Vol. X. Ti—Z. Unforeseeing—Upright. (Oxford University Press.) 10s. net.

In this section there are 3,[illegible] main words, [illegible] special combinations of these words, [illegible] obvious combinations, and [illegible] entries of [illegible] [illegible] variant forms.

VARIATIONS ON THE THEME OF MUSIC. By W. J. Turner. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.

The writings of music critics, though full of learning, are not as a rul too absorbing in interest. To get nourishment from their dissertations th reader has to be very keen on the subject. The exceptions are rare, and Mr. Turner is one of them—but, then, he has another calling. His variation occupy him chiefly in tumbling idols from their pedestals. He does i neatly, exuberantly, entertainingly—though whether it is rightful musi criticism is another matter.

NAPOLEON. By Elie Faure. Translated by Jeffery E. Jeffery. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

The lamented Marie Lloyd used to sing about a man of whom she said "Everything he does is so artistic." The artistic temperament may no result in art, it may even result in laying waste a continent, trampling the aspirations of decent people into the mire, and driving away peace fo generations, but all is forgiven it. "I love power," said Napoleon; "but i is as an artist that I love it." The idea comforted, no doubt, the stragglers from Moscow, and the profound saying of his hero has stirred M. Faure t lyricism. It is enough for M. Faure that Napoleon tried to build the worl after the vision he had conceived of it. The means chosen and the natur of the vision are of small account. Everything he did was so artistic.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND. By H. J. Massingham. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net

Facility with words may be a gift of the gods, but it is the curse, too Mr. Massingham has the blessing and the bane both. His speculation sport about in the vast oceans of time and sometimes lead him to far to confident conclusions. He makes up his mind about that enigma Maide Castle from arguments concerning its insecure position as a fortress whic could be valid only if the ancients were familiar with long-range gun He writes of the countryside, particularly of its birds, with charm, and w read him then with pleasure. Why should he not be content with hi knowledge of the beautiful things in Nature, his love of them, and hi skill of words in imparting his enthusiasms to grateful readers—and shu the puzzling symbols of the dead as he shuns the madding ways of livin men?

THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF OIL PAINTING. By Harold Speed (Chapman & Hall.) 21s. net.

If it is possible to teach people how to paint, Mr. Speed is a bett guide than most; indeed, he is a most excellent teacher. He gives a grea number of technical hints which conscientious students will find usefu His comments upon modern art movements are of little value, and he weaken what otherwise is a safely commendable work.

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SPRING SOWING. By Liam O'Flaherty (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

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The road by which I came to devote myself for several months to the study of Keats is curious, and perhaps not without significance. Four years ago, while I was editing *The Athenæum*, I gave myself pretty thoroughly to the study of Keats, and I reached certain rather novel conclusions. I expressed them in two essays, neither of which received any particular attention. Even to-day I think those two essays were substantially true, though they were crude and altogether inadequate. I see now that my position in regard to

Keats was precisely the same as his own at one time i
regard to Shakespeare: "We cannot understand reall
fine things until we have gone the same steps as th
author." I had tried to understand Keats as well a
I could. At that time my understanding could not hav
gone further, and, so far as the little way it went, I thin
it was a new understanding of him.

However, I turned aside, or went on to Shakespeare
Why I should have done that I do not know. I wa
moderately well read in Shakespeare before, as wel
read in Shakespeare, I suppose, as the ordinar
educated man whose profession is criticism. But Shake-
speare *meant* nothing to me. He was simply ou
greatest poet, and the greatest poet in the world. Bu
my approach to him had been wholly external. Now,
for some reason which remains obscure to myself, I
began to approach him differently. I felt that Shake-
speare held a secret for me, a secret of the utmost
importance for my life. And for the next three years
I read Shakespeare again and again. Slowly surmises
formed themselves within me, and these surmises slowly
became certainties, and slowly these certainties linked
themselves together in my mind until I had a sense of
the work of Shakespeare as a living and organic whole,
as the natural and inevitable garment of a human soul
who had explored life more deeply and more truly than
any soul with which I had come into contact; and I came
to believe that Shakespeare had attained to a final and
absolute truth. I determined therefore to devote myself
to the task of a complete exposition of Shakespeare.

For this, I should have to wait for the opportunity.
I am not a man of leisure. I have to make my living
by my writing, which, whether it be good or bad, is not
of a kind that commands any popular success; and I
could not afford to spend two years on writing a series
of books on Shakespeare which would not repay me for
my pains. It was simply a question of economics.

A PROLOGUE TO KEATS

Unexpectedly in the spring of this year a godsend came to me in the form of an invitation from a great university to deliver a course of lectures on English literature. I accepted the invitation gladly, for it would give me the chance to tell in outline the history of Shakespeare as I had come to understand it : I should be able to write a preliminary sketch which would in itself be a fairly substantial book.

Accordingly, I set to work. After a little while I realized that my plan could not possibly be accomplished. In my study of Shakespeare I had come unconsciously to accept all kinds of correspondences between the objective expression of dramatic poetry and the inward experience of the soul which could not but appear arbitrary to an unprepared audience. We have nothing of Shakespeare but "pure poetry." Precisely because Shakespeare's is pure poetry, it is of the most urgent and immediate importance to ourselves. Were it less pure, it would be less important. But precisely because it is pure poetry, because it is the product of a faculty of comprehension that is entirely distinct from any faculty of the rational mind, it is almost impossible to make the difficult leap from the ordinary faculty of understanding to his. The leap cannot be made directly. I had forgotten that it had taken me the best part of three years to accustom myself to it, and to rid myself of the need of making perpetual (and necessarily false) translations from the language of pure poetry into the language of discourse. What had taken me three years to accomplish I could not expect my audience to do in a few hours.

Then, instinctively, my mind turned back to Keats. He was like Shakespeare ; how like, how miraculously like, I had come gradually to understand as I penetrated further into Shakespeare. The outward likeness of their poetry had struck many before me, and those of the highest authority : Matthew Arnold, the Poet

Laureate, Professor Bradley. But in the case of pure poetry an outward likeness *must* depend upon an inward likeness, for pure poetry—unlike all other (more or less impure) kinds of poetry—is completely organic : that is to say, it is a spontaneous expression of the complete man. That is why it is more baffling than any other; that is why it is (in fact if not in phrase) dismissed by the majority as less profound than any other, whereas it is infinitely more profound. While the philosophic poet is, at best, one who has glimpses of another kind of reality which he can only maintain by calling in the aid of his rational mind; the pure poet is one who sees singly and profoundly all the time. The pure poet does not need to have recourse to any other way of knowing than his own ; what he does not know by that way he does not know at all and does not pretend to know. His knowing is in a peculiar sense a function of his being. He cannot know one thing with his mind, and live another in his life. He has achieved a new and startling unity of the faculties : he is to all intents and purposes a new kind of man. Absolutely pure poets are very rare : Shakespeare was one, Keats was another. I think they are the only ones in England. Other poets achieve a momentary unity and attain a momentary truth of knowledge and being.

However this may be, it seemed to me that I could approach the exposition of Shakespeare by way of Keats, with a real hope of success : for in the case of Keats not only we have the pure poetry remaining, but we have the letters which he wrote at the same time as the poems, letters in which he tried to translate into the language of discourse the perceptions and the knowledge which found their natural and true expression in his poems. Keats was very young. He was in years a boy of twenty-four when his last poem was written. He would, I think, have given up the attempt to explain himself had he lived. Indeed, while he lived he gave

up the attempt to explain himself. Doubtless he had come to the inevitable conclusion that the attempt was hopeless : people could not understand. But before he reached that conclusion he had written the most marvellous letters that we English possess. There are no letters like the letters of Keats. Take them from whatever side you will, whether as the spontaneous expression of a remarkable and complete human being, or as the record of the process by which such a being came to comprehend mysteries : take them either for their ordinary humanity, or for that extraordinary humanity that comes to flower in the pure poet alone, they are unique.

It seemed to me that by using the letters of Keats as a key to his poems I might be able to reveal the nature of the pure poet and to show how utterly different from the process of ordinary understanding is the process of a pure poet's knowledge and how infinitely superior as a means to apprehending the truth ; to show how close yet how strange is the relation between such a poet's life-experience and his poetic expression ; and, finally, to show what a pure poet is, what he does, and how he is to be read. So I plunged again into the study of Keats, and I found that my previous knowledge of him (which I had thought profound) was woefully inadequate. I had merely understood the skeleton of the organism ; now I seemed to apprehend it in its warm and living reality. The difference between these two kinds of knowledge is not a difference of degree : it is an absolute difference. And I discovered as I went on that even those letters which I thought I knew well were in reality far subtler (and far simpler) than I had ever dreamed. It was as though I had not been fit to understand them before : the faculty of knowledge was lacking in me ; I had not known how to read them. The simplest and most familiar phrases I had utterly misread, the most obvious connections I had failed to grasp.

Keat's life and work and letters fell into a simple and mysterious unity.

This unity and the significance of this unity I have tried to expound in the lectures of which I have spoken. But there are many things which, for lack of space and time, I have been forced to treat hurriedly. With these things I propose to deal in these pages. I shall try to describe the life of Keats during what I have called the crucial year of 1819 as fully and as truly as I can. The story will be a long one. I can only hope that it will prove to be as absorbing to others as it has been to me.

It may appear at the outset that this narrative will be irrelevant to the matters with which I have been dealing in THE ADELPHI. I hope that it will prove to be peculiarly relevant to them. I am convinced that it is so; and, after all, there is an obvious fitness, at a moment when I have found it impossible to speak directly of that identity between Beauty and Truth which I have come to know, in my going on to tell the history of the poet who proclaimed this same identity one hundred years ago—

> Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty—*that is all*
> *Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.*

I do not think it is presumption on my part to declare that those lines have never been understood; at least I have never seen any evidence that they have been understood, just as I have seen no evidence that Keats himself has been understood. If he had been understood, the history of English literature during the nineteenth century would have been different from what it was, and perhaps many things besides literature would have been different. For literature is not a pastime; it is a vehicle of an unutterable truth. Ever since I first was touched into a spiritual life of my own by the reading of Plato's *Republic* I have felt instinctively that literature was of supreme importance to humanity, and the first

spiritual struggle I ever endured was the effort to reconcile the strange significance and beauty of Plato's *Republic* with the dictum it contains confining the poet to the world of appearance. I felt then what I see more clearly now, that Plato denied himself. He was compelled to deny himself : otherwise he would have had to admit that his philosophy was merely a substitute—a noble and wonderful substitute—but after all a substitute, for poetry.

Somewhere, at the back of my mind, has persisted the obstinate conviction that true literature (and the truer it is the more nearly does it approach to the condition of pure poetry) contains a secret of present importance for the life of men. I have not understood this conviction ; and in fighting for it I have often fought wrongly : because I did not understand my own conviction, I have been often angry where I should have been calm, and contemptuous where I should have been silent. But in the main I have been right, and my opponents have been wrong. True literature is everything or nothing. It is either the vehicle of a final human truth, or it is as important as the taste of caviare and essentially of the same nature as the taste of caviare. There is no comfortable compromise between these positions. Most people, I know, occupy some comfortable compromise. That is simply because they deceive themselves. They must go one way or the other, if they hope to possess their souls ; or they will suffer the fate of the Laodiceans.

I do not say that literature has always occupied, or will always occupy, this supreme position. Neither I, nor any man, can know truly what has been in the past, or may be in the future. But in the age in which we live true literature is of a more vital importance than either Religion or Science. For Religion has lost contact with the living reality from which alone it derives validity and truth ; and Science in its eagerness to know

Keat's life and work and letters fell into a simple and mysterious unity.

This unity and the significance of this unity I have tried to expound in the lectures of which I have spoken. But there are many things which, for lack of space and time, I have been forced to treat hurriedly. With these things I propose to deal in these pages. I shall try to describe the life of Keats during what I have called the crucial year of 1819 as fully and as truly as I can. The story will be a long one. I can only hope that it will prove to be as absorbing to others as it has been to me.

It may appear at the outset that this narrative will be irrelevant to the matters with which I have been dealing in THE ADELPHI. I hope that it will prove to be peculiarly relevant to them. I am convinced that it is so; and, after all, there is an obvious fitness, at a moment when I have found it impossible to speak directly of that identity between Beauty and Truth which I have come to know, in my going on to tell the history of the poet who proclaimed this same identity one hundred years ago—

> Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty—*that is all*
> *Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.*

I do not think it is presumption on my part to declare that those lines have never been understood; at least I have never seen any evidence that they have been understood, just as I have seen no evidence that Keats himself has been understood. If he had been understood, the history of English literature during the nineteenth century would have been different from what it was, and perhaps many things besides literature would have been different. For literature is not a pastime; it is a vehicle of an unutterable truth. Ever since I first was touched into a spiritual life of my own by the reading of Plato's *Republic* I have felt instinctively that literature was of supreme importance to humanity, and the first

spiritual struggle I ever endured was the effort to reconcile the strange significance and beauty of Plato's *Republic* with the dictum it contains confining the poet to the world of appearance. I felt then what I see more clearly now, that Plato denied himself. He was compelled to deny himself : otherwise he would have had to admit that his philosophy was merely a substitute—a noble and wonderful substitute—but after all a substitute, for poetry.

Somewhere, at the back of my mind, has persisted the obstinate conviction that true literature (and the truer it is the more nearly does it approach to the condition of pure poetry) contains a secret of present importance for the life of men. I have not understood this conviction ; and in fighting for it I have often fought wrongly : because I did not understand my own conviction, I have been often angry where I should have been calm, and contemptuous where I should have been silent. But in the main I have been right, and my opponents have been wrong. True literature is everything or nothing. It is either the vehicle of a final human truth, or it is as important as the taste of caviare and essentially of the same nature as the taste of caviare. There is no comfortable compromise between these positions. Most people, I know, occupy some comfortable compromise. That is simply because they deceive themselves. They must go one way or the other, if they hope to possess their souls ; or they will suffer the fate of the Laodiceans.

I do not say that literature has always occupied, or will always occupy, this supreme position. Neither I, nor any man, can know truly what has been in the past, or may be in the future. But in the age in which we live true literature is of a more vital importance than either Religion or Science. For Religion has lost contact with the living reality from which alone it derives validity and truth ; and Science in its eagerness to know

the external world has forgotten to explore the instrument of knowledge—man himself. The science of man himself, which should be the province of Religion were it living, and which must be the foundation on which all science of the external world is based, is fallen into the hands of people like the psycho-analysts, who, whatever their sincerity and seriousness, are mere children by the side of a true literary creator. The science of Man has belonged these many years to literature alone : literature alone has been in a position to face the twofold reality—of the world in man, and the world without him.

It has been in a position to do so ; but only sometimes has it done so. And of those sometimes, the times have been still fewer when it has pursued its task to the end : when it has resolutely pressed on to the full attainment of its own truth. Somewhere or other in the paths, which are by nature lonely, the poets have fallen back upon the comfort of a dogmatism, whether of rebellion or acceptance. It takes a brave man to remain a pure poet, and those who have most jealously arrogated to themselves that name have been furthest of all from the condition ; those are nearer to it who, having become afraid of their loneliness, or having failed to achieve that unity in themselves which their own way of knowledge demands, have turned aside to preach to others a gospel in which they themselves do not truly believe. That is a condition into which one who is truly a poet, and even a great one, may easily fall when he fails before some necessary acceptance in his own development. So that the message of pure literature has for ever been confused and disturbed, first by mere pretenders to its possession, and secondly (and sometimes more grievously) by those who cannot bring themselves to pay the full price for their own knowledge.

For literature is essentially a way of knowledge, and of a knowledge that can be completely revealed only by

its means. The more purely does it remain itself, the more complete is that revelation: but this loyalty to itself makes extreme demands upon the writer, once his first youthful spontaneity is gone. He has, in whatever circumstances and conditions he may be, to maintain himself as a pure channel for what I can only call the divine purpose. He has to be in body, mind, and soul always at one, or always working towards that unity; he must never suffer himself to deny what he is. Neither his body, nor his mind, nor his soul can be a thing apart. His mind must not assert conclusions which his body derides, or his soul cannot endorse. Always, and all the time, he has to be to the utmost of his power a complete man, or the truth of his essential spontaneity will fail him. For he is the very voice of life itself: this mysterious thing which animates and eludes us flowers through him into an utterance miraculous as itself. He justifies life, and life is justified in him. Consciousness, which is the source of all our woes and which seems to have driven us aside and apart from the stream of life itself, to stagnate and fester, is by his means reintegrated into that from which it sprang.

Well, well, it may be said: this may be true, at all events it is obscure enough; but even if it is true, what is its importance to ourselves? The importance, as I see it, is obvious. The pure poet shows us a way of life. After all, somewhere in ourselves we have an inkling of this. The poet—and I mean by the poet any true creative artist—represents the world faithfully, and by some miracle it is beautiful. He does not arrange it so that it becomes beautiful; he does not perform some hocus-pocus over it so that it changes its nature. We know he does not; this world of his is truly the world: if it were not we should dismiss him as a liar. He shows us intolerable things, and we accept them. When his hand reveals we find it possible, nay

rather inevitable, to make an act which is infinitely difficult for us in our actual lives—an act of acceptance.

Ah, but it does not last; we know that the poet's work is only an imitation, and not the reality itself. I wonder whether, indeed, we know any such thing, if the poet is a true one and we are really receiving what he is revealing. We may know that before we open his book, we may know it after we have shut it: but I do not believe we know it while we are reading, if we are really reading. Still, I will admit that the act of acceptance, the perception of beauty does not last, though perhaps it lasts longer with some men than with others. Let us hold simply to the fact that it has been.

> Nor God nor demon can undo the done
> Unsight the seen.

We cannot see the world like that with our unaided eyes. Granted. But if we have known what it is to read, we surely know that it *can* be seen like that. Admit this, and true literature is an earnest of true knowledge. Deny it, and the profoundest drama that was ever written is of no more real account than a game of dominoes. Make your choice.

I made my choice long, long ago, and made it instinctively. Such a choice could hardly be made otherwise. True literature has always been for me an earnest of true knowledge. No matter how small the poem, how short the story, if it was true, if it had the mysterious quality of true vision, and not the makeshift intellectual artificiality which I could trump up as well as any man, and which to my unending amazement not one in a dozen of the people who write about books can distinguish from true vision—no matter how short the story or how small the poem, it has been for me an earnest of knowledge that man can attain. Whether the poet knew what he was doing or not, the message, for the moment that he was doing it, was the same. This is life, and that which you see is not life at all.

To struggle somehow to that point, to see life as it has been seen and can be seen, to know it as it has been known and can be known, has been my driving impulse as a critic. Somehow to make the secret my own so that I might live by it, not as the anguished memory of a departed ecstasy, but as a secure possession—this has been my incessant and at times only half-conscious purpose. And I have found myself turning away from those poets whose knowledge was but momentary and incomplete (as was the knowledge of most of those whom we call, and rightly call, great poets) to those who possessed it wholly. Always I found myself driven back to the pure poets—to Shakespeare pre-eminently, to Keats, and in our own day to Anton Tchehov. That return was instinctive in me : some quality in them that I could only call " purity "—with no knowledge of the implications of my word—claimed me again and again. And gradually I came to understand what it was in them that claimed me : these men were loyal to their complete humanity and would trust no knowledge but their own. And because their knowledge was a true knowledge they were neither proud nor humble ; they simply were themselves.

This being themselves was a mystery to me. I knew that it was so, and the condition seemed remote and unattainable. But at least I had learned this : that the pure poet is a pure poet because he is a pure man. He is truly and utterly himself in a new, strange, and unfamiliar way. That miracle which he works when he represents life and life is beautiful is the evidence of a miraculous victory won in his own life. He has achieved a soul. That achievement and no other is the prime condition of pure poetry. I know this will be laughed at : but no matter. This is true, absolutely and unalterably true. The truest poet is the truest man.

To be a true man is to be a new man. I mean this,

quite simply. It is to be a man of a new kind, of a kind that is ever new, even though the newness was achieved by others, hundreds, aye and thousands of years ago: it is to possess a new kind of knowledge, a knowledge that is ever new, even though it was known by others hundreds, aye and thousands of years ago. Pure poetry is the very and only utterance of this new humanity and this new knowledge: but they need not be uttered.

Whether it can ever be shown by what paths a man attains to this condition, I do not know. There are moments when I believe that I can show it in this narrative of Keats which I propose: there are other moments when I believe that what has become simple to me will still be strange and obscure and unintelligible to others. I shall strive to be as faithful as I can to the reality of his life as I understand it. I shall strive to falsify nothing and to be obedient to the thing which was, and is.

THE END OF LIFE.—For most of us the conception of means and ends covers the whole of life, and is the exclusive type or figure under which we represent our lives to ourselves. Such a figure, reducing all things to machinery, though it has on its side the authority of that old Greek moralist who has fixed for succeeding generations the outline of the theory of right living, is too like a mere description or picture of men's lives as we actually find them, to be the basis of the higher ethics. It covers the meanness of men's daily lives, and much of the dexterity with which they pursue what may seem to them the good of themselves or of others; but not the intangible perfection of those whose ideal is rather in *being* than in *doing*—not those *manners* which are, in the deepest as in the simplest sense, *morals*, and without which we cannot so much as offer a cup of water to a poor man without offence. (*Walter Pater: Essay on Wordsworth.*)

HARVEST

By Edmund Blunden

So there's my year, the twelvemonth duly told
Since last I climbed this brow and gloated round
Upon the lands heaped with their wheaten gold
And now again they spread with wealth unbrowned;
And thriftless I meanwhile,
What honeycombs have I to take, what sheaves to pile?

I see some shrivelled fruits upon my tree,
And gladly would self-kindness feign them sweet,
The bloom smelled heavenly, can these stragglers be
The sum of that bright birth? and this wry wheat,
Can this be from those spires
Which I, or fancy, saw leap to the spring sun's fires?

I peer, and count, but anxious is not rich,
My harvest is not come, the weeds run high,
Even poison-berries ramping from the ditch
Have stormed the undefended ridges by;
What Michaelmas is mine!
The fields I thought to serve, for sturdier tillage pine.

But hush, Earth's valleys sweet in leisure lie,
And I among them, wandering up and down,
Will taste their berries, like the bird or fly,
And of their gleanings make both feast and crown.
The Sun's eye laughing looks,
And Earth accuses none that goes among her stooks.

THE FOOLISH BUTTERFLY

By Liam O'Flaherty

LIFE came to the butterfly when the sun was a golden ball in the East. It crawled on moist unsteady legs from the chrysalis on to the stem of the twig. It stood there, slightly swaying, while the sun and wind dried its body. The sun's rays came to it over the sea, bearing a cool heat that was scented with the fresh morning breeze. The light caresses of the breeze polished the butterfly's long trunk and loosened the large wings that were folded like a fan. The sun's heat dried and warmed it and caused it to swell out and pulsate with the joy of newborn life.

Scarcely had it completed the act of birth when its wings unfolded and spread themselves on the air, giddily rocking at first from side to side to find their balance and then falling gracefully outwards and downwards into position. They were so large and resplendent that the trunk was hidden beneath their awning. They were all decked with colour too, so that it was hard to see what part of them was white and what part was covered with black rings that seemed to multiply before the eyes rapidly. Yet all of the two wings looked white in some strange manner. It stood there on the twig, with its wings spread, fullgrown and beautiful at birth, without a sound, either of joy or of pain, to disturb the silent beauty of its mysterious creation. A godly thing.

It rose without effort from the twig, daintily stepping on to the invisible support of the air without a single sound. Not a cry, not a whisper of wings broke the

amazing silence of its existence. Its wings spread on the breeze and flapped innumerable times gracefully, up and down, in leaps and bounds, as if they were playing on some instrument, jumping from key to key in an abandoned way. Gambolling like a thing tossed in a whirlwind it rose high into the air and then fell away into the valley.

The valley was small and round and opened on a pebbly shore, with the sea stretching beyond. On the other sides there were low but sheer cliffs, their slopes covered with long grass and bushes, gorse and bracken. Everywhere there were little tiny flowers. Birds flitted about, little ones among the bushes and great seagulls soaring in the empty blue sky. Innumerable forms of life roamed in the grass, and the accumulated sounds of their existence rose in a sleepy hum on the air. And round about, everywhere, fluttering and bobbing and curvetting, the butterfly beheld thousands of other butterflies like itself, all differing in colour and size, but all silent and beautiful and skipping about without rest. It joined the hurrying throng of butterflies, passing from flower to flower, drinking their sap. It rested now and again under the brilliant heat of the sun. It played with other butterflies. But above all, it liked to fly and flutter in the beautiful empty air, ever moving its glittering wings in throbbing flight, up, up into the wind with a sudden leap, down to the earth in zigzag course and away again sideways, in and out, as if it followed an interminable maze of alleyways through the firmament.

A little after noon the butterfly wandered down to the edge of the strand, where there was a cluster of scarlet pimpernels growing. It hovered about the flowers a little and then rested among them. The sun was very hot. It beat down on the hot pebbles and on the great expanse of the calm sea, that shone white under its rays. Then suddenly a fresh wind started up

from the direction of the land. It was a soft, fresh wind, and it blew in long slow rushes. It made the heads of the scarlet flowers, on one of which the butterfly rested, lean far over, like children bowing low all together. It excited the butterfly. It rose immediately into the air. It took three long zigzag leaps upwards, high into the heavens, and then it let itself be carried with the wind, revelling in the delicious pressure of the wind against its trunk and wings. Soon it soared out over the sea leaving the land behind. It soared a long way, flapping its wings gently and gliding before the generous impulse of the ever constant long sweeping rushes of the winds. It glided away, almost asleep with the pleasure of facile and rapid movement. Then with a sudden rapid and intricate series of wing movements, it drew itself downwards out of the course of the wind, to earth as it thought.

But there was no earth beneath it. Instead it beheld an amazing level plain, moving continually, with innumerable little waves on its surface, with their crests silvered by the light of the sun and their sides deep blue. While here and there were black patches and light green patches, and again little flecks of froth that sparkled. The butterfly thought these sparkling things were flowers and it darted down towards one of them, but when it hovered near, it did not detect the smell of flower sap but a strong pungent smell that was unknown to it and repulsive. Then a drop of water thrown up by the concussion of two wavelets struck it in the trunk and it rose speedily, terrified. It rose far up from the sea and flew again into the wind, letting itself be carried speedily away from the strange place that was repulsive to it. Rejoicing once more in the wind and the heat and light of the sun it forgot its terror.

All trace of land had now disappeared. The sea was encircled by the sky on all sides, the sea a level blue plain, the sky a painted cup lying mouth downwards on

the sea. And the little white butterfly, a solitary prisoner beneath that boundless cup, flew on before the wind, flitting gaily on its resplendent wings.

In a kind of languorous ecstasy it flew until the wind suddenly went down and a great calm enveloped the back of the sea and the empty air above it. The butterfly's wings grew weak and it fluttered downwards suddenly, again seeking a resting place and the refreshing sap of some flower to invigorate it.

But again that moving plain with its pungent odour and its continual murmur repelled the butterfly. It rose once more terrified. But now it did not rise far. Its strength was waning. It was drawn downwards again. Again it skimmed the surface of the sea with the curved end of its trunk. Again it rose. It performed a series of little jumps, tossing itself restlessly on the heated air, exhausting the last reserves of its strength in a mad flutter of its beautiful white wings. Then it sank slowly in spite of fierce flapping. The wings drooped, swaying as they had done at the moment of birth when they had come from the chrysalis. The trunk touched the crest of the sea. It sank into the water. The wings flattened out, fluttered once and then the sea-water filtered through them, like ink through blotting-paper.

There were a few little movements of the round head. Then the butterfly lay still.

Keats on Shakespeare.—They are very shallow people who take everything literally. A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory, and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his life—a life like the Scriptures, figurative—which such people can no more make out than they can the Hebrew Bible. Lord Byron cuts a figure, but he is not figurative—Shakespeare led a life of allegory : his works are the comments on it. (*John Keats : Letter to George Keats, February 19th, 1819.*)

TWO ANONYMOUS POEMS

Gloria in Excelsis

PRAISE in the highest! There will be
Flowers like this flower when we are gone,
Ten thousand Springs, our Springs being done;
And here will chant the ancient sea,
And up above will be the sun.

Praise in the highest! When these limbs
Fall to their dust and blow about
The heedless world, the winds will shout
As when we also had our hymns,
Nor for our death will stars go out.

Praise in the highest! On the hills
Will be such gorse, such heath, such grass
As now there are; here bees will pass,
Headlong will speed the racing rills,
There's nought we loved will think "Alas!"

Praise in the highest! We shall know
Adventure, broad eternal mirth,
And watch Heaven travail to the birth
Of universes; we shall go
Unsaddened through some dead star-earth.

Praise in the highest! Mid all suns,
Live fires, dead moons, our feet will stray,
And all adown the Milky Way
We'll see the spawn of worlds; just once
We'll peer to watch an earthly day.

Praise in the highest! From our place
We shall behold each tiny year
Flash dim across this puny sphere
Nor, looking on the twinkling face,
May track the rapid seasons here.

Praise in the highest! Centuries
Will pass; we'll think we've watched an hour.
Empires will wane, and love its power
Pit against flesh, and agonize
Starward. Just here the gorse will flower.

Song

THINK not that hearts may be consoled
With aught young lips can say.
Sorrow ingrained, grown dark and old,
May not be washed away
With kindness of to-day.
Nay, such old pain, old grief
Demands as old relief.

Think not to kiss out pain with lips
Still strangers to its touch,
To soothe, when the old anguish grips,
With hands that, yearning much,
Help not where need is such.
Nay, nay, kind heart, old grief
Endures no new relief.

Yet if in sooth some respite thou
To suffering wouldst send,
Speak, prithee, in thy patience now
Of one whose sorrow's end
Draws near, with sleep to friend.
So shall old pain, old grief
Receive as old relief.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

By H. M. Tomlinson.

THERE is an old notion that the earth never forgets any of our thoughts and acts. When we leave home not to return to it, it bears us in mind. Man has long entertained this strange and terrifying thought. The old metaphysicians, who could always come to any conclusion they desired, hinted the same opinion, that we leave an impress on the air; or something as substantial as that. And why should we deny it? It would be idle to do that, for it would be unreasonable to expect a seal upon the invisible to be discernible, and just as unreasonable to deny its existence because it could not be seen. Useless to declare our record is not there! But it will never be apprehended by insensitive souls, we may safely assume, any more than the Absolute, or the other unseen abstractions which seem to shrink from the coarse contact of our senses. We may not expect a memory haunting any place to reveal itself even when our mood is right, and the hour. It may not be sought, we are told. Like Truth, it cannot be proved. It comes obliquely, if it signals at all. It is never more precise than a sudden doubt, a wonder apparently unprovoked, a surmise which abruptly checks our well-ordered activities.

Well, it is a novel kind of ghost story, and perhaps it has as much in it as most ghost stories, for it was a sceptic who declared sadly that the trouble with a ghost is that there is no ghost. We know there are many people who do not rejoice in the thought that we leave no lasting impression on our circumstances. They do

ɔt consider the greater responsibility a certainty of ɩis memory of earth for its children would put upon ʒ. How we should have to sublimate even our emo- ɔns, if we would give a just impression! In a nascent ːrror at the bare suggestion of it, we remember that the ҡperience is not so uncommon, on entering a strange ɔom, or looking at an empty landscape, to feel there ɩe shadow of a deep but inexplicable remembering. /e never know why. Mr. de la Mare, in his poem The Listeners," has given this sense of the memory [an old and abandoned house; and it would be as rong to smile at the delicate intuitions of a poet because ɩey are too subtle as to deny the revolutionary ːasoning of Einstein because his argument moves ռ a plane beyond our attainment. It is unfor- ɩnately natural for us to limit the possibilities of the niverse, the depth of its mystery, to what our own ɩinds are able to make of it; for the things we do not now can exist for us only when we do know them and) may admit they are there. When we declare we ːe clearly all there is to be seen, it seldom occurs to us ɩat, even then, we may be but confessing to a partial lindness.

It is true that the real mystery of the ghosts is not ɩat they startle us but that they do not. Not worth the ouble? Perhaps they are aware we will maintain a ɩgue belief in their presence only so long as they do ɔt show themselves. I myself find it easy to accept [r. de la Mare's "Listeners," but not the pair of evil ɔuls who appear in Henry James' "Turn of the crew." I have always felt that we ought not to have ːen allowed to see those magnificent spirits, and that was a defect in the story, a concession to our crudity, ɩat they were ever produced by their author as evi- ːnce for us to scan, substance for his case. For e may suppose that anything so imponderable as memory the impassive earth retains of the past will

suggest itself only to the lucky, who may make of th
luck what they will. Most probably they will give th
good fortune a false interpretation. But what oppc
tunities the notion offers! What entertaining histo
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What poetry, if we were poets!

There is our own London suburb. After a wa
round it, which would take too much time, and wou
be very wearying, we might estimate that, countir
even its invisible shadows, it is not more than fifty yea
old. The taxpayers there have some right to suppo
that they know the best and the worst of it. It is a
uproar of trams and motor-traffic in the midst of hotel
restaurants, and ornate drapers' shops. An alien migl
suppose we devoted our whole lives to the buttonin
and unbuttoning of clothes and getting something t
eat, until he noted the gilded stucco in an Oriental sty
of architecture, the minarets and domes, of our man
picture palaces; for, after all, we have our intellectu
excitements, and the newsboys at the street-corners se
to it that this mental curiosity never grows less.

It would be foolish to deny it. Our suburb seems ra
and loud. Yet in recent years it acquired an area wher
a shower of bombs fell from an airship. History a
last? No, we have some history which is earlier tha
the airship, though less remarkable. We have som
scholarly local insistence on Clive, who went to schoo
near, and on Ruskin, whose grandmother kept a public
house near the High Street. We have a Fellmonger's
yard and a Coldharbour Lane; a Tavern which can clain
a Tudor reference, and an old building, mainly of the
fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and known to us as
the Old Palace. Naturally, Queen Elizabeth slept
there. She did in most places. Here, however, she
really did sleep, and her most unqueenly ingratitude to
her anxious host, expressed when she departed, is on
record. We delight in the irregular mass of the Old

alace, with its little colony of rooks in the elms beside , yet our delight in it comes, perhaps, because its iemories of Tudor archbishops are associated, as we ass it, with the singing and the play of our neighbors' hildren, for the Palace to-day is a school of theirs. We iink more fondly of the children than of the old eccle- iasts. They give us something more beautiful to think bout. Yet—the doubt is insistent—though we know rell enough our libraries are full of the solemn nonsense rhich historians have made of their illusions and pre- idices, is there a phantom more misleading that the isible Fata Morgana of our own day, our own illusion, rhich men of affairs call " things as they are "? For rhat are they? Dare we say we know more about them han we know of the pyramids, the Cretans, and the randerings of the Polynesians? Is the last comment n it all the laughter of children?

Our suburb seems so raw. It has been reduced to gures on a chart, which the Town Hall will supply. Jut I will confess that I have long had a suspicion that : has secrets which it is not sharing with such late- omers as we are. This feeling has come over me, with hilling irrelevance, when I have been passing our parish hurch late at night. Nobody knows when a church rst stood here, but it had a priest in 986. Late at ight, our place gives the impression of being aloof, of xisting in a dimension unknown to its sleeping citizens. have wondered then whether it was possible to rrite the history of any place, of any time. Can we ver do more than throw out a few suggestive specula- ions? Are not the most important happenings always mitted, being beyond the mere words with which we an record the episode of an air-raid? I know that the istory of my own little street, during the few years of he war, could never be written. It would be unbeliev- ble if it were written. No man could so transmute it or all to see its significance, unless his imagination was

suggest itself only to the lucky, who may make of their luck what they will. Most probably they will give their good fortune a false interpretation. But what opportunities the notion offers! What entertaining history could be made of it, if there were anyone to write it! What poetry, if we were poets!

There is our own London suburb. After a walk round it, which would take too much time, and would be very wearying, we might estimate that, counting even its invisible shadows, it is not more than fifty years old. The taxpayers there have some right to suppose that they know the best and the worst of it. It is an uproar of trams and motor-traffic in the midst of hotels, restaurants, and ornate drapers' shops. An alien might suppose we devoted our whole lives to the buttoning and unbuttoning of clothes and getting something to eat, until he noted the gilded stucco in an Oriental style of architecture, the minarets and domes, of our many picture palaces; for, after all, we have our intellectual excitements, and the newsboys at the street-corners see to it that this mental curiosity never grows less.

It would be foolish to deny it. Our suburb seems raw and loud. Yet in recent years it acquired an area where a shower of bombs fell from an airship. History at last? No, we have some history which is earlier than the airship, though less remarkable. We have some scholarly local insistence on Clive, who went to school near, and on Ruskin, whose grandmother kept a public-house near the High Street. We have a Fellmonger's yard and a Coldharbour Lane; a Tavern which can claim a Tudor reference, and an old building, mainly of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and known to us as the Old Palace. Naturally, Queen Elizabeth slept there. She did in most places. Here, however, she really did sleep, and her most unqueenly ingratitude to her anxious host, expressed when she departed, is on record. We delight in the irregular mass of the Old

Palace, with its little colony of rooks in the elms beside it, yet our delight in it comes, perhaps, because its memories of Tudor archbishops are associated, as we pass it, with the singing and the play of our neighbors' children, for the Palace to-day is a school of theirs. We think more fondly of the children than of the old ecclesiasts. They give us something more beautiful to think about. Yet—the doubt is insistent—though we know well enough our libraries are full of the solemn nonsense which historians have made of their illusions and prejudices, is there a phantom more misleading that the visible Fata Morgana of our own day, our own illusion, which men of affairs call "things as they are"? For what are they? Dare we say we know more about them than we know of the pyramids, the Cretans, and the wanderings of the Polynesians? Is the last comment on it all the laughter of children?

Our suburb seems so raw. It has been reduced to figures on a chart, which the Town Hall will supply. But I will confess that I have long had a suspicion that it has secrets which it is not sharing with such latecomers as we are. This feeling has come over me, with chilling irrelevance, when I have been passing our parish church late at night. Nobody knows when a church first stood here, but it had a priest in 986. Late at night, our place gives the impression of being aloof, of existing in a dimension unknown to its sleeping citizens. I have wondered then whether it was possible to write the history of any place, of any time. Can we ever do more than throw out a few suggestive speculations? Are not the most important happenings always omitted, being beyond the mere words with which we can record the episode of an air-raid? I know that the history of my own little street, during the few years of the war, could never be written. It would be unbelievable if it were written. No man could so transmute it for all to see its significance, unless his imagination was

like a morning sun which rose to reveal the earth tha night had obscured. What happened to the peopl behind those shut doors in those days, the doors ar forever shut upon.

For this unreasonable certainty I can offer no evidence more substantial than the last train home, and moonlight on the trees and battlements of the church, and the silence, and a gargoyle leering down at me from a porch. He might have been caught in the act of sardonic comment on what was passing below, out of a fuller knowledge, and a longer life. I can bring myself to believe that the gargoyle does not grin at me at night without reason. He knows something. He always did. But what is it? Why should he make me wonder whether I really know my own street? One comes home at midnight, with the mind revolving round London's lastest crisis; and for a wonder my suburb does not share the excitement of the city. It is sunk in an immemorial quiet. The church and the Old Palace might be the apparition of what was beyond us, and above the anxieties which make time spin so fast. There is no time where they are. Our contemporary bricks and mortar have assumed a startling look of venerable and meditative dignity; our familiar place is free to compose itself in solitude, for we have withdrawn from it, noisy children who have gone to bed. It looks superior to me, when I surprise it at such a time, but it does not betray its knowledge. It spares no more than the ironic comment of the gargoyle.

I think I can guess a little of what is behind that imp's grimace. Opposite to my house is a wall. It has no history. It is just a wall, and its top is hoary with lichens and moss. This year's leaves are now littering the ground below. But I have seen our young men assemble there, and march off for the Yser. The leaves are damp and sere on the path by the wall where the young men shuffled

in the ominous quiet of that forgotten winter dawn. But what do the new people in our street see when they gaze across to that old red brickwork on a bright autumn morning? There the leaves are. What is history? One may guess why the antique imp by the Church porch has that grin when chance wayfarers late at night look up, and find he is watching them pass.

THE MARTYR

By Herbert E. Palmer

(*Lines supposed to have been written by a renaissance-poet, tortured by the Spanish Inquisition: Year Unknown.*)

ONCE I brought such beauteous things
To my brother-souls in prison,—
Opal beads and sapphire-rings
Their lives' darkness to bedizen;
Probed in subterranean ways
And unearthed the midnight's rays,—
Radiancy of ornament
Till night shone like the morning.

But they cast them in foul mud,
All I had so proudly given,
Clamoured coldly for my blood,
Tortured me to agony.

Now in trembling and dismay
Here I turn my face away,
Shamed, bewildered, wondering
Why I could have done this thing
Grant me, Lord, a little grace,
Clearer vision of Thy face,
Speak to me for one short hour;
Listen Thou. . . .

THE INTRUDER

By Henry King

" 'Twill be all right, if only it doänt rain," the gentle smiling voice broke in from outside the circle.

Rain! But how preposterous! What could be more certain than the promise of this still twilight, this untroubled sky, this tranquil ending to a long day's haying, this God-given interlude for tired horses and weary men? For the men and the horses were tired, too tired to haul a load of furniture over the long shingle track by the sea where only strong horses would serve. If only the furniture men had come earlier, it would have been easy; but now——

We looked askance at the furniture men, where they leaned, grimy and obdurate, against their purring steam-waggon. Two hostile camps, and they were the savages. And they had been drinking: certain sure, they had been drinking.

" They said they'd given a lorry a tow," said one of us who had spoken with them—like a herald, or a flag of truce. " That's ten bob, anyhow."

Ten shillingsworth of beer. We worked it out into pints, and glanced at the furniture men again, grimy, aloof and obdurate. That explained the mystery. Those men, who when we said goodbye to them a hundred miles away had been so polite and kindly and helpful, had changed in a day to a gang of implacable fiends. They were going to unload to-night: that was their instructions: they didn't know nothing about no farm-waggons being ready or not being ready. " Our instructions was," said the ringleader, " if we gets

here before nightfall, we unloads. You don't call this 'ere nightfall, do yer?"

We did not deign to reply to the question. We were almost frightened of them. They were savages; they paid no attention to the rules; they fought with their gloves off. They hated us, and we hated them. They did not even take the trouble to pretend. When we asked them why they hadn't sent the telegram they promised, they told us a cock and bull story about a policeman who wouldn't let them go into the telegraph office. They didn't expect us to believe that; they didn't even want us to.

So we sat down in our trenches over against each other in brooding hostility. There was the furniture, in the pantechnicon towering high over the village street, and there were we—alike unmoving and immovable. Nothing to be done.

"'Tain't reasonable like," murmured the waggoner. "If they'd a come in middle-day, now." He had said it many times before; but we listened to him again. He voiced our abiding sense of grievance, as we could not.

"Look here," said Hughes, our leader, to the waggoner, with a sudden briskness that struck like inspiration on our apathy, "what time could you begin to-morrow morning?"

He had seen a way out, surely he had seen a way out. We gazed at him, astonished and hopeful.

"By daylight," murmured the waggoner. He was a broad, black-haired man, with a strangely small, quiet voice, as though he were resigned to things and less than human in his resignation. There was no enthusiasm in his greeting of daylight, as there had been no regret for the wasted middle-day. Things happened, evidently, for him: they were not even strange, they simply happened, just as the little voice in the big body happened.

"Well," said Hughes, still more briskly—he was a

town man, whose quick body was always fretting against the slow, unchanging rhythms of the countryside—"they can unload on to the beach at daylight, and you can take the stuff on from there. 'Twon't take them above an hour, and they'll get away almost as soon as if they unloaded now. They're going to put up here for the night, anyway. Unload . . . straight . . . on the beach," he repeated, as though in words of one syllable for the waggoner's ear.

"Aye," murmured the waggoner in reply. "You could do that."

But Hughes was gone, long ago. He was over in the enemy camp. We saw him buttonhole the ringleader against the wall.

"Aye," murmured the waggoner again, "they could unload on the beach."

It was then that the gentle voice, half-shy, half-laughing, broke in from outside the circle.

"'Twill be all right, if only it doänt rain."

We turned sharply at the double intrusion—the voice and the thought: yet, when we saw him, they ceased to jar. He stood, with his hands thrust high into his breeches pockets, swaying slightly on his hob-nailed feet. A scattering of faint, fair hair was on his upper-lip, and a shy smile in his pale-blue eyes. He hovered on the edge of the circle, open towards him now: he wanted to come in, and—somehow—we wanted to receive him. But there he stood, slightly swaying. He could not enter: it was no good trying.

"Doänt eë be a wet-blanket now, Frank," said Mrs. Hughes, laughing.

He flinched a little at the direct speech, then smiled at the kindness in it, and went on swaying.

The grimy ringleader came towards us, following reluctantly behind Hughes. He leaned against the wall beside us.

"Me and my mates don't want to be unreasonable,"

he said grudgingly. "If you'll be ready at daylight, we'll be there."

On those terms we made truce. Before going in to our supper and our bed, we lingered in the half-light, with hearts at peace, to watch the immense, ungainly pantechnicon, the cause of all our woes, being backed through the narrow gate into the rickyard down the road.

We stood about in the rickyard in the cold grey dawn. What had become simple to us the night before was now complex and difficult again. The pantechnicon loomed mountainous above our heads. The sky was low and menacing. We said barely a word, withdrawn into our flickering selves in this twilight of the morning. Where we had been certain, we hesitated. It was impossible to do the thing boldly; we had begun to doubt.

Even Hughes was subdued; he asked a question instead of giving a command.

"What about the beach?" he said. "I don't like the look of that sky."

We thought of the beach beneath it, and liked that less; but we said nothing, palely waiting for a lead. The grimy men watched us in moody silence. One by one the farm-hands trudged into the yard and stood in the doorway of the cowshed, waiting for the bailiff to give them orders and break the spell. In the meantime they had us to focus on.

"Better unload here in the barton," said Hughes, disappointed of any word from us, "at least the gear'll be under cover, even if it makes a mile more of a journey."

Apathetic, the grimy ones unbarred the lorry, swung the great doors open, and revealed to the unmitigating dawn our sorry possessions. Incredible that we should have endured much vexation of spirit, made weary

another world to which he was newly come—a visitant of earth, dazed by his timeless journey. Surely he pitied us, or if not he, that pitied us which shaped his soft, timid smile and lit that shy and radiant comprehension in his pale-blue eyes.

We wanted to say to him, "Are you better?" but the question seemed foolish and tinkling, and it dissolved away. There was indeed nothing to say to him as he stood there, weak with rebirth, his hands thrust high into his pockets, gently swaying to and fro, softly smiling. No words of ours could reach where they were meant to reach. We relapsed into our pattern again.

Then he was gone, softly: where he had been there was a vacancy, and softly, as though to fill it, the rain began to fall.

THE POLITICS OF AN ARTIST.—If all of us who live in towns and villages, all of us without exception, agreed to divide among ourselves the labour spent by mankind for the satisfaction of physical needs, then each one of us would perhaps have to work not more than two or three hours a day. Imagine that we all, rich and poor, work only three hours a day, and the rest of our time is free . . . all of us giving that leisure to the sciences and arts. Just as the peasants mend the roads collectively, so all collectively, the whole community, would seek after truth and the meaning of life—and, I am certain of it, the truth would be found soon, man would rid himself of the continuous, tormenting, oppressive fear of death, and even of death itself.—(TCHEHOV).

THOUGHT AND FACT.—Some thoughts act almost like mechanical centres of crystallization; facts cluster of themselves about them.—(*William James.*)

TWO POEMS

By Margaret Dunscar

The Beginning

O lie to me my love! Tell me I'm fair.
Lie with your lips, and though your eyes speak true,
I will not doubt your words, I will not dare
To trust to sight in light so bright and new.
Truth's torch seeks corners better hid from eyes
So weak as mine; they cannot bear to see
Till time makes dull, so blind them love with lies,
They will not count as sins to you, but me;
Then with warm melting wax of words seal them,
And print your kiss while still it lies so soft,
No heart that ever loved will these condemn,
Though other lies to scorn they hold aloft.
Oh! that your love is cold let me not know,
Let me believe its fire is still aglow.

The End

I loved thee once, I love thee now no more,
I feel no pain or joy that this be so;
Not now for love or joy do I implore,
Only that quiet peace my days hallow.
I trust the storm and fret of passion's day
Is past, and heart-searing desires are gone,
The alternating hopes and fears that flay,
Lay waste to useful tasks that may be done;
And now I must to work with steady aim,
There only lies the peace I have long sought;
The canvass of my life bound in its frame,
And to my coloured days an end is brought.
In dullness lies my soul, I do not live,
For love the very zest to life doth give.

INDIANS AND ENTERTAINMENT

By D. H. Lawrence

We go to the theatre to be entertained. It may be *The Potters*, it may be Max Reinhardt, *King Lear* or *Electra*. All entertainment.

We want to be taken out of ourselves. Or not entirely that. We want to become spectators at our own show. We lean down from the plush seats like little gods in a democratic heaven, and see ourselves away below there, on the world of the stage, in a brilliant artificial sunlight, behaving comically absurdly, like Pa Potter, yet getting away with it, or behaving tragically absurdly, like King Lear, and not getting away with it : rather proud of not getting away with it.

We see ourselves : we survey ourselves : we laugh at ourselves : we weep over ourselves : we are the gods above of our own destinies. Which is very entertaining.

The secret of it all, is that we detach ourselves from the painful and always solid trammels of actual existence, and become creatures of memory and of spirit-like consciousness. We are the gods and there's the machine, down below us. Down below, on the stage, our mechanical or earth-bound self stutters or raves, Pa Potter or King Lear. But however Potterish or Learian we may be, while we sit aloft in plush seats we are creatures of pure consciousness, pure spirit, surveying those selves of clay who are so absurd or so tragic, below.

Even a little girl trailing a long skirt and playing at being Mrs. Paradiso next door, is enjoying the same

sensation. From her childish little consciousness she is making Mrs. Paradiso, creating her according to her own fancy. It is the little individual consciousness lording it, for the moment, over the actually tiresome and inflexible world of actuality. Mrs. Paradiso in the flesh is a thing to fear. But if I can play at being Mrs. Paradiso, why, then I am a little Lord Almighty, and Mrs. Paradiso is but a creation from my consciousness.

The audience in the theatre is a little democracy of the ideal consciousness. They all sit there, gods of the ideal mind, and survey with laughter or tears the realm of actuality.

Which is very soothing and satisfying so long as you believe that the ideal mind is the actual arbiter. So long as you instinctively feel that there is some supreme, universal Ideal Consciousness swaying all destiny.

When you begin to have misgivings, you sit rather uneasily on your plush seat.

Nobody really believes that destiny is an accident. The very fact that day keeps on following night, and summer winter, establishes the belief in universal law. And from universal law to some great hidden mind in the universe is an inevitable step for us.

A few people, the so-called advanced, have grown uneasy in their bones about the Universal Mind. But the mass are absolutely convinced. And every member of the mass is absolutely convinced that he is part and parcel of this Universal Mind. Hence his joy at the theatre. His even greater joy at the cinematograph.

In the moving pictures he has detached himself even further from the solid stuff of earth. There, the people are truly shadows : the shadow-pictures are thinkings of his mind. They live in the rapid and kaleidoscopic realm of the abstract. And the individual watching the shadow-spectacle sits a very god, in an orgy of abstraction, actually dissolved into delighted, watchful spirit. And if his best girl sits beside him, she vibrates in the

same ether, and triumphs in the same orgy of abstraction. No wonder this passion of dramatic abstraction becomes a lust.

That is our idea of entertainment.

You come to the Indian and ask him about his. He hasn't got one.

The Indians dance around the drum, singing. They have their great spectacular dances, Eagle dance, Corn dance. They have the dancing, singing procession between the fires at Christmas. They have their sacred races, down the long track.

White people always, or nearly always, write sentimentally about the Indians. Even a man like Adolf Bandelier. He was not a sentimental man. On the contrary. Yet the sentimentality creeps in, when he writes about the thing he knows best, the Indian.

So it is with all of them, anthropologists and myth-transcribers and all. There is that creeping note of sentimentality through it all, which makes one shrug one's shoulders and wish the Indians to hell, along with a lot of other bunk.

You've got to de-bunk the Indian, as you've got to de-bunk the Cowboy. When you've de-bunked the Cowboy, there's not much left. But the Indian bunk is not the Indian's invention. It is ours.

It is almost impossible for the white people to approach the Indian without either sentimentality or dislike. The common healthy vulgar white usually feels a certain native dislike of these drumming aboriginals. The highbrow invariably lapses into sentimentalism like the smell of bad eggs.

Why?—Both the reactions are due to the same feeling in the white man. The Indian is not in line with us. He's not coming our way. His whole being is going a different way from ours. And the minute you set eyes on him you know it.

And then, there's only two things you can do. You

an detest the insidious devil for having an utterly ifferent way from our own great way. Or you can erform the mental trick, and fool yourself and others ito believing that the befeathered and bedaubed arling is nearer to the true ideal gods, than we are.

This last is just bunk, and a lie. But it saves our ppearances. The former feeling, of instinctive but olerant repulsion, the feeling of most ordinary farmers nd ranchers and mere individuals in the west, is quite atural, it is only honesty to admit it.

The Indian way of consciousness is different from nd fatal to our way of consciousness. Our way of consciousness is different from and fatal to the Indian. The two ways, the two streams are never to be united. They are not even to be reconciled. There is no ridge, no canal of connection.

The sooner we realize and accept this, the better, nd leave off trying, with fulsome sentimentalism, to ender the Indian in our own terms. .

The acceptance of the great paradox of human conciousness is the first step to a new accomplishment.

The consciousness of one branch of humanity is the nnihilation of the consciousness of another branch. That is, the life of the Indian, his stream of conscious eing, is just death to the white man. And we an understand the consciousness of the Indian only in erms of the death of our consciousness.

And let not this be turned into another sentimenalism. Because the same paradox exists between the onsciousness of white men and Hindoos or Polynesians r Bantu. It is the eternal paradox of human consciousness. To pretend that all is one stream is to cause haos and nullity. To pretend to express one stream in erms of another, so as to identify the two, is false and entimental. The only thing you can do is to have a ittle Ghost inside you which sees both ways, or even nany ways. But a man cannot *belong* to both ways, or

to many ways. One man can belong to one great w
of consciousness only. He may even change from c
way to another. But he cannot go both ways at on
Can't be done.

So that, to understand the Indian conception of ent
tainment, we have to destroy our own conception.

Perhaps the commonest entertainment among t
Indians is singing round the drum, at evening, when t
day is over. European peasants will sit round the fi
and sing. But they sing ballads or lyrics, tales abo
individuals or individual, personal experience. An
each individual identifies the emotion of the song wit
his own emotion.

Or the wild fishermen of the Outer Hebrides will sin
in their intense, concentrated way, by the fire. An
again, usually, the songs have words. Yet sometime
not. Sometimes the song has merely sounds, and a mar
vellous melody. It is the seal drifting in to shore on the
wave, or the seal-woman, singing low and secret, depart-
ing back from the shores of men, through the surf, back
to the realm of the outer beasts that rock on the waters
and stare through glistening, vivid, mindless eyes.

This is approaching the Indian song. But even this
is pictorial, conceptual far beyond the Indian point. The
Hebridean still sees himself human, and *outside* the
great naturalistic influences, which are the dramatic
circumstances of his life.

The Indian, singing, sings without words or vision.
Face lifted and sightless, eyes half closed and visionless,
mouth open and speechless, the sounds arise in his chest,
from the consciousness in the abdomen. He will tell
you it is a song of a man coming home from the bear-
hunt : or a song to make rain : or a song to make the
corn grow : or even, quite modern, the song of the
church bell on Sunday morning.

But the man coming home from the bear-hunt is any
man, all men, the bear is any bear, every bear, all bear.

'here is no individual, isolated experience. It is the hunt-
ıg, tired, triumphant demon of manhood which has won
gainst the squint-eyed demon of all bears. The experi-
nce is generic, non-individual. It is an experience of
ıe human blood-stream, not of the mind or spirit.
Hence the subtle, incessant, insistent rhythm of the
rum, which is pulsated like the heart, and soulless, and
nescapable. Hence the strange blind unanimity of the
ndian men's voices. The experience is one experi-
nce, tribal, of the blood-stream. Hence, to our ears,
ne absence of melody. Melody is individualized emo-
on, just as orchestral music is the harmonizing again
f many separate, individual emotions or experiences.
lut the real Indian song is non-individual, and without
ıelody. Strange, clapping, crowing, gurgling sounds,
ı an unseizable subtle rhythm, the rhythm of the heart
ı her throes : from a parted entranced mouth, from a
hest powerful and free, from an abdomen where the
reat blood-stream surges in the dark, and surges in its
wn generic experiences.

This may mean nothing to you. To the ordinary
'hite ear, the Indian's singing is a rather disagreeable
owling of dogs to a tom-tom. But if it rouses no other
ensation, it rouses a touch of fear amid hostility. What-
ver the spirit of man may be, the blood is basic.

Or take the song to make the corn grow. The dark
ıces stoop forward, in a strange race darkness. The
yelashes droop a little in the dark, ageless, vulnerable
ıces. The drum is a heart beating with insistent thuds.
ınd the spirits of the men go out on the ether, vibrating
ı waves from the hot, dark, intentional blood, seeking
ıe creative presence that hovers forever in the ether,
eeking the identification, following on down the
ıysterious rhythms of the creative pulse, on and on into
ıe germinating quick of the maize that lies under the
round, there, with the throbbing, pulsing, clapping
ıythm that comes from the dark, creative blood in man,

to stimulate the tremulous, pulsating protoplasm in the seed-germ, till it throws forth its rhythms of creative energy into rising blades of leaf and stem.

Or take the round dances, round the drum. These may or may not have a name. The dance, anyhow, is primarily a song. All the men sing in unison, as they move with the soft, yet heavy bird-tread which is the whole of the dance. There is no drama. With bodies bent a little forward, shoulders and breasts loose and heavy, feet powerful but soft, the men tread the rhythm into the centre of the earth. The drums keep up the pulsating heart-beat. The men sing in unison, though some will be silent for moments, or even minutes. And for hours, hours it goes on : the round dance.

It has no name. It has no words. It means nothing at all. There is no spectacle, no spectator.

Yet perhaps it is the most stirring sight in the world, in the dark, near the fire, with the drums going, the pine-trees standing still, the everlasting darkness, and the strange lifting and dropping, surging, crowing, gurgling, aah—h—h—ing ! of the male voices.

What are they doing? Who knows? But perhaps they are giving themselves again to the pulsing, incalculable fall of the blood, which forever seeks to fall to the centre of the earth, while the heart, like a planet pulsating in an orbit, keeps up the strange, lonely circulating of the separate human existence.

But what we seek, passively, in sleep, they perhaps seek actively, in the round dance. It is the homeward pulling of the blood, as the feet fall in the soft, heavy rhythm, endlessly. It is the dark blood falling back from the mind, from sight and speech and knowing, back to the great central source where is rest and unspeakable renewal. We whites, creatures of spirit, look upon sleep and see only the dreams that lie as debris of the day, mere bits of wreckage from day-consciousness. We never realize the strange falling back of the dark blood

into the downward rhythm, the rhythm of pure forgetting and pure renewal.

Or take the little dances round the fire, the mime dances, when two men put on the eagle feathers and take the shield on their arm, and dance the pantomime of a fight, a spear dance. The rhythm is the same, really, the drums keep up the heart-pulsation, the feet the peculiar bird-tread, the soft, heavy, bird-like step that treads as it were towards the centre of the earth. But there is also the subtle leaping towards each other of the two shield-sheltered naked ones, feathered with the power of the eagle. The leaping together, the coming close, the circling, wary, stealthy avoidance and retreat, always on the same rhythm of drum-beats, the same regular, heavy-soft tread of moccasined feet. It is the dance of the naked blood-being, defending his own isolation in the rhythm of the universe. Not skill nor prowess, not heroism. Not man to man. The creature of the isolated, circulating blood-stream dancing in the peril of his own isolation, in the overweening of his own singleness. The glory in power of the man of single existence. The peril of the man whose heart is suspended, like a single red star, in a great and complex universe, following its own lone course round the invisible sun of our own being, amid the strange wandering array of other hearts.

The other men look on. They may or may not sing. And they see themselves in the power and peril of the lonely heart, the creature of the isolated blood-circuit. They see also, subsidiary, the skill, the agility, the swiftness, the daunting onrush that make the warrior. It is practice as well as mystery.

Or take the big, spectacular dances, like the deer dance, the corn dance. The deer dance in the New Year. The people crowded on the roofs of the pueblo, women, children, old men, watching. The two lines of men, hunters, facing one another. And away at the

stream which comes running swiftly from among the cotton-wood trees, the watchers, watching eagerly. At last, over the log bridge, two maidens leading the animals: two maidens in their black shawls and wide white deerskin top-boots, dancing with a slow, delicate-fo ted rhythm, facing out, then facing in, and shaking their gourd rattles delicately, marking the rhythm as the drums mark it. Following the maidens, all the animals: men in two columns, and each man an animal, leaning forward each on two slim sticks which are his forelegs, with the deer-skin over him, the antlers branching from his head: or the buffalo hide, from whose shaggy mane his bent head peers out: or a black bear, or a wolf. There they come, the two long line lines of wild animals, deer, buffalo, bear, wolf, coyote, and at the back, even tiny boys, as foxes, all stepping on those soft, pointed toes, and moving in slow silence under the winter sun, following the slow, swinging progress of the dancing maidens.

Everything is very soft, subtle, delicate. There is none of the hardness of representation. They are not representing something, not even playing. It is a soft, subtle *being* something.

Yet at the same time it is a game, and a very dramatic naive spectacle. The old men trot softly alongside, laughing, showing all their wrinkles. But they are experiencing a delicate, wild inward delight, participating in the natural mysteries. They tease the little boys under the fox-skins, and the boys, peeping with their round black eyes, are shy and confused. Yet they keep on in the pro ession, solemnly, as it moves between the ranks of the wild hunters. And all eyes are round with wonder, and the mystery of participation. Amused too, on the merely human side of themselves. The gay touch of amusement in buffoonery does not in the least detract from the delicate, pulsing wonder of solemnity, which comes from participating in the ceremony itself.

There you have it all, the pantomime, the buffoonery, the human comicalness. But at the same time, quivering bright and wide-eyed in unchangeable delight of solemnity, you have the participating in a natural wonder. The mystery of the wild creatures led from their fastnesses, their wintry retreats and holes in the ground, docilely fascinated by the delicacy and the commanding wistfulness of the maidens who went out to seek them, to seek food in the winter, and who draw after them, in a following, the wild, the timid, the rapacious animals, following in gentle wonder of bewitchment, right into the haunts of men, right into the camp and up to the hunters. The two long lines of wild animals delicately and slowly stepping behind the slow gyration of the two dark-fringed maidens, who shake their gourd rattles in a delicate, quick, three-pulsed rhythm, and never change their wide dark eyes, under the dark fringe. It is the celebration of another triumph, the triumph of the magical wistfulness of women, the wonderful power of her seeking, her yearning, which can draw forth even the bear from his den.

Drama, we are told, has developed out of these ceremonial dances. Greek drama arose this way.

But from the Indian's ceremonial dance to the Greek's early religious ceremony is still a long step. The Greeks usually had some specified deity, some particular god to whom the ceremony was offered. And this god is the witness, the essential audience of the play. The ceremony is *performed* for the gratification of the god. And here you have the beginning of the theatre, with players and audience.

With the Indians it is different. There is strictly no god. The Indian does not consider himself as created, and therefore external to God, or the creature of God. To the Indian there is no conception of a defined God. Creation is a great flood, forever flowing, in lovely and terrible waves. In everything, the shimmer of creation,

and never the finality of the created. Never the d
tinction between God and God's creation, or betwe
Spirit and Matter. Everything, everything is the wo
derful shimmer of creation, it may be a deadly shimm
like lightning or the anger in the little eyes of the bear
it may be the beautiful shimmer of the moving deer, c
the pine-boughs softly swaying under snow. Creatio
contains the unspeakably terrifying enemy, the unspeak
ably lovely friend, as the maiden who brings us our foo
in dead of winter, by her passion of tender wistfulness
Yet even this tender wistfulness is the fearful danger o
the wild creatures, deer and bear and buffalo, which finc
their death in it.

There is, in our sense of the word, no God. But all is godly. There is no Great Mind directing the universe. Yet the mystery of creation, the wonder and fascination of creation shimmers in every leaf and stone, in every thorn and bud, in the fangs of the rattle-snake and in the soft eyes of a fawn. Things utterly opposite are still pure wonder of creation, the yell of the mountain-lion, and the breeze in the aspen leaves. The Apache warrior in his war-paint, shrieking the war-cry and cutting the throats of old women, still he is part of the mystery of creation. He is godly as the growing corn. And the mystery of creation makes us sharpen the knives and point the arrows in utmost determination against him. It must be so. It is part of the wonder. And to every part of the wonder we must answer in kind.

The Indian accepts Jesus on the Cross amid all the rest of the wonders. The presence of Jesus on the Cross, or the pitiful Mary Mother, does not in the least prevent the strange intensity of the war-dance. The brave comes home with a scalp. In the morning he goes to Mass. Two mysteries! The soul of man is the theatre in which every mystery is enacted. Jesus, Mary, the snake-dance, red blood on the knife; it is all

the rippling of this untellable flood of creation, which, in a narrow sense, we call Nature.

There is no division between actor and audience. It is all one.

There is no God looking on. The only god there is, is involved all the time in the dramatic wonder and inconsistency of creation. God is immersed, as it were, in creation, not to be separated or distinguished. There can be no Ideal God.

And here finally you see the difference between Indian entertainment and even the earliest form of Greek drama. Right at the beginning of Old World dramatic presentation there was the onlooker, if only in the shape of the God Himself, or the Goddess Herself, to whom the dramatic offering was made. And this God or Goddess resolves, at last, into a Mind occupied by some particular thought or idea. And in the long course of evolution, we ourselves become the gods of our own drama. The spectacle is offered to us. And we sit aloft, enthroned in the Mind, dominated by some one exclusive idea, and we judge the show.

There is absolutely none of this in the Indian dance. There is no God. There is no Onlooker. There is no Mind. There is no dominant idea. And finally, there is no judgment : absolutely no judgment.

The Indian is completely embedded in the wonder of his own drama. It is a drama that has no beginning and no end, it is all-inclusive. It can't be judged, because there is nothing outs'de it, to judge it.

The mind is there merely as a servant, to keep a man pure and true to the mystery, which is always present. The mind bows down before the creative mystery, even of the atrocious Apache warrior. It judges, not the good and the bad, but the lie and the true. The Apache warrior in all his atrocity, is true to his own creative mystery. And as such, he must be fought. But he cannot be called a lie on the face of the earth. Hence he

cannot be classed among the abominations, the coward and the liars : those who betray the wonder.

The Indian, so long as he is pure, has only two grea negative commandments.

Thou shalt not lie.

Thou shalt not be a coward.

Positively, his one commandment is :

Thou shalt acknowledge the wonder.

Evil lies in lying and in cowardice. Wickedness lies in witchcraft ; that is, in seeking to prostitute the creative wonder to the individual mind and will, the individual conceit.

And virtue? Virtue lies in the heroic response to the [illegible] wonder, the utmost response. In the man, it [illegible] putting forth of all his strength to meet and [illegible] with the wonder. In woman it is the [illegible] of all herself in a delicate, marvellous se[illegible] which draws forth the wonder to herself, [illegible] to the wonder in her, as it drew eve[illegible] the lair of winter.

[illegible] chiefly in the Indian races. N[illegible] [illegible]

Indian youth throws himself along the course, working his body strangely, incomprehensibly. And when his turn comes again, he hurls himself forward with greater intensity, to greater speed, driving himself, as it were, into the heart of the fire. And the old men along the track encourage him, urge him with their green twigs, laughingly, mockingly, teasingly, but at the same time with an exquisite pure anxiety and concern.

And he walks away at last, his chest lifting and falling heavily, a strange look in his eyes, having run with the changeless god who will give us nothing unless we overtake him.

Death and Omnipotence.—Of such redundant natures can it be possible that any can at last be narrowed down to the bier? Yes, die, and in a sense intestate, too, as leaving no intellectual estate? Nothing indeed but an imperfect memory that ages away and is gone? Is this the end of that splendour? But why not? According to authoritative interpreters, the evanescence, the *nothingness of things* [illegible] redounds to the *glory of Omnipotence*. And with what [illegible] aim in view [illegible]

[illegible]

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And virtue? Virtue lies in the heroic response to the creative wonder, the utmost response. In the man, it it a valiant putting forth of all his strength to meet and to run forward with the wonder. In woman it is the putting forth of all herself in a delicate, marvellous sensitiveness, which draws forth the wonder to herself, and draws the man to the wonder in her, as it drew even the wild animals from the lair of winter.

You see this so plainly in the Indian races. Naked and daubed with clay to hide the nakedness, and to take the anointment of the earth ; stuck over with bits of fluff of eagle's down, to be anointed with the power of the air, the youths and men whirl down the racing track, in relays. They are not racing to win a race. They are not racing for a prize. They are not racing to show their prowess.

They are putting forth all their might, all their strength, in a tension that is half anguish, half ecstasy, in the effort to gather into their souls more and more of the creative fire, the creative energy which shall carry their tribe through the year, through the vicissitudes of the months, on, on, in the unending race of humanity along the track of trackless creation. It is the heroic effort, the sacred heroic effort which men must make and must keep on making. As if hurled from a catapult the

Indian youth throws himself along the course, working his body strangely, incomprehensibly. And when his turn comes again, he hurls himself forward with greater intensity, to greater speed, driving himself, as it were, into the heart of the fire. And the old men along the track encourage him, urge him with their green twigs, laughingly, mockingly, teasingly, but at the same time with an exquisite pure anxiety and concern.

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DEATH AND OMNIPOTENCE.—Of such redundant natures can it be possible that any can at last be narrowed down to the bier? Yes, die, and in a sense intestate, too, as leaving no intellectual estate? Nothing indeed but an imperfect memory that ages avow and is gone? Is this the end of that splendour? But why not? According to authoritative interpreters, the evanescence, the nothingness of things glorious, redounds to the glory of Omnipotence. And with what other aim in view, the theologians would like to know, did the Magnanimous call out the worlds? Two or three hundred years ago, to the amazement of the telescopes a strange star appeared in the constellation of Cassiopeia, and shining there like a planet for a brief term, abruptly disappeared, and was seen no more. Nor was any star-dust left to tell of that fleet passage. True, out of the same Unknown or Nothing, and back to it again, millions of small meteors come and go: but extinction is signalized in the instance of stars of magnitude; in corresponding degree the glory of God is magnified, who can work such wonders, to whom the planets are of even less consideration than to the Grand Mogul his golden buttons. (*A Fragment by Herman Melville.*)

THE WORK OF DOROTHY RICHARDSON

By Lawrence Hyde

DOROTHY RICHARDSON'S first book was published in 1915. It was conveniently referred to as a novel, although not described as such by the author, who endeavoured to make it clear that she was attempting something particular in the sphere of fiction by entitling the work *Pilgrimage, Part I*. The title *Pilgrimage* was found, however, to have been anticipated, and there was substituted for it that of *Pointed Roofs*. Subsequent volumes of the series have since continued to come out at fairly regular intervals, the last to appear being *Revolving Lights* in 1923.

Pointed Roofs at once awakened more than ordinary interest amongst the small circle of people who are on the look-out for any really new departure in fiction. At the same time it produced a confused, almost irritating effect on the minds of most of the people who read it. Mr. Beresford, for instance—an old hand, who wrote an introduction to the book—confessed that his estimate of it had changed each time he read it. At first he thought that it was intensely objective, then, on the contrary, that it was the most subjective piece of work he had ever come across, then, rather desperately, that it was simply the flow of life itself. He agreed with everybody else that the book was "brilliant." And it was just this brilliance which made it so very difficult to gain a proper conception of what the author was really trying to do. For Dorothy Richardson, like a number of choice spirits before and since, had unwit-

tingly laid a trap for the unwary by writing a book in the attempt to express some quite special spiritual attitude to life, and, almost without being interested in the fact herself, incidentally fulfilled all the conditions for the manufacture of a "brilliant" novel. Like other such deceptive productions her book was published, examined carefully by the critics under the standard headings of "irony," "observation," "subtlety," &c., found to be well up to specification, and not inquired into further. The very completeness of the author's triumph on this plane led to her deeper intentions being for the most part, like those of Dostoevsky, "passed by unperceived," although the difficulty of penetrating below the surface perfection was certainly lessened by the fact that she flagrantly ignored one of the most important elements out of which the conception of the novel is composed—that of form; *Pointed Roofs* in structure is amorphous, and inevitably so owing, paradoxically, to the rigorousness of the plan according to which it is written.

The book is a record of the thoughts and feelings of a girl, Miriam Henderson, who goes for a year as a teacher to a school in Germany, and then, after a comparatively uneventful time there, returns home to her family. It is that *exclusively*. Therein lies the novelty of the work. Nothing happens in the narrative which does not happen to Miriam. And as most of the things which do happen do so inside her own mind, in the ordinary sense of the phrase nothing happens at all. By the end of three hundred pages she has come into contact with a number of comparatively ordinary people, gone through a year of the school routine without special incident, and returned to England. That is all on the outside. But these experiences, undramatic in themselves, have necessarily continuously modified her stream of consciousness, and it is this ever-flowing stream in which the author is interested. The nature

of the document resulting from this attempt to depict life, not as it progresses impersonally, but entirely as it affects one person, is such that almost any passage selected will serve equally well to illustrate the kind of things which the author sets down :

> . . . To despise it all, to hate the minister and the choir and the congregation, and yet to come—running—she could imagine herself all her life running, at least in her mind, weekly to some church—working her fingers into their gloves and pretending to take everything for granted and to be just like everybody else and really thinking only of getting a quiet pew and ceasing to pretend. It was wrong to use church like that. She was wrong—all wrong. It couldn't be helped. Who was there who could help her? She imagined herself going to a clergyman and saying she was bad and wanted to be good—even crying. He would be kind and would pray and smile—and she would be told to listen to sermons in the right spirit. She could never do that. . . . There she felt she was on solid ground. Listening to sermons was wrong . . . people ought to refuse to be preached at by these men . . . you could not stop a sermon. It was so unfair.

Or, illustrating her power of evoking images vividly :

> The organ . . . had begun that tune during the last term at school, in the summer. It made her think of rounders in the hot school garden, singing-classes in the large green room, all the class shouting "Gather roses while ye may," hot afternoons in the shady north room, the sound of turning pages, the hum of the garden beyond the sun-blinds, meetings in the sixth form study. . . . Lilla, with her black hair and the specks of bright amber in the brown of her eyes, talking about free-will.

In the six volumes which follow the method employed is exactly the same. Miriam passes through the experiences of being a teacher in a school in a London suburb, living in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, being secretary to two Harley-Street dentists. She meets numbers of people, almost all of whom are of the most ordinary type, and no single one of whom is important

enough to modify her life in any violent way, and during the whole time the interest of the record is steadily focussed on her stream of consciousness. The result is a curious production. As to the author everything which happens to her principal character is, for her present purpose of equal importance, the resulting work is a medley of heterogeneous impressions connected together by practically nothing more than the fact that they have all been received by one mind. The succession is that of the episodes in a cinematograph film with a tenuous plot. No preference is apparent for any particular type of experience ; the author continues to turn the handle steadily, and everything, whether it be a sensuous impression, a casual conversation, or a complicated philosophical argument, is reproduced with equal fidelity. Not only is there no variety offered by the centre shifting for a time to another personality, there is not even escape possible in the dimension of time. While the thoughts which are in Miriam's head at the moment are set down whether they refer to past, present, or future events, everything which happens *to* her is described as she herself sees the experience at the time ; there is no possibility of that exciting displacement of consciousness of the type of which Dostoievsky is so fond, as when he inserts such phrases into his narrative as, "he remembered afterwards . . ." Nothing is interpreted unless Miriam happens to interpret it herself, perhaps two hundred pages later on.

Further, the reader is denied the satisfaction of contemplating such things as the logical development of a plot, the final harmonizing of initially postulated discords, the slow growth of a character. Naturally, Miriam develops in the course of the two or three years covered by *Pilgrimage*, but the reader's sense of this is obliterated by the emphasis laid by the writer on the impressions received rather than on the person who received

them. Again, growth implies synthesis of experience, and throughout the work Miriam receives impressions far faster than she can deal with them. She serves principally as a delicate and efficient receiving instrument, a medium through whom we can look at life so surely and clearly that we forget that she is there between us and the pictures which are presented to us, forget even that the pictures are ostensibly only there because of the effect which they had on *her*. Thus, the real interest of the writer lies in the phenomena of life and not in the reaction to them of her heroine, who is only there to enable the author to envisage different aspects of it conveniently. The insubstantiality of Miriam is further enhanced by the fact that she scarcely ever acts, but only *reacts*. She criticizes, argues, explains as best she can, very occasionally flares up, but practically never does anything more violent. She is, in fact, a pronounced "introvert." If she did anything more positive than look on, her *raison d'être* would disappear.

This last point may perhaps lead us towards an undertanding of the genesis of this curious work. What is Dorothy Richardson trying to do? It should be clear by this time that she is not interested in telling a story, painting a portrait, writing a satire, constructing a drama, or doing any other of the things which she might be expected to in the course of two thousand odd pages. On the conventional novel, even in the best sense of the term, she has already expressed her opinion :

> *That was "writing"; from behind the scenes. People and things from life, a little altered, and described from the author's point of view. Easy; if your life was amongst a great many people and things, and you were hard enough to be sceptical and superior. But an impossibly mean advantage . . . a cheap easy way. Cold clever way of making people look seen-through and foolish; to be laughed at, while the authors remained admired, special*

> people, independent, leading easy airy sunlit lives, supposed, by readers who did not know where they got their material, to be *creators*. . . .

To write in this manner would be for Dorothy Richardson to distort reality as she herself sees it. And for her reality is a particularly evasive thing. To get down to it she must go farther along the path of unflinching description than anyone has done before. It is not enough to discard the "story"; or to content oneself with depicting smaller or larger "slices of life"; or to indulge in uncensored descriptions of people and their circumstances; or to pare away all sentiment and envisage one's characters as the products of the interplay of inescapable biological or economic laws. Life for her lies deeper. Life as she realizes it, in fact, seems to her hardly to have been described at all. It is going on all the time behind people's faces and words and gestures, but the real things are never set down:

> . . . and Miss Garrett whom they had come to see sitting up in bed, a curtained bed in a ward, with a pleated mob cap all over the top of her head and half-way down her forehead, sitting back against large square pillows with her hands clasped on the neat bedclothes and a "sweet, patient" look on her face, coughing gently and spitting, spitting herself to death. . . . People probably told her that she was patient and sweet, and she had got that trick of putting her head on one side. She was not sweet. She was one of the worst of those dreadful people who would always make people believe in a particular way, all the time. . . .

There was only one way to avoid this standardization, conventionalization, of experience, and that was to go back to consciousness and reproduce the flow of experience before the treacherous mind had begun to play upon it and distort it through the formation of these deadening, fixed conceptions. That way one certainly could not tell a story or indulge in architec-

tonics, but at least honesty and immediacy would b
preserved. It is a desperate device, this return to con
sciousness, and has been resorted to in different way
by such individual writers as James Joyce, T. S. Eliot
and Marcel Proust, the first with the resolve to hol
nothing back at any cost (a step which the author o
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for instance, are completely unrecorded), the second
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ture. All of them have been driven steadily back from
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but to set down as honestly as they can the activity of
the mind with its endless associations, speculations,
irrational side-jumps. Anything less immediate is
exposed to the danger of becoming distorted, misrepre-
sented, idealized.

But there are many objections to this method, even
in the able hands of such a writer as Dorothy Richard-
son. For one thing, her Miriam is confronted with so
many objects which serve to start her mind off on trains
of thought which are never picked up again, that the
reader, though delighted by the art with which these
inner experiences are reproduced, ultimately becomes
oppressed by the infinitude of loose ends out of which
the whole is woven :

> " Well . . . I think, as a matter of fact, she's part
> Austro-Hungarian and part—well, *Hebrew*." A Jewess
> . . . Miriam left her surroundings, pondering over a
> sudden little thread of memory. An eager, very bright-
> eyed, curiously dimpling school-girl face peering into hers,
> and a whispering voice—" D'you know why we don't go
> down to prayers? 'Cos we're *Jews*,"—they had always
> been late ; freshed faced and shiny haired and untidy and
> late and clever in a strange brisk way and talkative and
> easy and popular with the teachers . . . What was the
> difference in a Jew? Mr. Hancock seemed to think it was
> a sort of disgraceful joke . . . . what was it? *Mas*

> **Sonnenheim had been a Jew, of course, the same voice. Banbury Park " full of Jews " . . . the Brooms said that in patient contemptuous voices. But what *was* it? What did everybody mean about them?**

And Miriam's restless mind forthwith passes on to consider some other puzzling phenomenon, which, again, is tossed aside just as she has awakened our interest in it.

But more important than this is the failure to which her method of approach to life is doomed at the very outset. For Life, to be conveyed by a writer, has to be viewed from some mysteriously situated point of vantage which must ever be impossible of exact location. All we can say is that the great writers were standing there when they gained the vision which enabled them to write their immortal passages, that Gogol must have looked from it at the world to have written much of *Dead Souls*, or that Tchehov was there when he wrote stories like *The Kiss*. It is a point from which in some miraculous way one can regard the individual trees without losing sight of the wood, or better, perhaps, can see the wood embodied in each several tree. Moreover, there is a certain serenity which pervades anything written from this particular angle. In *Pilgrimage*, written by a person who is so palpably wandering uneasily among the trees, this serenity is wanting. No, the stream of consciousness, for all its vividness and immediacy, is not reality, which ever hovers tantalizingly somewhere between subject and object. Rather, one feels, do the hosts of impressions, surmises, and conclusions so scrupulously recorded in this account constitute raw material to be brooded over (and brooded over with a particular kind of humbleness which Miss Richardson seems to lack), synthesized, interpreted, and returned to later when their organic relation to the rest of experience is realized more deeply.

The above considerations apply to any attempt to peel

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But there are many objections to this method, even in the able hands of such a writer as Dorothy Richardson. For one thing, her Miriam is confronted with so many objects which serve to start her mind off on trains of thought which are never picked up again, that the reader, though delighted by the art with which these inner experiences are reproduced, ultimately becomes oppressed by the infinitude of loose ends out of which the whole is woven:

> "Well . . . I think, as a matter of fact, she's part Austro-Hungarian and part—well, *Hebrew*." A Jewess . . . Miriam left her surroundings, pondering over a sudden little thread of memory. An eager, very bright-eyed, curiously dimpling school-girl face peering into hers, and a whispering voice—"D'you know why we don't go down to prayers? 'Cos we're *Jews*,"—they had always been late; freshed faced and shiny haired and untidy and late and clever in a strange brisk way and talkative and easy and popular with the teachers. . . . What was the difference in a Jew? Mr. Hancock seemed to think it was a sort of disgraceful joke . . . what was it? Max

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off the skins of the onion in the hope of discovering what the successive layers really conceal, but there is one point about the employment of the method by this author which is of especial interest. Her Miriam (whose attitude towards life one cannot help regarding as substantially representing that of her creator) is handicapp d in her efforts to pierce to the significance of the life which surrounds her by a curious limitation, which always just serves to prevent her escape from the mental cell in which one feels her to be a prisoner—she is, as mentioned above, disappointingly negative; when the time comes for her to be positive she fails. Her sensitiveness and self-analysis lead her to the rejection of the fixed conceptions which dominate social life; she sees people all around her pretending in myriads of different ways; they go on doing one thing on the outside while inside they are doing something quite different; they have all sorts of natural movements in them towards freedom and beauty and liberty, but they stifle these back through fear or pride or confusion in their minds. It is amazing, but practically nothing is what it is represented to be; at times life seems simply a nightmare. The obvious deceptions, and a good many not at all obvious, she is able to lay bare, but there are multitudes of others, whose presence is revealed by a continuous succession of tiny signals—shades of expression on people's faces, sudden similarities which are sensed between things widely separated on the surface, unsuspected delicate identifications—which all speak to her for a moment and are then forgotten. And one feels that it is just these subtle indications, to which she is so exceptionally sensitive, which would lead her, if once she followed them, towards a comprehension of those spiritual laws which underlie existence and the violation of which has brought about the shams and fixed ideas from which she recoils. The understanding of them would provide

her with a real instead of a false basis for life, changing her present condition of despairing bewilderment into one of serenity. Perhaps some such emancipation is to be described in the volumes which are to be published later, thus providing a more complete justification for the writing of those which have appeared up to the present, raising them from the status of a psychological dossier (albeit a fascinatingly interesting one) to that of an introduction inevitable for the appreciation of the state of illumination which the experiences described in them could so well lead.

At present one has the impression that Miriam Henderson is somehow unworthy of the clairvoyance which has been bestowed on her. She is separated from life by a fatal coldness ; she can love warmly, but her love is intimately bound up with her æsthetic appreciation —at the first touch of ugliness she turns away with a sort of nausea. There is absent in her that passionate driving force which compels the seer, even if his vision be but partial, to live out what he has seen at all costs. And so, instead of having taken the plunge into life, as Mr. Beresford thinks, she remains on its periphery ; the smells, the tastes, the delicate perceptions, the frenzied questionings continue, but there is never any laceration, any shattering of the outer form for the sake of embodying in life that which has been realized. Without this continual creation of something new through action there remains nothing but everlasting grey, negative criticism ; life continues to unroll dark, inexplicable, and almost without hope. Perhaps if Miriam were otherwise *Pilgrimage* could not have been written. For to take the plunge into life might mean for her to lose her interest in the vivid outsides of things, the ends of processes ; they would have served their purpose in leading her to the depths.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Anatole France.—I have but this moment heard the news of his death, and time presses. Something must be written about him now, or it will be too late.

What comes naturally into my mind? Very little. It seems that I have forgotten Anatole France, though he once meant much to me. I am sorry he is dead, but it does not scald my heart, as once it might have done. Perhaps that is because no death would scald my heart —" and death once dead, there's no more dying then" —or perhaps it is that this once great man has long ceased to be a great man for me. I think of him with affection, I remember the little boy whom he remembered to whom his mother pointed out a rose on the wall-paper : " Je te donne cette rose " ; the phrase " the *acta sanctorum* of the learned Bollandists " shoots up inconsequently into my mind and makes me smile. Yes, the art of that sentence, and a thousand others like them, was perfect. It recalls to me the words of Auguste Renoir, a painter who was the counterpart and co-eval of Anatole France, when he said that he desired to " rentrer dans la ligne," to become a part of the French tradition, so suave . . . *et pas tapageuse.* " Pas tapageuse "—that is the word I find for all that my memory holds of Anatole France.

If only men would be " pas tapageux," if only a sweet reasonableness would take possession of them, if they would cease to throw bombs at each other, how graceful the world might be. And, of course, they must cease to be tempestuous not in their lives merely, but in their minds. They must not permit themselves to be visited by those intoxicating gleams that turn men into

prophets and madmen and poets. Since the most ordinary of men and women are eminently unreasonable, clinging to their gleam and occasionally dying for it, since somewhere in themselves they are so wickedly atavistic that, as Dostoevsky hinted, if you were to offer them a life of perfect reasonableness to-morrow, they would probably commit suicide the day after, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Anatole France did not succeed in creating real men and women. Marionettes, charming or pitiful, or both, gesticulated against the wall of his cave. It was a well-appointed cave, filled with lovely things, but it was a cave.

As I see him—though perhaps I do not see him truly —he was eminently one who felt, but did not acknowledge, a love for his fellows. I say he did not acknowledge it, simply in the sense that the love he felt was not permitted to enter into his scheme of things. The grace of a perfect rationality would have been disturbed by such an element. He wanted things for which he could not pay the price. The desire of his unconsciousness and the ideal of his consciousness were opposed. He wanted the order and grace and reasonableness of a great tradition, and he did not want the inward reality upon which alone a great tradition can be built. There are many of his kind, though few of his talent.

And at this moment I find he becomes to me, not least because of the greatness of his talent, almost pathetic. He, more than any other man of letters to-day, had a European reputation ; and yet his particular kind of idealism has been shown, more than any other, to be ineffectual. It is comforting, and not unamusing to think that, in spite of himself, he will be among the angels. Let us hope he will not be bored by his company.—J. M. Murry.

Modern Biography.—I have my doubts about the modern style of writing, or rather mixing biography—

that novelistic process, I mean, which dashingly prescribes to us "the spirit" and not the letter of the affair. "Begone, dull facts"—so runs the oracle—"you and I will never agree. What happened is unnecessary; I can paint in all kinds of views without waiting for such junk." This is very convenient to the writer and possibly amusing to a section of his readers, but it leads to excesses and injustices. The value of accuracy once silently denied by the author, he must beware of his human weakness; for presently he will build largely on a fact which his imagination provided. Then the meek shade of biography goes weeping away, while no doubt the brilliant "new interpretation" stalks forth in the sunlight of a congenial or unsuspecting audience.

I said "the modern style" of biography, but something like it, though not quite so haughty, has been done before. No one can read Frederick Martin's *Life of John Clare* (let me speak of what I do know) without enthusiasm; it is a splendid oration in the poet's cause; it moves, it persuades, it resounds in the memory. But it is distorted all along the line, and a close examination proves that it is more or less a clever fiction round about a rather supposititious John Clare. The overdrawing leads Martin into such a phrase as "a sad, suffering woman, *surrounded by angry parents.*" Seeking to show what ruffians Clare's patrons were, he says, of Clare's first reception at Milton, "Lord Milton put his hand in his pocket, and withdrawing a quantity of gold, threw it into Clare's lap. John was humbled and confused beyond measure," &c., &c. I have seen Clare's account of this; he simply and gladly mentions that those present made up £17 for him. Or again, touching a proffered dedication of Clare's, "there never came an answer from Viscount Milton, who, probably, at the time, held it to be a vile conspiracy to extract a five-pound note

from his pocket." The Viscount was at the time in Italy. These instances I choose for brevity; but most of Martin's book is ingenious construction on imitation facts.

And yet Martin has been reckoned authoritative. Similar misunderstandings are still being made, and, I must confess, they deserve a more slashing criticism than I can give. Mr. Harold Nicolson's book about Byron, for example, has produced a bad effect on the reputation of Leigh Hunt, but not in the fullest usage of accuracy. The effect I judge from an article by an essayist, whom I ordinarily read with pleasure, beginning in this doughty strain: "I like Leigh Hunt. It is not a taste shared by many." Reading on, one finds that he takes his cue from Mr. Nicolson, and in that case it is remarkable that he should like Leigh Hunt. Mr. Nicolson has generously laid it down that Leigh and John Hunt deceived Byron in pretending to own the *Examiner* when they had disposed of it. [They had not disposed of it.] Mr. P. P. Howe answered this in the *Times Literary Supplement*; but error is not so easily put right, and the essayist sticks to a useful "Huntism." Then, Byron in his magnanimous way describes Hunt's children as "six little blackguards," and filthy at that; so, through Mr. Nicolson, that is gospel, and they appear in the essay as "bumptious children with unwiped noses." Finally (after much controvertible summarizing) the hasty memorialist ends by saying he has no room to quote a letter of Leigh Hunt's, which "is a model of what you would not expect after reading about Leigh Hunt in lives of Byron and Keats" [the "and Keats" surely was an unlucky addition] "of graceful honesty and delicacy of feeling."

And that is a statement of liking for Leigh Hunt! Let me turn up the passage in Lamb, who certainly did not make any fetish of Hunt: "In spite of Rimini, I must look upon its author as a man of taste, and a

poet. He is better than so, he is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew, and matchless as a fireside companion. . . . L. H. is unfortunate in holding some loose and not very definite speculations . . . on marriage. . . . But neither for these obliquities of thinking . . . nor for his political asperities . . . did I select him for a friend; but for qualities which fitted him for that relation." *I like Leigh Hunt!* And, about those children, whom Lamb had seen off to Italy: "as kind a set of little people (T. H. and all), as affectionate children, as ever blessed a parent."

Such other-worldly beings as Hunt are bound to be difficult to see at a distance as they were seen in life itself. But why should they be known abroad nowadays through the partial accounts of them in elegant, spirited special pleadings for more gilded figures? Why, indeed, should not the elegant virtuosi call their rehabilitations by the name of Fiction? Do they gladly assume the attitude of the local football crowd, which, if I remember clearly through the Japanese rainstorm, is wont to welcome the shadiest footwork of the home team with blasts of glory, but, should an opponent in any way lower one of its own heroes, produces the most righteous and disgusted appeals for retribution?—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

LOVE AND THE MIDDLE-AGED NOVELIST.—Is there nothing else novels can be written about except love—sex-feeling? Must it be the same thing daily, yearly, through the generations and through the centuries? Must the imaginative literary artist who is nauseated by a mere ready-made phrase devote his whole existence to the exposition of a ready-made theme? Is love as inevitable in a novel as the beginner's opening and reply of Pawn to King four in a game of chess? Think how painful it must be to the ordinary middle-aged novelist to have to write all the time above love. It

was well enough when he first began writing. In those days he was young and love interested him. Even after he was married there was still for a while one aspect of it or another that seemed to him worthy of consideration. . . .

But now he is, alas, middle-aged. He is (but for a certain habit of irritation) a good family man, interested in his children's education, his wife's clothes, his collection of China, the cost of living, indigestion, the servant question, the housing problem, gold handicaps, the state of the share-market—and what must he needs spend his bitter days doing? He must write, poor man, about love.

Love! He is sick of the sound of the word. It hasn't thrilled him for the last ten years. The jejune emotional reactions of people under thirty bore him utterly. He cannot bear to write about them. He wishes to heaven he had never elected to be a novelist—that, with his talents, he had become, instead, a financier or a Cabinet Minister. . . .

For then he would not have had to sit like this, flagellating his weary impulses, his aged memories, his rebellious pen, to a show of ardour. He would not have had to pretend, unfortunate hack, that he was the war-horse in Job. He would not have had to write the sort of thing that should make any other kind of man feel a perfect ass in the sight of his friends; that only the status of his recognized artistic temperament can excuse; that causes a continual coldness of suspicion to exist between him and his wife and embarrasses him in the presence of his decent cricket-playing young sons.

Is it really true, he asks himself, that in all this great world, there is only one human problem that people of both sexes and all ages care to read about? . . . Desperate ideas come into his head of forming a union of middle-aged authors and middle-aged readers and going on strike.

He remembers what Samuel Butler said: that the author who writes for success must keep in mind the fact that (not counting specialists) his chief reader is the person between twenty and thirty years of age, and he sneers bitterly to himself: "No wonder. Why should people over thirty want to read the stuff we write? Of what possible importance can it be to them?"

And he begins, our author, to rebel. If he must write about love, very well then, he will write about the sort of love that isn't too far away from his own experience. He will situate his problem where its complications are sufficiently appropriate to himself—that is, in circumstances resembling, as nearly as possible, his own: in maturity and matrimony. He will play with the illusion that even the married and middle-aged are not without the hope of romance.

He knows well enough, as he sits there sweating over his triangular problems, that it is not so easy as one might think, after taking a course in novel-reading, for the average woman to find a man willing to ruin himself for the sake of snatching her away from her husband; he is, indeed, of the opinion that she ought to be thankful to keep the husband she has, considering how hard girls are finding it since the war to achieve matrimony at all. . . .

But it can happen, of course, it does happen—even an elephant man happens—and to the chance and to the possibility he pins himself, and writes one more version of the Guinevere-theme.

And that is the real reason why novels these days are moving away from the simple ardours of the unwed, and why heros and heroines are no longer as young as they used to be. Neither is their author as young as he used to be.

And although his pioneering days are past, and although he dare not suddenly, after all these years,

dispense with love, he will, at least, have this poor satisfaction: he will make the wretched old emotion conform to his own middle-aged use for it—SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

THREE ACTRESSES, AND NO MORAL.—I am not much of a theatre-goer: for one thing I live in a sequestered corner of England, where even the arrival of a newspaper is an accident; for another, when I am in London, there never seems to be more than a couple of plays worth seeing. Of those now running—to give some idea of the kind of theatre-goer I am—I have seen "Saint Joan" (twice), "To Have the Honour," "Our Betters," and "Hassan." The first seemed to me possibly a great play, certainly a very fine one; the second two entertainments good enough to save me from regretting my money and my evening; the fourth a spectacle not altogether unfairly described as "not quite so good as 'Chu-Chin-Chow.'"

Nevertheless, though I am such a poor theatre-goer, the theatre thrills me. I never get inside one without feeling that something wonderful is going to happen; I never see either a bad play or a good one without feeling that this is the art of arts in literature. Here is the supreme opportunity. And I never leave a theatre without vowing to myself that I will finish the play I have had hanging about my table for years. The vow is broken next morning, of course, simply because I cannot afford to write a play which will not even be read—and no doubt for other reasons also.

But the fact is, I am—in spite of myself—passionately interested in the theatre: I am even interested in the curious struggle between the Actors' Association and The Stage Guild. And I can never make up my mind who is really responsible for what seems to me the rotten condition of the modern theatre. Why has it become so completely divorced from whatever active

spiritual life there is in English literature to-day? Who is to blame? Is it the audience, is it the actors, is it the managers? Is it all of them together?

I don't know, I doubt whether anybody knows. The modern theatre is, I suppose, in the same condition as the modern newspaper. Who is responsible for that? The readers, the proprietors, or the journalists? I am one of those who try to buy decent newspapers, just as I try to see decent plays. How many are there of us in all? A hundred thousand, at the outside, I imagine.

However, that is a digression, except in so far as it explains why to-day, on one of my weekly visits to my neighbouring town, I came home with the last remaining *Morning Post,* while my friend had the last remaining *Times.* I read my *Morning Post* (of September 23rd, in case anyone should care to check my references), from the first page to the last. Since it happens but once a week, I can afford the time for that. On one page I read the following :—

> AN ACTRESS'S BANKRUPTCY.
> LIABILITIES £200; ASSETS £3.
>
> Creditors of Maud Waller, professionally known as Ethel Warwick, described as an actress, of Guilford Street, W.C., met yesterday at the London Bankruptcy Court.
>
> The debtor, who filed her own petition on the 9th instant, is at present employed at the Palace of Beauty at the British Empire Exhibition at a salary of £5 a week. She estimated her liabilities at £200 and her assets at £3, and attributed her failure to lack of profitable employment.
>
> The case was left in the hands of the Official Receiver to wind up in bankruptcy.

That gave me a violent shock, for a very good reason. A few years ago I went to the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, and thoroughly enjoyed myself with a larger dose of well-acted Shakespeare than I had ever had before. Miss Ethel Warwick was the leading

lady in the company. Her Beatrice, to Mr. Murray Carrington's splendid Benedick, was a joy to behold; for she is not merely a competent actress of Shakespeare, but a very fine one. Yet she is driven to make a living as a lay figure in a "Palace of Beauty" at five pounds a week! She has to go bankrupt. She is not extravagant. Extravagant people do not go bankrupt for £200. Quite obviously, she cannot make even the poorest living as an actress. Yet I am prepared to swear there are not a dozen actresses in England better than she, if indeed there are a dozen as good.

I was horribly depressed by this: I had a vivid memory of her running "like a lapwing" to hear Ursula and Hero talking of her, and it made me damnably sad. "Described as an actress," like any street-walker. So I turned on gloomily, and found an account of a meeting in support of a Municipal Theatre for East Ham.

> A letter was read from Miss Sybil Thorndike wishing the venture every success and expressing the opinion that amateurs were doing the spade work of the theatre, which, she was sorry to say, professionals were not doing as they should. Amateurs' courage in breaking new ground was wonderful.

I wondered how Miss Ethel Warwick would feel if she read that. I hope, for her sake, she did not. "Professionals are not doing as they should." By God, they are not! When Miss Warwick, who is an accomplished actress at least in the same class as Miss Thorndike herself, has to exhibit herself as an advertisement at Wembley for five pounds a week, and go bankrupt for £200, with assets £3. Does Miss Thorndike not know these things? Or has her memory, too, been deadened by success?

More gloomily still, I turned over yet another page. And I found this:

NEW DRESSES FOR "DIPLOMACY."

A few days ago Miss Gladys Cooper had to be absent from the cast of "Diplomacy" at the Adelphi in order to fly over to Paris to obtain new dresses. The result of this trip was demonstrated last night when there was a dazzling display of new costumes.

The play is now well past its 200th performance, and looks as if it ought to run till Christmas. But it will have to go on till the middle of next April if it is to beat the record of the 1913 revival.

"Diplomacy" is one of the few plays which have done better on being revived than during their original runs, for it reached 329 performances in 1878 and 455 in 1913.

HENRY KING.

REVIEWING: A PROBLEM.—I have some experience as a reviewer of books; and lately I was struck with what seemed to me a simple and obvious solution of an anomaly that has puzzled me: I mean the fact that good books are very often reviewed far more severely than mediocre or trifling ones. That this is the case will, I fancy, be apparent to anyone who reads the literary pages of a good newspaper, for example, *The Observer*. There, as often as not, you will find a clap-trap novel lauded almost to the skies, while a good one is severely criticized. But this severe criticism is generally a good criticism. The novelist is being judged by a high standard, and fairly judged by it: and some of these criticisms are, I doubt not, very helpful to the author. If I were an author and not a reviewer of books, I should like to be reviewed in this way. But it is obvious that a different standard is applied to the works of Mr. Michael Arlen, to name but one novelist whose book I have been stimulated to read by a dithyramb in *The Observer*.

I say it is obvious that a different standard is applied to them. But, alas, it was not obvious, even to me. I only discovered the obviousness of it after getting

The Green Hat from the library. Yet, as I have confessed, I am a reviewer; and I assumed that most reviews are as honest as I try to make my own. Even now I can scarcely believe that these dithyrambic reviews of trumpery "fiction" are dishonest. The reviewer probably meant what he said. I cannot really imagine a man making-up praise of that kind in cold blood.

Yet, for some odd reason, I had never thought of calling upon my own experience as a reviewer to provide an explanation. I serve under two literary editors. My procedure is the same with each. I look through the announcements of books forthcoming, and send in a list of the books I would like to review. (It has taken me a good many years to reach this relatively exalted position.) I do not get all those I ask for; I should say I get about half of them, but I get very few that I do not ask for. The books I get are books I want to read and want to criticize. They stimulate whatever critical faculty I possess, and I criticize them by a pretty severe standard. It has only lately occurred to me that, instead of doing the authors the service I desire to do them, I am probably doing them a real disservice. For the ordinary, uninstructed reader of the papers for which I write, must find my somewhat frigid examination of the merits of Mr. X positively chilling beside my colleague's assurance that Mrs. Y has written "a perfectly delightful story." It is Mrs. Y who goes down on the library list, while Mr. X, simply because I have taken him seriously and judged him severely, is dismissed as a "high-brow" who does not even know his own "high-brow" job.

Now something of this kind must be happening with most newspapers which devote any considerable space to the reviewing of books. The good novels are avidly sought after by the good reviewers, while the bad ones are packed off to somebody who positively

likes reading bad novels. There are such people : and they are not inarticulate. Nowadays indeed, they, or their counterparts, seem to have the general ear, for anything that calls for even a moderate expenditure of intelligence is held up to ridicule and contempt as "high-brow." It is a pity. Still, I am not unduly worried by it, nor do I really object to bad novels being reviewed by people who like bad novels. What does worry me is that the good, or at least the meritorious novel, should so often be represented to the ordinary reader as very much inferior to the cheap one.

It is very hard for the conscientious journalist to get out of his head the perfectly unwarrantable notion that the readers of the newspaper for which he writes know as much about the inside of a newspaper as he does. I have found it very hard to get the notion out of my own head. Perhaps I have rushed to the other extreme ; for I have at last come to the conclusion that not more than one in fifty of the people who read the literary page of a newspaper is aware that one standard is being used when Mr. D. H. Lawrence's novel is reviewed and another and quite different one when Mr. Michael Arlen's is reviewed. Forty-nine of those fifty people read those two criticisms as though they were written by one anonymous and omniscient being, and they naturally come to the conclusion that Mr. Lawrence is turgid and unpleasant and Mr. Arlen graceful and charming.

Yet what are we to do about it? What—since reform no less than charity begins at home—am I to do about it? I cannot simply declare that Mr. Lawrence's books, whenever they appear, are masterpieces. If I ceased to say what I really think about them as carefully and as coherently as I can, I should have to give up reviewing altogether. Only an imbecile or a charlatan could go on with it if he had to refrain from giving his real opinion. I suppose I must console

myself with the notion that I am addressing my remarks to the author and not to the public, and that any kind of reviewing would, in any case, not have the faintest effect upon the library subscriber. For the moment, at all events, I see no way out of the impasse. For obvious reasons I must ask you to permit me to use a *nom de guerre*.—ARTHUR INGLEBY.

FOLK MUSIC.—Folk music, like all primitive art, is a means to an end. It is a way of reciting a ballad or of marking the rhythm of a dance. Words and tune are inextricably coupled in the mind of the traditional singer. The dancer does not distinguish the steps from the air. "When I was young, I used to dance thicky zong," said an old Morris dancer: and another, having played the tune of a dance, innocently remarked, "Now sir, you know all about the dance."

Two or three generations ago, when our villages were self-contained communities, folk songs and dances were the natural and traditional methods of recreation. The disruption of the social life of the villages, caused by the migration to the towns; and the subsequent development of a false sense of values, led to a neglect of these native arts.

"Our tunes be out of vashion. They young volk come a-zinging thicky comic zongs, and I don't know they, and they won't hearken to any old-vashioned zongs."

The wealth of beautiful songs, collected from the old singers of our villages, represent the spontaneous expression of an inherently musical people, of which they were once the prerogative and pride. They are, like the peasants who made them, characterized by simplicity, sincerity and innocent gaiety. Their value lies in their own intrinsic qualities. Drama, narrative, humour and pathos are all contained in folk-song literature.—D. N. K.

THE CIRCUS AGAIN

By The Journeyman

It is called a General Election. The right name for the crisis is the breakdown of Parliamentary Government. This seems to be recognised by all sensible people, who do not even trouble to give the crisis a name, but merely refer in vague contempt and impatience to our august representative assembly. The election was not necessary. Nobody wanted it; not even the intriguers who in the excitement of the game carried the usual tricks of the House so far that they were forced either to drop them or pretend they were in earnest. Naturally, they must pretend they are in earnest, for it would never do to admit that a free democracy has no more conscious control of its affairs than a herd of buffalo. But everybody may see now that the activities of our parliamentary representatives have about as much relevance to the needs of a country in straits which are obviously desperate as the antics of a film comedian. Even the Liberal Press implicitly admits that. It shows no noticeable political zest. The *Daily News* did not even comment on the situation when reporting the debate in the House when the Government, to use the accepted silly term, was "defeated." It appears to have doubted that the artful trickery which provided sensations and other evidence of Liberal vitality should have been carried quite so far as to dislocate the country's business while Mr. Lloyd George allowed his popularity to lose his party a few more seats. The *Daily News* Parliamentary Correspondent, commenting on the critical discussion in the

House, remarks as a perfectly natural man, " the idea of treating the handling of the Campbell case as an excuse for a vote of censure is absurd." Yet the majority of the House did so vote its censure. It would indeed have been idiotic in the management of a coffee-stall, as the voting of two honest men on the Tory side clearly indicated.

In the previous Government there was the sad blunder of its law officers who seized peaceful and innocent people in their beds at night, without warrant, without formal charge, and deported them to Ireland without trial ; a little political pleasantry which would have got anyone but political lawyers the sack, and cost the country £40,000 in damages for the outrage. But that Government only smiled at the jejune lark of its friends, while the taxpayers paid for the joke. Or, when it comes to sedition, there are several very eminent lawyers, who have been for long in the pay of the State, but who, a few years ago, were encouraging an armed rebellion against the authority of the Crown. We never heard that Mr. Asquith was indicted at the time for not proceeding against them. One of them, in spite of his break with the whole body of constitutional law, was afterwards rewarded with the Lord Chancellorship. We should have imagined that a foolish word or two in the *Workers' Weekly* were not more inimical than the defection of His Majesty's officers and gentlemen and the arming of an excited populace with Mauser rifles. But the ordinary docile citizen, who has a native dislike of violence, anywhere, and however expressed, becomes confused when his political advisers discriminate between the violence of eminent lawyers and that of obscure Communistic journalists. Yet the country must bear the expense and nuisance of an election because of a subtle distinction in wrong-doing observable only to the initiates of practical politics.

For Parliament seems to be a sphere in which, when a man enters it, he loses that urbanity, candour, and instinct for straight and simple dealing, which make him a good neighbour. Parliament exists in a world not ours, where the ordinary rules of conduct need not be observed. It is an antiquated institution with a life of its own, now so sundered by time and by the last terrific social cataclysm from the common life about it that its frequenters and its forms might be an exhibit from the sequestered groves of New Guinea. There is a queer old smell about it which has made us too hastily conclude that the taint of dishonesty must cling to politics as though they were either corrupt in nature, or else, like fish, cannot stand exposure to sunlight. The reasons Parliament has for doing things are now unreasonable. It acts with the formal and solemn exactitude of medicine men performing an ancient ritual which the tribe has forgotten and can relate to-day to nothing the village requires. A conversation with any energetic member of that ancient institution astonishes one with the fellow's odd conviction that he is a really important figure in the midst of highly important events. Yet all he says increases one's sad conviction that his strenuous and exacting capers are in a void. You can no more understand why he must act thus and not otherwise than you can sympathise with the postures of the medicine man among the fetishes. It is very strange. And he is not only very much in earnest, but it is clear that he thinks an observant world is looking on with awe. But the world is beginning to feel that he is wasting its time. It wants to get about its business.

We are beginning to doubt that it will ever do that. Europe, having cleared itself of most of its encumbering thrones, is discovering that its machinery for democratic government is about as obsolete as a wheel-barrow on a motor track. Modern industrial

democracy, ponderous, but as sensitive as is a coral reef to slight changes of temperature, finds its circumstances now are such that the body of its life is becoming flaccid and unresponsive. In large areas it is dying of inanition. It seems unable to devise a self-cure. Its parliamentary institutions continue without change, as though nothing were the matter. Something could be done, of course, if political thinking was done on the plane where letters and science must work. If men of science had always faced their problems in the mental attitude of Sir Edward Grey arranging in the years before the war with France and Russia for the security of European "peace," we should still be intently sharpening flints as though the world offered nothing more important for the employment of the mind. I recall, for example, trouble in this country in the past over a loan to Russia. I do not remember that Sir Edward Grey was against it, though it was required by Tzardom to keep intact from inevitable collapse a little longer that Russian social form which was so little liked here, that the Tzar (who was visiting this country at the time when urgent propaganda was trying to make the loan look attractive) was advised not to land from his yacht. It could be argued that the effect of that loan was to make the war inevitable, or at least that it cost the lives of thousands of young Britons because of the defection of an ally in the war. Our strong silent men! Our Great Statesmen! When are we going to insist on politicians who can command our respect as easily as our best men in science and literature? Maybe, in another election or two, we shall come to that. Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Churchill! No wonder the public is beginning to laugh at it all. Yet it is an unpleasant joke, as well as a highly expensive one, with a national debt as deep as the pit.

MULTUM IN PARVO

"WHAT IS LOVE?"—The question suddenly leapt into my mind and demanded an answer. I smiled. Love! why everyone knows it. Love is Love. The answer did not satisfy the inner questioner. I looked round for a definition in vain. I could certainly consult the dictionary, but what could it tell? Love is like God. We can feel its presence, but can we know its nature? It is the most priceless of the earthly treasures, its dancing radiance charms the heart from cradle to the grave with wonderful joys and sorrows. What is love?—a want, a search, a longing, an infinite quest for unity. I asked our great poet Iqbal to tell me if he knew love. "Yes," he said, but his answer ran:

> "How can I tell thee what is love itself?"
> "I know, self-surrender of a helpless heart."

But why this surrender? In the East love is said to be the means of losing one's self, the only possible way for the parted self to attain reunion. It is the guiding star, the inner light on our pilgrimage from eternity to eternity. Under its divine impulse men and women walk with eyes upraised on the threshold of eternal mysteries. Human love, however, is rarely free from the thoughts of self, the asserting ego is only temporarily dethroned, the heart that is ready to give without stint, to pour out all its treasured wealth, suddenly turns back in eager expectation to strike a bargain and the seals of self which melted for a moment sit firmly on the gates of heart again. This is the tragedy of life, but this is not the end. Love never sleeps, like waves that sob in the silence of a cave, love starts on its search again and again till the defeated self, led by triumphant love,

becomes one with the beloved and we breathe the perfumed air of immortality. In the words of Hafiz:

> "He never dies, whose heart receives
> From love immortal life."

—Jogendra Singh.

The Restaurant Parisien.—I am the only customer. It is so quiet that I hear every tick of the clock at the far end of the room. And in this silence the moment comes when I begin to notice. What?

Oh, only Things. The far end of the room where the little waiter stands leaning his hand on the high counter—the barricades of silver-necked bottles with a lanky palm springing up out of them—a rustic-bamboo stand with a few forlorn oranges and bananas hanging from its branches—a pale green window leaded in a horrible "new art" design—behind the bottles the vague shape of a woman knitting—and in the middle of the window-sill the high light on an ice-pail.

It is stupid, sordid, flotsam and jetsam of time, whose monotonous waves pulse through the room. Outside a man with a flute scatters faint threads of pallid melody.

Suddenly it is all as it must be; it is, and it is beautiful, fore-ordained. The tired waiter's whisper to the unseen woman is a word of destiny, which I can feel, but never know.

A pale youth enters—"Boiled Salmon!"—then a well-groomed young man with a yet paler girl—"Two Mulligatawny!" We begin to live; but under the shadow. (*H. K.*)

On Peace.—In reply to this charge of absurdity on the extreme peace doctrine, as shown in the supposed consequences, I wish to say that such deductions consider only one half of the fact. They look only at the passive side of the friend of peace, only at his passivity; they quite omit to consider his activity. But no man,

it may be presumed, ever embraced the cause of peace and philanthropy, for the sole end and satisfaction of being plundered and slain. A man does not come the length of the spirit of martyrdom, without some active purpose, some equal motive, some flaming love. If you have a nation of men who have risen to that height of moral cultivation that they will not decare war or carry arms, for they have not so much madness left in their brains, you have a nation of lovers, of benefactors, of true, great, and able men. Let me know more of that nation; I shall not find them defenceless, with idle hands springing at their sides. I shall find them men of love, honour, and truth; men of an immense industry; men whose influence is felt to the end of the earth; men whose very look and voice carry the sentence of honour and shame; and all forces yield to their energy and persuasion. Whenever we see the doctrine of peace embraced by a nation, we may be assured it will not be one that invites injury; but one, on the contrary, which has a friend in the bottom of the heart of every man, even of the violent and the base; one against which no weapon can prosper; one which is looked upon as the asylum of the human race, and has the tears and blessings of mankind. . . . This is not to be carried by public opinion, but by private opinion, by private conviction, by private, dear, and earnest love. For the only hope of this cause is in the increased insight, and it is to be accomplished by the spontaneous teaching, of the cultivated soul, in its secret experience and meditation,—that it is now time that it should pass out of the state of beast into the state of man; it is to hear the voice of God, which bids the devils that have rended and torn him, come out of him, and let him now be clothed and walk forth in his right mind. (*Emerson*.)

THE ARROWY RHONE.—"We were steaming down the arrowy Rhone, at the rate of 20 miles an hour . . ."

(*Dickens: Pictures from Italy.*) Dickens, I find, got the phrase from Byron. "By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone." (*Childe Harold: III., 71.*) But it is not a patch on Chaucer's: "But thou, Simois, as an arwè clere." (*Troilus and Cressida.*)—J. M. M.

Journalese.—A reader in New Zealand sends us the following passage from the *Sun*, a literary paper published at Christchurch :—

> While Peter, the prize pedigree bull, kept a watchful eye on his bovine flock near the outskirts of Palmerston North on Saturday afternoon, four young women invaded his domain. They intended no wrong. Some flowers flaunting their brightness in a paddock attracted the daughters of Eve, who, without any reconnoitring, tripped to pluck the harbingers of spring. But such *lese majeste* was not to be tolerated by Peter. Registering resentment he made for the intruders, and soon eight pairs of terrified legs were flying for dear life. An icy stream was the best means of escape and into this, waist-deep, plunged the four girls. One of them, woman-like, fainted as soon as she was safe. When the palpitation had ceased four demure young things wended their homeward way, minus the flowers and with Peter bawling a throaty farewell.

We invite our readers to send us criticisms of the passage given above and to send us specimens of journalese they may discover. To the author of the best criticism and also to the sender of the specimen which we consider most remarkable a book to the value of half-a-guinea, which must be chosen from our list of books, will be given.

Problem No. 18.—A and B each have a sum of money in shillings and pennies. A's sum of money is worth four times the number of pennies that B possesses. A takes a shilling from B and he has twice as much money as B has left. What is the smallest total sum that A and B together could have started with?

Answer to Problem No. 17 : 40.

BOOKS TO READ

Egyptian Mummies. By G. Elliott Smith and Warren R. Dawson. (Allen & Unwin.) 25s. net.

Described by its authors as a sketch, an indication of the lines upon which further study should go, this elaborate and beautifully produced treatise deals more fully with the subject than any published since Pettigrew's memoir in 1832. The mummy is one of the most puzzling objects of interest in ancient civilisation, but it has been neglected by archaeologists—pehraps because of the baffling nature of the study. This history covers thirty centuries of the cult of mummifying. It is shown that while the practice was to confer the boon of immortality upon a dead king, in the process of time embalming became democratized, and by the beginning of the Christian era had spread to the whole Egyptian population.

Sunward. By Louis Golding. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

It is perfectly safe to recommend our readers to get out of the mists and rains of this London autumn and warm themselves in this sun book. We have enjoyed a really delightful holiday in the South with a writer sensitive to impressions of people and places and quick with vivid words to record them.

Mazzini. By Edith Hinkley. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Hinkley writes "with deep faith and reverence," the sun of her adoration is unclouded. The facts of an interesting and wonderful life are in her book, and readers themselves can apply the critical brake.

The English Novel of To-Day. By Gerald Gould. (John Castle.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Gould has a sound constitution. He appears to have read every novel published during the last twenty years, and to have come through with faith undimmed and stronger and younger than ever. Many sound judgments and some of another kind, but never a dull one.

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion. By M. M. With an Introduction by D. H. Lawrence. (Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

"M. M." committed suicide in Malta four years ago. He was a liar, a cheat, and a sponger. In spite of Mr. Lawrence the memoirs fail to make us feel interested in the man or to persuade us that there is a notable quality in his writing. But we see "M. M." clearly enough in Mr. Lawrence's pungent introduction, but even then it is Mr. Lawrence, with his gift of visualising everything he sees, who engages the attention. The introduction is wonderful as narrative and portraiture.

Bly Market By Bernard Gilbert. (Cecil Palmer.) £2 2s.; edition *de luxe* £3 3s.

One can but stare in awe and wonder at this piece of monumental splendour. What a book! What a publisher! What a fortunate author! We rarely have seen better printing, better binding, better make-up. It is a real triumph for the publisher. One handles the magnificent volume with the reverence akin to fear, but one would never think of reading it; it would be a desecration.

Figures in Modern Literature. By J. B. Priestley. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

Not because they are really more important, but because readers need a change from "the Shaw-Wells-Galsworthy-Chesterton gallery that is now so familiar," Mr. Priestley discusses such writers as Mr. W. W. Jacobs and Mr. Robert Lynd. Of course, a change is good for everybody, though the thought occurs that in any case a literary critic could not, or should not, say the same things about Mr. Shaw as about Mr. Jacobs. Even a reader who is not a critic can see that. Books about books are not really essential to life. But Mr. Priestley does write interestingly and communicates his pleasure in the authors he enjoys.

Punch and Judy, and Other Essays. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Baring discusses many things, discusses them with knowledge and penetration and charm even when he leaves us unconvinced. The essays on Racine and French Poetry are among the best in this miscellany. He argues against Mr. Max Beerbohm's contention that French poetry is necessarily of less significance than English because "limpid and exquisite though it is" it "affords no scope for phrases which are charged with a dim significance beyond their meaning and with reverberations beyond their sound."

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Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters. By Thomas Beer. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

"The Red Badge of Courage" was Stephen Crane's chief contribution to literature, and it is so real a contribution, so active and vital, that it is strange to think of the neglect of his name. More than twelve years ago Joseph Conrad did something to shame us out of our disregard, and incidentally in doing so created a delightful picture of a fine personality. It is years since we read it, but the picture remains in the mind like a witnessed event of Crane playing absorbedly with Conrad's boy and suddenly looking up with great seriousness: "We must get your boy a horse. A boy must have a horse." We get the same impression of a fine mind and a fascinating personality from Mr. Beer's story, and there is the added pleasure of further recollections by Conrad.

The Cambridge Ancient History. Edited by J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, and F. E. Adcock. Vol. II.—The Egyptian and Hittite Empires. (Cambridge University Press.) 35s. net.

All history writing may be in some degree imaginative guess work. Anatole France appeared to regard it as a form of the art of fiction. His argument was that as it is impossible to know exactly what is happening around one it is therefore impossible to report accurately the evidence of one's eyes and ears. Works of history could only be of value when written by artists who could let their fancies play freely round "facts." The data for the history of the ancient Egyptians is not enormous, but it has grown considerably during the past twenty years, giving the authors of these volumes ample scope for their imagination. Whether there are experts who can challenge the data we do not know, and it matters very little, for he would be a strange kind of reader who could not enjoy the story; and certainly the impression left upon him is that a large body of solid and verifiable fact is known now of the Egyptians and Hittites over 3,000 years ago. And yet how much of guess work there is even in scholarly handling of the relics of so distant a past! "We cannot be confident," says Dr. Cook, "that events in Palestine ran along the lines laid down in our record."

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

The Nature of a Crime. By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth.) 5s. net.

Married Life. By Conal O'Riordan. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.

Sard Harker. By John Masefield. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Somewhere at Sea, and Other Tales. By John Fleming Wilson. (Dent.) 6s. net.

Julie Cane. By Harvey O'Higgins. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Pipers and a Dancer. By Stella Benson. (Macmillan.) 6s. net.

Buddenbrooks. By Thomas Mann. 2 vols. (Secker.) 7s. 6d. net each.

Waste. By Robert Hernick. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Elaine at the Gates. By W. B. Maxwell. (Butterworth.) 7s. 6d. net.

Laycock and Lonsdale. By W. Riley. (Herbert Jenkins.) 7s. 6d. net.

Cold Harbour. By F. Brett Young. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.

Elsie and the Child. By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell.) 7s. 6d. net.

Within a Budding Grove. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net each.

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DITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MUR

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splendid phrase of educational tradition—one of the humanities, when it is necessarily included in the sweep of the phrase of Terence by which all the humanities are defined.

Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto.

I am not saying that English literature before Chaucer is not human. Of course it is, in the sense that it was the work of men. But the minds of these men were compassed about by so many strange limitations that they almost wholly lack the spiritual freedom which is as necessary to us as the air we breathe. And here we come to the point. To us nowadays this spiritual freedom is an essential condition of humanity; it is indeed humanity itself, and it was because they help men to achieve this condition that the studies which were established at the time of the Renaissance were called by their glorious name—" the humanities."

At the time when that name was given to those studies, English literature was not included among them, for the simple reason that English literature did not exist. Nevertheless, if you wish to understand the essential spirit of that vast and various movement called the Renaissance, I think you will find no simpler key than this single phrase—" the humanities." To the Renaissance mind the phrase meant, as it still means in some of the older universities, the Greek and Latin authors, for they and they alone were the road by which the human mind could regain the spiritual freedom which it had sacrificed to the great institution of the Mediaeval Church. Those Greek and Latin classics contained sometimes weak echoes, sometimes the direct utterance of the voice of a world wherein men had confronted the universe and demanded to know it for themselves, where they refused to take things on trust, where they had themselves created the authorities they obeyed. This freedom, with all its risks, had been sacrificed to the

Mediaeval Church. It could not be helped. The institution to which the sacrifice was made was a magnificent one, and the sacrifice itself was inevitable. The barbarians who had engulfed the feeble remains of the old civilization, and became the lords and rulers of Europe, could not be restrained except by the menace of an unknown and terrible God. If some spark of true civilization was to be kept alive, it could be kept alive only by the visible authoritv of a God before whom Emperors and feudal lords and serfs were equal because they were equally afraid. The scheme of heaven and earth was complete, and nothing less than this utter completeness would have kept the souls of the mediaeval barbarians in awe during the centuries in which men slowly fashioned the rudiments of civilization once again. At last in this slow process they reached a point at which the individual had once more to confront the universe and demand to know it for himself: to advance into the vast and terrible unknown which surrounded the mediaeval mind under the sign: *What I can prove by my own experience, that alone is true.* Inevitably men turned for encouragement and example to the men who had done this thing before them: from the Greeks, and from the Romans who had followed the Greeks in this, they learned to have the intellectual courage of themselves—this, they said, is true humanity, the virtue by which a man is indeed a man; therefore they called the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which was to them a knowledge of the arts and the sciences, and the attitude of soul expressed in those ancient tongues, " the humanities."

With this reassertion of the claim of the individual to complete spiritual freedom—this rebirth of the human mind—English Literature begins. It strikes us first and pre-eminently as the sound of a new, fresh, individual voice. Chaucer is above all else the individual Geoffrey Chaucer, with a wise and whimsical,

keen-eyed and solid vision of the world. Suddenly we are made aware of a man for whom the "visible world exists." For long centuries before, were we to judge by our literature alone, it would seem that the visible world had not existed at all. Save for a few unpremeditated lyrics, which come to us with the piercing and painful sweetness of a voice in the night, everything in English literature before Chaucer is vague and vaporous. There are no outlines. All objects fade into others, and are disintegrated by an intricate and futile system of symbol and allegory. One is reminded of the poem of Po-chuï, whose sceptical *bonhomie* is not unlike Chaucer's own, on Chuang-Tsu :

> Chuang-Tsu levels all things
> And reduces them to the same oneness.
> But I say that even in their sameness
> Difference may be found.
> Although in following the promptings of their nature
> They display the same tendency,
> Yet it seems to me that in some ways
> A phœnix is superior to a reptile.

For the mediæval mind, as it reflects itself in English literature before Chaucer, the phœnix is not superior to the reptile ; it is not even different from the reptile ; they are both interchangeable parts of the monotonous arabesque which was the form intellectualized experience took in the eyes of the Middle Ages. The One had conquered, and the Many was unreal.

It was as though no one could see, and into this kingdom of the blind there suddenly entered a man with two open eyes who saw the visible world with a newness and particularity that have never been surpassed. When we see with Chaucer's vision we no longer feel that we are looking at life through a glass darkly, but now face to face. A man had arisen who would trust his eyes, and himself ; who insisted upon *realizing* experience. Was he dealing with a legend of antiquity like the story of Troilus and Cressida? Then, though he had no

notion what the Trojan War really was, or what a Greek looked like, he stuck to the certain fact that men and women and love were in action: these he knew, and he built his poem on his own knowledge. When he found that the story of the dim legend did not square with his knowledge of the human heart, that his Cressida, at least, could not have played his Troilus so quickly false, he did not jerk his characters into predetermined pattern, like marionettes; he confessed the impasse. "*Men seyn, I not.*" This is the story: I don't agree with it. Was he composing a sequence of stories? Then the pilgrimage by which they are held together must not be a perfunctory scaffolding for their display, but a real journey of real men, who tell the stories they would be likely to tell. And what good-humoured contempt he has for the subtleties of the schoolmen. Not even Swift's description of Laputa is so extraordinarily funny as Chaucer's exposition of Free-Will and Necessity in *Troilus and Cressida.* He keeps an absolutely straight face. For one verse, for two, for three, you think he is serious: then the words begin to tremble, to dance, to whirl madly about in a kind of logical nightmare. The effect is prodigious: not Rabelais himself has achieved one more remarkable.

Chaucer tried all things, philosophy, legend, and life, by the test of his own experience, and the result is that he lives for us in his work. What went before him is dead for us, not because it is written in a language which we do not understand, but because there is nothing really worth understanding written in that language. We read Chaucer because it is abundantly worth our while to read him: what it is worth our while to read we manage to read somehow, and because we go on reading Chaucer from generation to generation we say he is a classic, and call him the Father of English literature. But the real point is that Chaucer's is a modern mind: if he had written two hundred years

earlier than he did he would have made of the language which he found to his hand an instrument fundamentally the same as our own. Men of such intellectual power as his do not remain mute and inglorious through the deficiencies of their speech ; they expand their language to accommodate their purposes. So when we come to a man like Shakespeare in whom the whole range of the modern consciousness is complete we find that his language remains not merely adequate to the most intimate experience of the whole epoch to which we belong, but is still far superior to our capacity for using it.

Chaucer, let us say, anticipated the modern consciousness as he anticipated the Renaissance. It is a perfunctory and unsatisfactory description of him, for it seems to imply that the modern consciousness is somehow superior to Chaucer's, which is nonsense. But the modern consciousness of which I am speaking is not a thing which actually exists : it is rather a potentiality of the human spirit which is occasionally realized. And the occasions are rare, rare as the emergence of a truly comprehensive genius. It must necessarily be so. Think for a moment of what is involved in the conception of the complete spiritual freedom of the individual man. It is, even for the elect, an ideal ; for the vast majority only a phrase, and a meaningless one at that. And one has to force oneself to remember, because it is so easy to forget, that in dealing with English literature, or any literature, one is dealing with an election from the elect.

Nevertheless, when I speak of English literature as beginning with the modern consciousness, and of the modern consciousness as beginning with the Renaissance, this modern consciousness of which I speak is a reality, though it may not actually exist. It is something of which we are ordinarily aware only in its obvious, or if you like, its cruder manifestations, which are political. Political freedom, or freedom to live more

or less as individuals, is the only kind of freedom most people want; for a few this freedom to live must include a freedom to understand, to make their own exploration of experience and come to their own conclusions. But whereas it is fairly obvious that one of the great movements since the Renaissance has been towards greater political freedom, or towards the rejection by an ever-increasing body of men of any political authority which they themselves do not create, or at least have the illusion of creating; it is not so obvious that an equally great movement, less widespread but deeper, has been towards greater spiritual freedom, or towards the rejection by the individual of all spiritual authority save his own.

This movement, I believe, is really central to the modern consciousness. It is an assertion of the individual in his most highly developed form: the vindication of his right to know, which is the finest form of his right to be.

To know what? In the last resort, to know *everything*: but, above all, for man to know where he is, what he is, why he is—to have proved these things for himself. And at the Renaissance men plunged into the thrilling adventure, which became less thrilling with the years, but which has never ceased. Looking back, we see the plunge most plainly (for there it is most tangible) in the fervid exploration of the external universe. Fleet after fleet sailed out from the Western ports across the ocean, for slaves, for gold, for sandalwood or sugar, according to the profession of the charter-party or the terms of the Queen's commission; but in truth, for the satisfaction of their lust for knowledge and their longing to be rid of the incubus of the unknown. The feeling in men's minds was that there was nothing which would not yield its secret up to them, if only they had the courage to explore it. And now they had found the courage. The rending of the veil that had hidden the

past from them revealed that the great medieval theocratic scheme of things was not, after all, appointed from the beginning of time. The answer of the Church to man's threefold question: where he is, what he is, why he is, was a complete and formidable answer, but it was one that he had taken on trust through fear, at the bidding of an authority he dared not challenge.

Where was man? Man was set, the supreme creation, on a world that was the pivot and centre of the universe. Above the flat earth which was his home, were the heavens, the everlasting mansions of the righteous, and beneath his feet were the dungeons of the wicked. So said the medieval cosmogony, and the Church declared, under pain of heresy, that men must believe that it was truly so. But now Galileo built his telescope and swept the invisible sky. Which was true: what he saw with his own eyes, or what was declared to him? Indeed he had no choice. Were he to have denied the knowledge of his senses, he would have denied himself. Once that denial made, there was nothing more for him to think or do. Recantation did not matter—no man can have every kind of courage—what mattered was Galileo's own attitude towards his discovery. Was ' indeed truth that the earth moved round the sun, or a device of the Devil to entangle his soul? Was he a man of science, a servant of true knowledge, or a prober with strange instruments into the abyss of forbidden things? It seems a simple question to us nowadays, asked no sooner than answered; but I think it must have been a terrible, heart-devouring question to some of the great spirits of the Renaissance. The awful fear that they were venturing their very souls, that they were peering over the brink of the illimitable abyss, must have been very real to them. The central theme of the Faust story, that knowledge is a thing in itself forbidden, for which the knower has to pay with his own living soul, had in

those days a cogency that we can scarcely imagine. The terror of the "wild surmise" with which, Keats imagined, Cortez' men looked at each other while he stared at the Pacific, must have been felt by many lonely pioneers of knowledge in those days. Even to-day the unknown is, by its own nature, terrible enough to us, who have not ringing in our ears the solemn warning of authority that it is also the region of evil and of everlasting death.

That the heroes of the Renaissance conquered these ancestral fears was a tremendous victory for the spirit of man; and by the steadfastness of their resolution to stand or fall by their own proven experience, they had begun to give an implicit, yet unmistakable answer to the second great question. By their determination to discover where man is, they had begun to declare what man is, and that too in a sense wholly opposed to the teaching of the Church. The Church said that man was a creature born in sin, whose fundamental appetites were vicious and depraved. The men of the Renaissance declared that one at least, and perhaps the greatest, of the fundamental appetites of man—the appetite to know—was good and glorious: by his loyalty to this appetite man proved his title to full humanity. They claimed not so much that man was born good—that was to come later—whereas the Church declared that he was born evil, as that he was born man—a creature of aptitudes almost divine.

> What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form, in moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!

This sense of man's privilege in being man, which Hamlet so nobly uttered, is the true soul-impulse of the Renaissance, the motive of its passionate and instinctive

rejection of the dogma of original sin for the claim that man's birthright is noble, because he is born to infinite faculty, and to the privilege and duty of straining it to the last verge of experience. What man is, they could not yet declare : he had not proved himself, he had indeed only lately been truly reborn, only lately conquered the freedom to discover, by experiment, what he was. But that he was naturally evil and, therefore, to be deprived of the liberty to be whatever he might become—this was intolerable superstition.

And to the third great question : Why man is? and the Church's secular answer : To do the will of God, the men of the Renaissance replied, implicitly once more yet once more unmistakably, that the will of God who had made them men was that they should *be* men. But, in fact, God hardly came into the debate. They stood eagerly on the threshold of the vast kingdom of knowledge which was their rightful heritage, from which they had been shut out only by the proclamation of the Church that it was against the will of God that they should enter in. If that was indeed the will of God, then he willed that men should not be men. Against that God, if he existed, they would rebel and take the risks of rebellion. Better go to damnation free men than be led in chains to Paradise. But if this God was a lie, then what could be better done than to find, in the course of their exploration, their God for themselves. Anyhow, it was sufficient for the day that man existed, with an unknown universe before him. Let him enter that freely : it was his will : the outcome alone would show whether it was also God's.

EMPTY CUPS

By Stella Benson

There is nothing in a puppy. A puppy is a little empty cup into which one may pour a very sufficing spirit, if one will. Indeed, one may pour life into it. The spilling of the cup, the death of the puppy, matters, of course, nothing at all to the years, but days can be blotted out by it.

There were D'Arcy, Bingley, and Collins, the three sons of a pointer, Josephine. Collins was killed at the age of two days by a fierce passing dog who probably mistook him for a rat. One really had not time to know Collins—in losing him one lost nothing. D'Arcy and Bingley, in a lonely garden of which the only other charms were dahlias and a row of red South China mountains looking between the plumes of bamboos—became outrageously important. There are hundreds of puppies exactly like D'Arcy and Bingley within the walls of our little templed town. Of course there are hundreds of cups that remain empty.

D'Arcy was always fat, noisy and pleased with himself. He was of impersonal habit and would roll off the human lap like a ball. But Bingley knew the quiet and engaging art of pillowing himself. . . . His fat and ungainly attempts to swarm up ankles on to laps recalled the efforts of a black baby at the foot of a cokernut palm.

Bingley's illness runs to a tune in my memory—a flippant tune imported into our lost town by a passing American engineer. . . . *Come everybuddy ef you want to hear—A story about a brave engineer—Casey*

Jones wus de rounder's name—On a big eight-wheeler he won his fame. . . . The tune is like a pain in my memory. For three days there were for me only two efforts—the effort to save Bingley and the effort not to forget the words of that tune. Of course neither effort was worth while.

Bingley one night suddenly began to speak. He stood staggering beside my bed uttering syllables in an extraordinary low urgent voice. *Wa—ka—ngur—wa. . . .* The voice was in no way different from a child's. Sudden suffocation was wringing the sounds from his throat. Behind his ribs he was pinched to the thickness of a glove. Well, he could not die, that was certain. A thing as little as Bingley could not thwart a thing as big as I in such a matter. D'Arcy looked at Bingley with his pansy-like head on one side for a few astonished seconds and then robustly knocked him down. "Come back and play again, Bing, here's the other shoe we were looking for. . . ." But Bingley was trying to swarm up a drooping fold of the counterpane—the black baby again, trying to escape from something prowling and unknown.

In the bed with his head on my arm he slept a little, but every few minutes he murmured his disturbing unknown words. He had suddenly become enormously important to me, his very unimportance commanded me; he was a waking dream all through a sleepless night; his ghostly hoarse voice in the hot small hours, to the sharp accompaniment of heavy rain outside, seemed to menace me with all I knew of danger for the moment. Behind that threat the silly tune drummed on—*The caller called Casey at haf past faw-urr—Casey kissed his wife at de cab'n daw-urr—He mounted to de cab'n his orders in his hand—Took a farewell trip into de Prummised Land. . . .*

The day quieted voices for a while. In the morning the puppy had no breath to spare for a voice. He

would only rest in my arms. Placed on the ground he began a dreadful unceasing journey in search of breath and ease. All about the garden, pushing between the wet dahlia leaves, tumbling, bumping, reeling, he ran sideways on straddling legs—hunting the ease that I could not find for him. For me his little lurching body cast an enormous shadow that darkened the garden more than ever the mountains did. I could not find any thoughts. Thoughts in this lost garden always come singly . . . a song . . . the breaking of a toy . . . the passing of a cloud can fill the empty valley to the brim.

No occupation dared to intrude upon my intense determination to make a fool of death. The puppy was a symbol turned into a reality. What could I think of that would harmonize with the feeling of his difficult breathing against my knee? My eyes followed the ponderous and ancient facts of a Chinese history. *P'an K'u is said to have been the first living being on earth, he is represented with a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, engaged in splitting and shaping the rocks. He is believed to have worked for eighteen thousand years. . . . Casey Jones within three miles of de place —Number Seven stared him right in de face—He toirned to his firemen and said, Boys, let's jump—'Cos dey's two locomotives dat's a-gwineter bump. . . .* My nerves were sore with that tune. I would not let the little dog go. If I let him go he would run chasing death. If I held him, the very determination of my touch could make him eat a little and sleep a little. I felt so sure of life in my hands that I would not send him away to be shot. By day it seemed so easy to hold warm life about his shrunken little body with my hands. But by night I could feel him and hear him fighting for breath in the dark. It was as if he was shrieking silently. He left my hands every minute and lurched round the bed. Then it seemed that a shot—a confes-

sion of defeat—would have been best. But always the little dog came back to lie down trembling and twitching against my arm.

Casey Jones said jus' befaw-urr he died—Dere's two maw-urr roads I'd 'a' liked to ride—De fireman said to Casey, Why what can dey be?—He said, De South'n Pacific and' de Santa Fe. . . .

In the dark early morning the little dog suddenly began to breathe calmly and to sleep. I was, for an hour, absolutely happy. I was alight with a victory—that did not matter. I had interfered successfully between life and death. A life that was not valuable to anyone but me would go on for ever—because of me. At the end of the hour the puppy reared himself up choking and bit the ball of my thumb through. . . . The tune began rattling insanely again. *Mrs. Jones sat on her bed a-sighin'—Jus' received de message dat poor Casey wuz dyin'—Toirned to her children an' said, Quit yer cryin'—'Cos you've got another Poppa on de Salt Lake Line. . . .*

Jus' received de message dat poor Casey wuz dyin' . . . . Jus' received de message dat poor Casey wuz dyin' . . . it scraped on all next day—one scrap of tune—one phrase, like a cheap gramophone with its needle stuck in a crack in the disc. To that tune all day, giddy from lack of sleep, I defied the death that didn't really matter. The puppy was too weak to run away from death or to run after death now. I was his only defence and I never let go. I did not think death could push past me. But in the afternoon the little dog's strange voice came back for a moment—his low humble voice that framed no word and was expressive only of his complete unimportance. To the senseless sound of his voice and of the jigging song in my head—he died. He suddenly stopped mattering. I was astounded. I had remembered death only as a negative thing—as a cheating of life. But now it was evident that death was

an active force, strongly taking possession of something that was mine.

I dare say Bingley's was one of the smallest shadows that was ever withdrawn from the sunlight of my garden. He mattered as little as the petal of a flower. He could not have been very valuable to death, but he was valuable to me because I had, for a day, believed myself life. So I was robbed of an illusion.

HENRY'S EARS.—For ten days, now, she had been living the simple life with Henry. . . . A sultry oppressive afternoon it was : gray sky, country colourless, Henry lolling on the sofa with a cigarette. Every now and then she looked up from her book and eyed him as he lay there with his hair sticking up on end in an irregular fashion, like little tufts of grass, and his shirt open in front. Suddenly, in a miserable, reasonless way, she was so annoyed that she simply didn't know what to do. She had a tingling feeling in all her limbs and there was the beginning of tears in her throat. Good God! what *was* it about Henry that was so? And then, all at once, she knew. His *ears!* They were such an abominable, pointed, gnomish shape, and they grew all in the wrong place on his head ; too high up, too far back. . . .

"What is the matter dear? Why do you keep banging your book about?"

"Och!"

"Tell me," he said gently, "do tell me!"

"Nothing."

"Now come, what is it? Have I done anything wrong?"

"No, you haven't *done* anything. It isn't that, but —but—" She could scarcely speak by now. "Oh, *Henry*, look at your ears!"

He was pained, he was surprised, he was offended.

"I *can't*, darling," he said in an injured voice. —(V. LE M.)

THE NEW SOCIOLOGY OF VILFREDO PARETO

By Filipo Burzio

Croce and Pareto are my real masters, in the intellectual sense of the word. These two men, different as they are from each other, have taught me the same lesson, which I now, with the kind permission of my readers, propose to expound; for problems of great importance to the mind may be solved in the course of the exposition.

I do not believe that I am blinded, either by personal devotion or patriotism, when I assert that, among our contemporaries, these two names represent most worthily two mighty streams in which mind moves onward. Croce stands for philosophy, Pareto for science. Fashion is not to be trusted; true woman that she is, she exalts to-day what she rejected yesterday, and will reject again to-morrow. She maintains at the moment that Science, as a means of gaining knowledge, is dead; Brunetière's phrase, "the bankruptcy of science," though thirty years old, is as up to date as ever. A breath of idealism, religious and metaphysical, is passing over the world, while positivism lies in the dust. But do not make too much of that; it is only a caprice of Fashion. Science and philosophy are both very much alive, and the question of their relation has not been opened. Well, if to-morrow, among the rank-and-file of Italian thinkers, the existing truce were to end in a quarrel, "Croce" and "Pareto" would probably be the war-cries of the respective armies. Croce denies that science, as a means of gaining knowledge, has any value at all; while Pareto sends metaphysics to keep company with masterpieces of elaborate

word-spinning, and the pseudo-logical disguises of dreams which have no reality. Pareto adores mathematics; Croce pays them no attention at all; Croce derives from Hegel, at whom Pareto points the finger of scorn. This antagonism, half fictitious, but also half real, has led to actual polemics, in which neither has yielded an inch of ground, but each has always respected the other.

It is the same with their personal characters. This single expression in two terms—Croce and Pareto—recalls other classic antinomies in which our race sees her very soul embodied. The most striking is that of Machiavelli and Guichardini; but we have also Michael Angelo, or rather Dante, and Leonardo. Pareto has lived at a distance from his country, all but an exile, and, till yesterday, misunderstood; of a scoffing and a thorny temper, he was permanently out of humour with Italy, whereas Croce, senator and minister, took part in her national life. Similarly, Guichardini and Leonardo, even Galileo, adapted themselves to reality and were its servants, while Dante and Machiavelli, whose portion was defeat and banishment, held it *in gran dispitto*, and spewed it out of their mouths. Yet, one and all, they passionately loved and desired to possess the reality of Italy.

That is the keynote of the race, the watchword common to the two masters of whom I am speaking—realism, politics. Herein lies the deep-rooted affinity between Croce and Pareto. One stands for subjective, philosophic experience—experience, in short, of the world within; the other for objective, scientific experience; but both alike, for experience. Croce's "Philosophy of Spirit" is no more transcendental than is Pareto's "Sociology." Whatever may be said of it, Croce's philosophy is the product of a powerful and pitiless realism, which does nothing but formulate as laws the data of inward experience; that is to say, the

concrete faculties of the mind, æsthetics, logic, economics, ethics. Bergsonian flights into cloudland, the externalization of the phantoms of sentiment, are rejected with a classic disdain which has always impressed me. Religion, God, immortality, find no place in this philosophy. For Croce, as for Pareto, there is no reality outside history, no rational action outside politics. No doubt they handle this reality in different ways; and for my part, I think that as subjective experience embraces and includes objective experience, so philosophy takes precedence of science. It seems to me, however, that it is a case for a division of territories rather than for establishing a dependency; and the relation of one to the other, of nature to mind, which is laid down in Croce's system, is the point in his philosophy that I find least convincng. But here I am dealing only in outlines, my aim being to show that these two men are closer to each other than is commonly believed.

Of my masters, Pareto was the last to come into my life. I believe, too, that he will have no successor, for age is upon my track, and a man cannot always be a pupil. As has often happened in my relations with those who have had the strongest influence upon my personality, my first approach to him was a recoil. I was just leaving behind me a period in which my right to poetry had slowly and painfully prevailed over the tyranny of science and technique. It seemed, at first, too bad for anything to find them in my path once more, thought now regarded from the point of view of politics; I put down the *Treatise on Sociology*, which had then been published; later, I took it up again. But, whilst he was slow to impose himself upon me as a master, I was learning to know him as a man, in his style and in his actions; as a man of unusual gifts, as a powerful personalitv, by whom I was fascinated.

A strong and even increasing creative enthusiasm marked my discovery of Pareto. This very difficult author, whose ideas are understood, at present, by only a small number of persons, is, on the other hand, wildly and shamelessly amusing to read ; he does not ride the scientific high horse, and is indeed as unacademic as possible. Pareto's *Sociology* is not among the treatises in which interesting matter hardly makes up for feebleness of form, whereby the colourless personality of the author stands revealed in all its mediocrity. Far from that, and setting its scientific value aside, the *Sociology* is a powerful portrait of its author. It is the same with Croce's *Philosophy* ; it is the same with all great works. They are all somewhat like a *Divina Comedia*, or those *Summæ Theologicæ* of the middle ages which embrace the whole world, within and without. At every moment, framed in a large and synthetic design, the grand lines of which will only grow clearer and clearer as time goes by, the headiest spirit of controversy, the most unexpected sallies of wit, spring as it were from the solid rock and scatter in showers of diverting eloquence. These are no tricks of the trade ; sometimes he even finds it hard to put his meaning into words ; it is the ideas themselves which are so pointed, the opinions which are so original and even comical. He has his crochets. His outbursts against Hegel, against the metaphysicians, against the "moralists," are magnificent ; but they must not be taken too seriously. He is delightful when, poking fun at the positivists who claim to have killed religion, he gives us a picture of their own special Olympus ; Almighty Progress, a sort of Jupiter, comes forward attended by a train of minor divinities—holy Humanity, blessed Science, and worthy Dame Nature. This man of science was, indeed, no pedant or Philistine. If it is true that the vision of history which flows from his concepts is bleak and bare, on the other hand, if not gazed at too solemnly, his pages are brim-

ming with laughter. It is not, indeed, the mirth of Rabelais, just as the *Human Comedy* therein analyzed is not that of Balzac. The eye which there looks at things belongs to no fat, jolly priest, no plebeian fascinated by gold and success. Here is no La Rochefoucauld, even, though the turn of mind is the same; there is more amplitude, a nobler breadth of outlook, in Pareto. He was no respecter of persons. Hear how he deals with Plato, the "sublime Plato," the "divine Plato":

> The distinguished Plato, who retails in his dialogues a heap of rubbish about daemons, asserts that they sometimes animate the images of the gods. . . . Minucius Felix takes great care not to let this precious discovery be lost, and commends it to posterity. Tatianus also holds that Zeus is the chief of the daemons. Perhaps Tatianus is right: but as nobody happens to know either what Zeus is or what daemons are, experimental science has no means of settling the question.

When, bent upon demolishing his opponents, he sees a chance for a joke, he does not deny himself the pleasure of it. He is not ashamed to wind up one of his chapters with a famous nonsense rhyme.

The *Treatise on Sociology* as a confession, a novel, a poem! That is a point of view which may appear paradoxical, even irreverent, to the hierarchs of science. Yet that is another token of Pareto's greatness. He was a marquis, and he had no time to remember it. But the tone of a Voltairian grand seigneur pervades his books and his life; a grand seigneur of a gibing humour; rather freakish; and like Anatole France's unforgettable d'Astarac—an unusual sort of sage in his hermitage on the shores of Lake Geneva, among his books, his cats, and his birds; one whose supreme intelligence and lofty moral consciousness threw open to him the Olympus of the great. True, he did not believe in morals; that was another of his crotchets. He possessed, on the contrary, the most illustrious morality of his race, that pitiless realism, that heroic and con-

structive scepticism, that contempt for hypocrisy and the lie, which insists upon seeing to the bottom of things at all costs—the morality of Machiavelli.

The time and place at which I approached him were those best fitted to make this personality of his stand out. It was during the war. I had, at first, shared the feelings of the "interventionists"; but these feelings subsequently lost their strength. I ceased to be certain that right and civilization were entirely on one side, wrong and barbarism entirely on the other. The wide, historical outlook, to which my eye was becoming accustomed, showed me in this war a war like all the rest. I did not cease in the least to desire the victory of the Entente, but the spirit of the crusader was replaced by political reason. This meant that I was drawing nearer to Pareto. I found his view saner, more human, less hysterical. For, I confess, that affected mysticism of fatherland and war, that religious humbug, that veiled lust of slaughter, that hotch-potch of Zarathoustra and Parsifal which was, in my country, the speciality of D'Annunzio, was not the least cause of my disgust with "one glorious war." I have always loved Europe and especially the West (in the time of the Russo-Japanese War I was the only Russophil in the school), but it was the real Europe, struggling, impassioned, and no pale Utopia that I loved. This was due to my historical and political sense, which human pity and spiritual detachment broaden without claiming to replace. No blubbering "Kiss one another!" My hero must be: *Au-dessus de la mêlée*. But it was clear that I could not give that place to M. Romain Rolland; I gave it to Vilfredo Pareto. Amid the fearful shock of armies, this ancient sage, who had not the slightest desire to play the apostle, was spending his last days in his silent and solitary nook at Céligny. He was not the conventional Good Old Man; he was not even Leo Tolstoi at Yasnaia Poliana. He

was above the madness of mortals, but not against it; he did not wish to cure them of it; he was studying it, for this madness is reality—history. My romanticism, blended with fantasy, saw him truly alone—this founder of a new science—on his islet beaten by the angry waves, in the crimson twilight of a crumbling world—à la Beethoven. But the realism he taught did not even say with Goethe, with the Chorus of Spirits heard by Faust: "When this world has been destroyed, another will be built and a fairer." It said, on the contrary (and poetry was by no means banished from its utterance, but was only more virile): "When this world has been destroyed, everything will be as it was."

Pareto, the engineer and professor, most certainly did not expect that his life might almost provide a subject for a myth; he didn't care a rap about that. Yet he had lineage enough, and vigour enough, and greatness enough.

If moral personality explains the glory of Pareto, the documentary proofs of his claim must be sought in his scientific work. I will say here only one word about this; for nothing could be better than the speech addressed to him by M. Roguin, at the Jubilee festivities at Lausanne in 1917.

> A man who lacked any one of those striking qualities whereby you are distinguished; the scientific spirit in its severest form; a knowledge of mathematical laws and processes; phenomenal learning, which extends to the things of the past no less than to those of the present; the loftiest intelligence and the keenest psychological penetration, as well as universal and insatiable curiosity; a man who had not reconstructed Political Economy, and did not possess your gift of soaring serenely above changes and chances; a man, I say, who lacked any one of these qualifications, could not have written the "Treatise on General Sociology."

To this luminous definition, I add that, while Pareto was recreating Political Economy, from the objective

point of view, upon a mathematical basis, Croce, on his side, was re-creating the philosophy of the economic activity of the mind.

In his *Treatise* Pareto builds up sociology as a system of mechanics. Letting in the light of experience upon the chaos of facts, he requires induction to isolate well-defined elements, historical factors, or social forces; then he looks in history for the relations between these elements, which he calls "social uniformities." The system thus constructed of elements and their relations is an "empiric-abstract" (Croce) scheme of reality; of the relativity of which, however, he is thoroughly aware. He is unquestionably a determinist, and believes that if all the elements were given, the form of society would automatically be fixed, and its future determinable; but that is a matter of secondary importance. The main point is that here for the first time, in this scientific and objective systematization of facts, all causes of disturbance, all judgments, whether ethical, political, or religious, are really and truly eliminated. Determinism and objectivity—these are the very essentials of science. The elements or social forces which he isolates are four in number, *residues*, *derivations*, *interests*, *social heterogeneity*. The two first constitute his real discoveries; *interests* are the motive forces of economic actions, which make up a large part, though not the sum, of actions and of the social equilibrium; *social heterogeneity* has given rise to his famous theory of the *élites*, in which he has been anticipated by Mosca in Italy and George Sorel in France.

The *residues* are, roughly speaking, instincts; the *derivations* are ideologies (and, in the non-political sphere, systems of theology and metaphysics). At the root of these two concepts lies another, more general, that of non-logical ("which does not mean illogical") action; this is difficult to grasp because it is not rigidly defined. Non-logical action, Pareto tells

us, is any action in which the subjective end or purpose, if there is one, does not coincide with the objective end (or result); where, it might also be said, the means are not calculated with a view to any particular end. Economic actions, operations involved in the practice of arts and crafts, a certain number of iuridical, military, and political actions are logical actions: almost all the others are non-logical. The instinct of animals, so marvellously revealed to us by Henri Fabre; the taboos of primitive peoples, and modern rules of decorum, are types of these; but so are all those actions which are prompted by an impulse or passion, even if it be one of Sorel's "active myths," or the *ideality* which inspires man's political or religious actions. The *residues* (or instincts) are found at the source of all actions, whether logical or non-logical.

Pareto groups the *residues* into several classes, of which the most important to social equilibrium are the "Instinct of Combination" and the "Persistence of Aggregates." The first includes the *residues* of logical actions, but also of others which preside, for instance, over magic rites, the tricks of speculators, drawing-room intrigues, and the shifts of politicians. The second group comprises feelings of attachment; devotion, ties of religion, family, caste, descent, nationality. You see arising, from this powerful and brilliant synthesis, the types of man of business and the man of faith; the demagogue and the aristocrat; the speculator and the "investor," and other important antinomies. The political type is a happy combination of opposites. Indeed, Pareto sees in the division and proportion of the *residues* of the first and second group among those who govern and those who are governed, the principal factor of social equilibrium. While upholding the general rule that among the governors, or the *élites* the "instinct of combination" is more powerful, the "persistence of aggregates" weaker than among the gov-

erned, he classifies the different kinds of society, progressive, conservative, agricultural, industrial, military, bureaucratic, as functions of these *residues*. Democracy, for instance, with its cry of equality and fraternity, is rather the rapid circulation of the *élites*; modern democracy, again, is the preponderance of a particular *élite*, that of the speculators, which Pareto calls the "demagogic plutocracy." Revolutions break out when the *residues* of the second group growing weaker in the governing class, it is violently replaced by a plebian *élite* which has the untamed lust of power, the energy to seize it, and the *residues* which are needed to retain it. Unlike the history of thoroughbred animals, human history is a graveyard of aristocracies. These are rapid glimpses that we give in passing, specimens of a glorious efflorescence of striking particular views, all of which are built into the main structure, or rather are evolved harmoniously from its design.

The *derivations* (of which we see the perfected political type in the ideology of parties, Liberal, Democratic, Nationalist, Socialist) are masks or disguises, the logical or rather pseudo-logical justifications, with which men cover non-logical actions. Had he been called upon to write a new Genesis, Pareto, unlike the theorists who pretend to rationalize history, would not have said, "In the beginning there was reason"; he would have said, "In the beginning there was action, pure action, motiveless, non-logical; and all the rest is post-factum." But that would be metaphysics, for which Pareto has no use.

He makes no great account of the *derivations*; perhaps he actually goes too far in this. Speaking roughly, but justly from his point of view, it might be said that the old schools of political thought, so ingenuous and so formal; party-men, intellectuals, rose-water idealists, persons deceived by appearances and an unfounded belief in their own indispensability, regard theories or

doctrines, that is to say, *derivations*, as the main social forces ; whereas economic and historical materialism goes to the opposite extreme, and sees at the root of action nothing but *interests*, at the base of social, political, and religious forms nothing but economics and technique. Pareto and his school, while recognizing the pettiness of the first view, the grandeur of the second, point out the error common to both ; that is, the belief that human action has always a rational end, either idealistic or materialistic, that it is enlightened, that it is logical ; Pareto seeks out and isolates from beneath ephemeral doctrines and changing actions an essential non-logical element : the instincts, *the residues*. But he does more than that. His concept of the *cycles of interdependence* allows us to organize everything upon a larger scale. The relation of cause to effect supplied by ordinary logic is inadequate ; social phenomena do not arise one from another in line or succession ; their reaction is reciprocal ; they are a single whole. It is not accurate to say, for instance, that the decadence of Rome was due to the corruption of morals, for the proposition might just as well be reversed. Instead, then, of mathematical equations we have *cycles of interdependence*. These four elements which he has isolated, *residues, derivations, interests, social heterogeneity*, give rise to four cycles according as one or the other is taken as principal factor or independent variable. The whole composed of these four main cycles, and of the secondary cycles, constitutes Pareto's approximation to the social reality. It is henceforth evident that it goes beyond all those which have been offered up to now. Intellectuals of all kinds are in the second cycle ; materialists, economic and historical, in the third ; those who have brought out the importance of the *élites*, the Moscas and the Sorels, Pareto himself, for a part of his work, in the fourth. Pareto is the discoverer of the first, in so far as there is anything new under the sun,

and the organizer of the whole. The work of Aristotle and Machiavelli is carried a stage further. Human society and history, in their mechanical aspect, are revealed in a new light.

The heritage bequeathed to us by Pareto is a noble task to be performed. We have to give practical expression to his science, and base a political system upon his Sociology. So it is from a political point of view that I wish to conclude this rapid survey of matters primarily intellectual.

Croce's *Philosophy* and Pareto's *Sociology* are the gifts which the Italian *élites* of to-day—the third Italy—offer to European thought in order to celebrate their re-entry into the world. These gifts are worthy of both donor and recipient; a powerful breath of universality raises the work of these masters above the barriers which part nation from nation; the mighty currents of the mind flow through it. Let us be allowed to enjoy the moment. Nothing of the kind has happened to us for several centuries, during which France has had the "Encyclopédie" and Germany its Romanticism. We have had nothing of the kind since the time of Leonardo, Machiavelli, and Galileo. Vico was misunderstood; Manzoni and Leopardi, our last names of European importance, were poets; whatever may be said to the contrary, the thought of Gioberti and Mazzini roused no universal echo. Decadence set in immediately after the Union; Italy entered upon a long crisis of weakness, her horizon contracted. We call this period, among ourselves, Provincial Italy—the Little Italy of King Humbert. With the new century the march was resumed: Croce and Pareto led the way and mark the highest points attained. It is a cheering sign of a real renaissance, which we have long been wanting, that they are not isolated. Each has his school, especially Croce. Their work is built into the intellectual and even the political life of our country. Croce, who was

made a senator by Giolitti, shared his ideas during the war, and was a Minister in his last Cabinet. His most intimate friend, Gentile, is a Minister under Mussolini; who, again, is a disciple of Pareto, and has honoured him in several ways. Although his line of action is very personal, a large part of the activity of our present Premier is inspired by the theories of the master. These things are not accidental. However disquieting some of her manifestations may seem, Italy is alive. The word which, through the mouths of her thinkers and statesmen, she speaks to contemporary civilization, the nuance of the universal mind which she represents, is not celestial but terrestrial, not religious but political, no dream but reality. After having appreciated the difference, let us refrain from underlining it too heavily. Even without religion, there is something which reconciles and unifies these two terms, like a fair and radiant atmosphere—Poetry. Fundamentally, they are like day and night, in that each implies the other. Dreams are destroyed by criticisms only to give place to new ones. The dream is essential to life, is perhaps its profoundest reality; the dream is the witching spell of night. Our masters do not deny that for a moment, but they refrain from dreaming in broad daylight. Theirs is the consciousness of limitations, as compared with untrammelled flight; but how tonic is that consciousness! In history, as in the sphere of the mind, it is important to look far ahead. It may be that something in the distance, in Asia, the mother of the Gods, something non-logical, a dream never dreamed before, is preparing the destruction of our Western World, of the truths of its old age, its philosophy, its science. But there is, even so, a severe grandeur, a wholesome austerity, a vigorous truth which overtops and dominates, I think, the possibilities of the future, in the utterance of our last masters: "Do not believe that all your dreams are true."

MORE EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By Katherine Mansfield

May 19th : 6 p.m.

I wish I had some idea of how old this note book is. The writing is very faint and far away. Now it is May, 1919. Six o'clock. I am sitting in my own room thinking of mother : I want to cry. But my thoughts are beautiful and full of gaiety. I think of *our* house, *our* garden, *us* children—the lawn, the gate, and mother coming in. " Children ! Children ! " I really only ask for time to write it all—time to write my books. Then I don't mind dying. I live to write. The lovely world (God, how lovely the external world is !) is there and I bathe in it and am refreshed. But I feel as though I had a DUTY, someone has set me a task which I am bound to finish. Let me finish it : let me finish it without hurrying—leaving all as fair as I can. . . .

My little mother, my star, my courage, my *own*. I seem to dwell in her now. We live in *the same world*. Not quite this world, not quite another. I do not care for " people " : and the idea of fame, of being a success, —that's nothing, less than nothing. I love my family and a few others dearly, and I love, in the old—in the ancient way, through and through—my husband. . . .

Not a soul knows where she is. She goes slowly, thinking it all over, wondering how she can express it *as she wants to*—asking for time and for peace.

A Dream.

" It's what you might call indoo weather," said the little man.

" Oh, really . . . Why that ? " said I, vaguely.

He did not answer. The two polished knobs of his behind shone as he leaned over feeding the black seams of the boat with a brown twist.

The day was dull, streaming ; there was a blackness out at sea ; the heavy waves came tolling. On the sea-grasses the large bright dew fell not. The little man's hammer went tap-tap.

M. L. snorted, threw up her head, stamped her feet on the wet sand, scrambled to a boulder, tore at some sea poppies, dug them in her hat, held the hat away, looked, scornful, wrenched them out again.

I looked and felt vague as a king.

" Spades and buckets is round the point with the lobster catch." The hammer tapped. He explained that all the lovers would be sent away alive in sacks if they were not given a sharp *stang* with one of these. It was an ordinary grey and red garden trowel. M. L. went off to save their lives, but not joyfully. She walked heavy, her head down, beating the trowel against her side.

We were alone. The watcher appeared. He stood always in profile, his felt hat turned up at the side, a patch on the eye nearest us. His curved pipe fell from his jaws.

" Hi, missy ! " he shouted to me. " Why don't you give us a bit of a show out there ? "

The little man remonstrated. The sea was like a mass of half-set jelly. On the horizon it seemed ages fell.

" Come on, missy ! " bawled the watcher. I took off my clothes, stepped to the edge and was drawn in. I tried to catch the stumps of an old wharf, but slime filled my nails and I was sucked out. They watched.

Suddenly there came, winnowing landward, an enormous skinny skeleton of a Hindoo, standing upright. A tattered pink and white print coat flapped about his stiff outstretched arms. He had cloth of the

same with a fringe of spangles over his head. He stood upright because of the immense sweeping broom of wood growing waist-high. "Help! Help!" I called.

The noise of the hammer came, and I felt the watcher's patched profile. A huge unbreakable wave lifted him, tipped him near. His shadow lay even, on the surface of the dusty water—a squat head and two giant arms. It broadened into a smile.

1919.

November 1st; A Dream.

Walking up a dark hill with high iron fences at the sides of the road and immense trees over. I was looking for a midwife, Mrs. Nightingale. A little girl, barefoot, with a handkerchief over her head, pattered up and put her chill hand in mine; she would lead me.

A light showed from a general shop. Inside a beautiful fair angry young woman directed me up the hill and to the right.

"You should have believed *me*," said the child, and dug her nails into my palm.

There reared up a huge wall with a blank notice plastered on it. That was the house. In a low room, sitting by a table, a dirty yellow and black rug on her knees, an old hag sat. She had a grey handkerchief on her head. Beside her on the table was a jar of onions and a fork. I explained. She was to come to mother. Mother was very delicate; her eldest daughter was thirty-one and she had heart-disease. "So please come at once!"

"Has she any adhesions?" muttered the old hag, and she speared an onion, ate it, and rubbed her nose.

"Oh, yes,"—I put my hands on my breast,—"many, many plural adhesions."

"Ah, that's bad, that's very bad," said the old crone, hunching up the rug so that through the fringe I saw her

square slippers. " But I can't come. I've a case at four o'clock."

At that moment a healthy, bonny young woman came in with a bundle. She sat down by the midwife and explained, " Jinnie has had hers already." She unwound the bundle too quickly : a new-born baby with round eyes fell forward on her lap. I felt the pleasure of the little girl beside me—a kind of quiver. The young woman blushed and lowered her voice. " I got her to. . . . " And she paused to find a very *medical private* word to describe washing. . . . " To *navigate* with a bottle of English water," she said, " but it isn't all away yet."

Mrs. Nightingale told me to go to the friend, Madame Léger, who lived on the terrace with a pink light before her house. I went. The terrace of houses was white and grey-blue in the moonlight with dark pines down the road. I saw the exquisite pink light. But just then there was a clanking sound behind me, and there was the little girl, bursting with breathlessness, dragging in her arms a huge black bag. " Mrs. Nightingale says you forgot this."

So *I* was the midwife. I walked on thinking ; " I'll go and have a look at the poor little soul. But it won't be for a long time yet."

1919.
December 17th.

When I had gone to bed I realized what it was that had caused me to " give way." It was the effort of being up, with a heart that won't work. Not my lungs at all. My despair simply disappeared—yes, simply. The weather was lovely. Every morning the sun came in and drew more squares of golden light on the wall, I looked round my bed on to a sky like silk. The day opened slowly, slowly like a flower, and it held the sun long, long before it slowly, slowly, folded. Then my

homesickness went. I not only didn't want to be in England, I began to love Italy, and the thought of it—the sun—even when it was too hot—always the sun—and a kind of *wholeness* which was good to bask in.

All these two years I have been obsessed by the fear of death. This grew and grew and grew *gigantic*, and this it was that made me cling so, I think. Ten days ago it went, I care no more. It leaves me perfectly cold. . . . Life either stays or goes.

I must put down here a dream. The first night I was in bed here, *i.e.*, after my first day in bed, I went to sleep. And suddenly I felt my whole body *breaking-up*. It broke up with a violent shock—an earthquake—and it broke like glass. A long terrible shiver—you understand—the spinal cord, and the bones, and every bit and particle quaking. It sounded in my ears a low, confused din, and there was a sense of floating greenish brilliance, like broken glass. When I woke I thought that there had been a violent earthquake. But all was still. It slowly dawned upon me—the conviction that in that dream I died. I shall go on living now—it may be for months, or for weeks, or days, or hours. Time is not. In that dream I died. The *spirit* that is the enemy of death and quakes so and is so tenacious was shaken out of me. I am (December 15th, 1919), a dead woman, and *I don't care*. It might comfort others to know that one gives up caring; but they'd not believe any more than I did until it happened. And, oh, how strong was its hold upon me! How I *adored* life and *dreaded* death!

I'd like to write my books and spend some happy time with J. (not very much faith withal), and see Lawrence in a sunny place and pick violets—all kinds of flowers. I'd like to do heaps of things, really. But I don't mind if I do not do them. . . . Honesty (why?) is the only thing one seems to prize beyond life, love, death, everything. It alone remaineth. O you who

GUSTAV

By Lovel Mack

FRANCE, 1917; within the British lines. In a ditch by two field guns three men were hanging drapery over small brass circles. On the bank above, a spread of dead branches surrounded by foot-tracks revealed where the gunners' bivouacs were hidden. Ragged mustard flowers yellowed a near field. A mile away rose a stiff wood. A village lay beyond and at its western end, on the steps of a red-brick red-roofed house, stood a staff major.

"Any sign of my horse, Renison? Tell Bowers to hurry up, he's—oh there you are. . . . So long, Rackham: look after the shop. There's nothing to be done but the usual routine . . . back later, so long!"

A dark subaltern of artillery, heavy-featured, nodded at the words and moved in from the window. He loitered by a plank table and stared at the litter. Usual routine . . . his head nodded again, his eyes looked towards a telephone, and he sat down on a chair pulled up in the glow of a stove.

The departing major rode softly along the road and turned southward out of the village. It was the curse of these cultivated areas that one's horse was restricted to hammering on the high, hard road, and the rider glanced over the fields and eyed with ferocity three peasants grouped by a motionless harrow and gazing into the distance.

"Why do they wait?" he asked, and his face softened.

In the red house Rackham stared at the coals. "If

I could manage a sudden leave . . . cold, feel like death . . . usual routine : what's that? Nothing . . . but waiting . . . oh and send out the night firing orders ; which is more amusing. But I feel like death . . . wonder what she's doing now . . . should I speak to Manton, he looks like a barrister . . . no. The major's a good fellow . . . I could ask him, yes the major's a deeper man than you'd expect——"

" A deeper man than I expected last night," said a subaltern, peering in through the windowless frame. " Most deceptive ! the best poker player on the staff : looks green, but Lord !—did you watch him raking it in after mess? "

" Hello," said the first subaltern, " how are you? "

Through crisp air the major rode, breathing exultantly. No sound, no shelling, no cause for peasants to stand gaping at their village. Sorry to leave Rackham in on a day like this ; poor devil, always in the depths about something . . . home or health.

An April of late snows had evaporated, vanished imperceptibly. Early May cut clear outlines. Surfaces had ceramic quality. Under a washed sky, on a brittle road the rider inhaled the air with a morning sensation of being on the top of the world.

In the village an orderly, his arm thrust through horse's reins, leaned against a wall and stared at a girl in fibre stockings scrubbing a cottage step. Two military wagons rumbled past and round the corner. A church stood placid and square.

In the late afternoon a staff major rode up the street and dismounted by the red-bricked house. As he entered a heavy-featured subaltern turned from a stove. " You, Major? Good Lord, I've forgotten the time . . . forgotten everything. What? No, I haven't sent out the night firing——"

" Doesn't matter, Rackham, I'll send a special with them : the brigades 'll get 'em in time."

"But I had planned a rather cunning shoot. Very sorry, you know."

"Well whatever cunning deaths you were to distribute—take the gees away, Bowers! I don't need them again to-day—whatever cunning deaths you were to distribute will have to be postponed . . . where's the map? . . . Huns will unwittingly be in your debt: their unknown benefactor . . . lives saved by—by what? . . . leave it unanswered . . . to-night the brigades shall plaster the roads . . . that one, those, there . . . and so on. Now to cheer your cockles, we'll have a dish of tea. Renison! Renison! send these at once to the brigades."

"Major," said the subaltern, "you're an experienced beggar, I need your advice."

They walked away.

Among the stiff trees, within distant sight of the field of mustard bloom, were tents, huts.

In a hut sat two officers. One, a captain, with long intelligent face, was slowly rising and stretching. "There's a motor-bike: it's probably from Headquarters."

"I thought he came some time ago?" The second speaker was a boy of eager and surprised expression.

"The major had forgotten the night firing."

"Oh . . . you parcel it out for the batteries, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"That's a part of an adjutant's job I should enjoy."

"Would you?"

"Yes. I bet it puts the wind of God into the Boches?"

"It cheers our infantry."

"Our infantry be hanged—what about the Boches?"

"Oh, it messes up the ground, I suppose . . . wh

d'you have a gape of wonder as if you were being baptized—what did you expect me to say?"

A light faded from the boy's face; the mouth closed; the shoulders seemed to contract and the whole person to subside.

"Of course," continued the captain, pausing in the entrance, "I can't answer for the error of the gun or the carelessness of the layer—something may be hit. . . . Cheer up, Strings! You won't always take it as seriously. If a pencil moves this way on a map these Huns may be dead 'uns; and that way, those. If Caesar had been caught young in a show like this, do you realize what he'd have done? Played poker!"

The subaltern remained alone at the table, opening and closing a pair of pliers; looking along at the wall. Presently he rose and went out. A man sitting cross-legged, was scraping wire with a long-handled knife. Two tethered horses lifted up their heads, ears pricked; then with a deep sigh, drooped again.

From the edge of the trees, land cultivated the previous year, lay in undamaged neglect. Fields of colour, wild flowers to the limit of sight.

Night; voices shouting from one rough shelter to another.

"Bengy! . . . Bengy Neaton!"

"Ullo!"

"Wilt do my firing to-night?"

"Can't—going on leave and gotter get down to the bloody Wagon Line."

"When you going?"

"With ration cart."

"You fool, ration cart won't be up for half an hour yet—it's only half-past ten. You can take first lot for me."

"When's first lot?"

"Quarter to eleven."

" Orright—who's on duty besides, out of your sub ? "
" Alf Thomson."
Silence and rain.
" Now then B sub-section ! Where's the men detailed for night-firing ? "
" Orright sergeant ! Coming. . . . Bengy ! "
" Ullo ! "
" Sergeant's down at the guns ! "
Curses ; feet slipping down a bank.
" That you, Alf ? "
" Aye—give us a hand with the cover."
" Straps stuck . . . what's the target ? "
" Target X—the one as we registered the other day . . . look slippy . . . ready, sergeant ! "
" Right ; ready, number two ? "
" Ready, sergeant."
" Ready, sir."
" Salvo—fire ! "
The night flickered.

Behind the German lines, in the dark a wagon laboured along a road, jolting, tilting, sinking . . . squelch and out again ; the heads of the drivers shrank into upturned collars ; their eyes puckered, peering into the darkness for the dim road. Out of the night comes quickly a slippered gliding sound, passing high overhead ; heels go out, spurs sink in and horses quicken to a trot.

Rain over a sodden country.

" How many rounds is there ? "
" Ten."
" Bloody rot, this night-firing—bet we don't hit anything—what we're firing at ? "
" I dunno—what the hell's it matter, anyway ? "
" Bloody ammunition costs five pounds a round—it does ! Quartermaster told me."

" Well, what you grousing about? Doesn't come ıt of your pay, any road."

" Stop that chatter at number One gun! Are you :ady?"

" Ready, sergeant."

Beyond the road lay a field, dropping with a sudden ınk into a wood; indistinct figures crouched under the ıelter of the bank. The figures look up as a sound viftly descends into dull explosions over in the direcon of the road. In the distance horses and wagons ımble, jolt, and die away.

" Didst hear what Bill did when he went for the reıounts—'ullo, there's the bloody ration cart! Is this ıe last, Alf?"

" Ready, number One?"

Quickly the figures cower under the bank . . . ›wer . . . suddenly scattering they race for the wood. /here they had crouched lay a lump blacker than the ıadows.

Silence and rain.

After a time one returns cautiously from the wood and ıuses.

" Gustav!" he calls, peering towards the bank, Gustav! . . . Gustav!!"

" Good-bye, Alf."

" Good-bye, Bengy—enjoy yourself."

" You bet."

" Hello, is that Bengy ?"

" He's gone."

" Bengy! . . . Bengy!!"

" Yes," came from a retreating distance.

" None of that there when you get down yon!"

" Orright—who's on duty besides, out of your sub ? "
" Alf Thomson."
Silence and rain.
" Now then B sub-section ! Where's the men detailed for night-firing ? "
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" Stop that chatter at number One gun! Are you ready?"

" Ready, sergeant."

Beyond the road lay a field, dropping with a sudden bank into a wood; indistinct figures crouched under the shelter of the bank. The figures look up as a sound swiftly descends into dull explosions over in the direction of the road. In the distance horses and wagons rumble, jolt, and die away.

" Didst hear what Bill did when he went for the remounts—'ullo, there's the bloody ration cart! Is this the last, Alf?"

" Ready, number One?"

Quickly the figures cower under the bank . . . lower . . . suddenly scattering they race for the wood. Where they had crouched lay a lump blacker than the shadows.

Silence and rain.

After a time one returns cautiously from the wood and pauses.

" Gustav!" he calls, peering towards the bank, " Gustav! . . . Gustav!!"

" Good-bye, Alf."

" Good-bye, Bengy—enjoy yourself."

" You bet."

" Hello, is that Bengy?"

" He's gone."

" Bengy! . . . Bengy!!"

" Yes," came from a retreating distance.

" None of that there when you get down yon!"

In Nieustadt, Brandenburg, the ways were narrow and winding. The middle street inclined gradually at the higher end overhung by quiet houses butting abrupt on the fairway. One house, separate, stood by a little back from the line ; presenting to passers-by high railings and gate, iron-made. The house was shuttered, deserted.

On a November day two old men leaned against an opposite building at the corner of a subsidiary street that branched off down a steep decline.

The first man spoke, " Roth is dead."

" Why? "

" Why! "

" What was the cause? "

" Grief."

" Ah! He didn't die . . . he faded away."

" It was his son," said the first man.

" Gustav? "

" Yes. . . . Killed in May."

A woman in widow's clothing passed them. The first man shuffled his feet, turning.

" That was his widow."

" Gustav's? "

" Roth's widow."

" So . . . widow of one, mother of the other."

" She doesn't live in the house now? "

" No . . . too many echoing rooms."

" Ah, she's alone? "

" Yes."

After a time the second man said, " What terrible things men are."

A clock in a tower struck two.

On the edge of the town, in a garden, was a small house. In a low room a woman was talking to a boy almost of military age.

" I detest poverty," said the boy.

" It can be amusing . . . if you stand at a certain angle."

" Oh, I know you and father always were amused by it, but you'd no right to make me poor."

" We didn't make you poor out of malice. Your father has always done what he could."

The boy turned restlessly. " You've been happy because you always thought something would turn up, and now you're middle-aged——"

" I'm not . . . I haven't any age."

" ——and nothing's turned up and nothing——"

" Hush! What's that? "

" Nothing, there's nobody. You needn't be fretting about father, he'll come all right."

" He's very late."

" Well, nothing's happened to him. Don't trouble yourself like that, mother. He'll be here presently. . . . What could happen? Nothing ever moves in this dead-alive hole. I wish I were old enough to go. Young Kummel's gone, you know. He's an officer's servant. Old Kummel wrote and offered him a patent razor as a gift, but he wrote back—are you listening? "

" Wasn't I? I'm sorry. I keep thinking I hear your father."

" Oh, he's all right—young Kummel wrote and said that he didn't need toilet things of his own while he was a general's servant."

" He was always an unpleasant—— "

An elderly man with keen eyes had opened the door. Smiling he gazed at the woman.

" You have news? " she said, standing up.

" Yes: a better job. . . . I've been pushed up."

" Promoted? "

He walked into the room, " Over the heads of several! I have been given the vacancy caused by Roth's death. . . . I knew, I always knew I would make something happen! "

" Oh, don't say it like that, Kurt. Acknowledge something bigger than yourself."

"Something, somebody?" he laughed. "What?"

She hesitated, "Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, as you like, darling. Well, here's to our unknown benefactor."

"How much will it mean?" asked the boy.

A red sun was low over the town. Early shadows were in the narrow streets and hearth fires reflected on window-panes. Through high metal gates walked a widow, and wandered away. In the deserted house wind was blowing an unlatched door slowly, regularly, to and fro.

Her Death

By Margaret Radford

THE stars are setting in large forlorn light
Going home into the hollow gold : the triumph and the
  softness of the night
—The confirmation of the branchéd stars
Is out, is over. Now the empty land
Lies only like a reef of fallen ash :
It is a dawn I do not understand.

The stars are rising : through cherry petals—each
  like a white flake
Of shell, wetted in light—another land discreetly comes
  awake.
And in that other land she opens for me
Our window,—and our stars stand secretly
Instant, aware for us—even she and I
Though here the empty dawn flows cold against my
  cheek.

A SKETCH OF EINSTEIN'S THEORY

By J. W. N. Sullivan

THE science of physics is an attempt to introduce order and coherence into a certain region of experience. But this statement, although true, is not sufficient. There are various types or ideals of order and coherence. The mind of the Hegelian, for instance, finds that coherence is bestowed upon the phenomena of the solar system by regarding it as a manifestation of the dialectical process. To other minds explanations in these terms are meaningless. So we may say, more precisely, that physics is an attempt to bestow order and coherence upon a certain region of experience in terms of certain fundamental entities and principles. And the fundamental entities and principles are selected more or less arbitrarily from the strictly logical standpoint although, considered historically, they may have presented themselves as psychological necessities. Newton, for instance, chooses as his fundamental entities absolute space, absolute time, an absolute property of matter known as its inertial mass, and the concept of force. In these terms he succeeded in giving a very good account of a large region of experience. He also assumed certain principles. He assumed, for instance, continuity, that is, that a change of state of a changing system did not proceed by finite jumps. He also assumed that the properties of measured space, that is to say, the behaviour of ideal measuring appliances, obeyed the laws of Euclidean geometry. Not all of these assump-

tions stand on the same footing. Newton probably regarded absolute space and time as necessities of thought. He probably believed that a clear-headed man, in thinking of space and time at all, was postulating an absolute space made up of immovable points and entirely independent of anything, *e.g.*, matter existing *in* it. Absolute time he conceived as flowing uniformly even if, as he thinks possible, there is no absolutely uniform motion in nature which would serve to measure it. Also, time and space were conceived as independent. Space perhaps required time. A space that exists for no time at all is hardly conceivable. Time, however, does not seem to require space. Time, it appears, would go on even if the whole universe shrank to a point. That property of matter called its mass is not quite on this level; it is an abstraction from experiment. But the property is absolute, on Newton's theory, in the sense that the inertial mass of a piece of matter does not depend in any way on the presence of other matter in the universe. Force probably had a less exalted status. It was a *convenient* concept, and in its psychological origin was an extension of our sensation of muscular effort. The notion of continuity was probably regarded as a necessity of thought, and the same must be said of Euclidean geometry. The axioms of Euclid were considered to be unescapable. Not only was Euclid's geometry regarded as the geometry of physical space (the space whose properties are determined by measuring appliances), but as the only conceivable geometry. In terms of these fundamental entities and principles Newton, as we have said, gave a very good description of a certain region of experience.

This brief sketch of an extremely celebrated scientific system makes it clear that science deliberately adopts guiding principles and fundamental concepts in pursuit of a certain limited aim. This does not imply that the field of experience to which the scientific method may

be applied is necessarily limited. The emotions of the poet and the "knowledge" of the mystic are not necessarily immune from scientific investigation. When people speak as if they were, they mean to say that what science has to say about these phenomena is of no interest to them. A knowledge of the number of words in a poem may be of little interest to one whose emotions have been aroused by the poem. Science is concerned with *form*, not with essence or content.

The revolution in physical science effected by Einstein is due to his introduction of new fundamental concepts and principles. There is, of course, something arbitrary about such a process. The spelling-out of nature, like the spelling of Mr. Weller's name, depends on the taste and fancy of the speller. But the event has shown that scientific men, with a few exceptions, share Einstein's taste in this matter. It is open to anybody to attempt to bestow coherence on nature in terms of different fundamental concepts. The observed motions of bodies, for instance, might be held to represent the universal striving after a maximum degree of beauty, as when the ancients considered that the heavenly bodies described circles because the circle is the only perfect figure. The fundamental principles employed here are æsthetic. There are doubtless schools of thought for which all natural phenomena are manifestations of the struggle between good and evil. This is a moralistic interpretation of the universe. It may be that the dictum that nature abhors a vacuum rests on some such basis. The history of scientific thought shows, however, that these different systems of interpretation do not succeed one another in a purely capricious manner. They converge, as it were, towards one principle, and that principle is that only *observable* factors shall be considered as in causal dependence. This is one of the principles adopted by Einstein. Newton, for instance, although one of his professed aims was to banish occult qualities

from natural phenomena, considered that the centrifugal force developed by a rotating body was due to the body's relation to absolute space. According to Einstein absolute space cannot be observed, and cannot therefore be invoked as a cause of anything. It is not suggested that even relativity theory obeys this criterion rigorously; it is, however, a consciously employed criterion.

Starting from this principle we are able to see the way in which Einstein's thought developed. In the field of experience covered by physics what we observe are *events*, that is, happenings at a place at a time. Space and time, in the world of physics, do not present themselves separately. With our measuring rods and our clocks we can determine the space and also the time separating two events. The relation involved is always a spatio-temporal relation which, in obedience to imperious psychological laws, we express as so much of distance and so much of time. Einstein's first great discovery (the restricted principle of relativity) was that these measurements, of distance and of time between two events, have different values for different observers in uniform motion with respect to one another. The distance between two events is not something absolute. The time between two events is not something absolute. This follows because there is no privileged observer who may be regarded as absolutely at rest. It can be shown that there is no conceivable experiment in the realm of physics which will show an observer whether he is absolutely at rest. This means that the notion of absolute rest becomes meaningless, since it is an unobservable state. All observers in uniform motion with respect to one another are on the same footing. But although distance and time are relative to the observer there is an absolute quantity in nature on which all these observers are agreed. This quantity is found by each observer combining his space and time measurements, referring to the same two events, in a certain way. He reaches

thereby a spatio-temporal relation between these events which is called the *interval*. The interval has the same value for each observer. It is therefore called an invariant. When we have found the interval between two events we have found something on which all observers will be agreed. From the mathematical expression for the interval all the results of the restricted principle of relativity may be deduced. This is admirable. We start with an observable factor, the interval, and the rest is done by logic.

But this achievement, splendid as it is, is not complete. We have shown that there is nothing in nature corresponding to that difference between observers that we call relative uniform motion. But we have not shown, although we feel it must be true, that natural phenomena pay no attention to the observer's motion, *whatever* it may be. And we still have that mysterious and omnipresent "force" of gravitation. Einstein's generalized theory of relativity removes these blemishes. To make this crowning achievement, "the greatest synthetic achievement of the human mind," intelligible, we must consider the status of Euclidean geometry.

The axioms on which Euclid's geometry rests are not necessities of thought. This has been shown, during the last hundred years, by the creation of perfectly logical and self-consistent geometries which employ axioms incompatible with those of Euclid. So the question arises, what is the geometry of our space? We must make this question more definite. When we speak of determining the geometry of space we are referring to measurements made with physical appliances. The question we mean to ask is, therefore, what geometry shall we assume to account for the observed behaviour of our measuring appliances? But now the question becomes indefinite. One might answer, Any geometry you like, provided you also choose suitable laws of nature applicable to the behaviour of your physical

apparatus. The fact is that geometry and the laws of nature are not independent factors in the total description we give of natural phenomena. Suppose, as Poincaré suggested, that observations on the stars showed us that vast stellar triangles, a triangle uniting three stars, say, were not Euclidean triangles—that their *measured* interior angles were not equal to two right angles. Should we conclude that the geometry of space is not Euclidean? Not necessarily. For we have assumed, in these measurements, a law of nature, namely, that rays of light are propagated in straight lines. We could abandon this law if we wanted to keep Euclid's geometry. Our criterion would be *convenience*. If we found that by adopting non-Euclidean geometry we could explain a great variety of phenomena and that by keeping Euclid's geometry we had to invent a whole host of special laws of nature for which there was no other justification, then, since all geometries are on the same logical footing, we might prefer the non-Euclidean geometry. Now this is what Einstein has done. He finds that, by adopting a non-Euclidean geometry, he can get rid of a number of special hypotheses—in particular, the hypothesis of a universal gravitational force—and can predict new phenomena which the old combination of Euclid's geometry + laws of nature, is unable to explain. Of course, the new phenomena can be explained, still keeping Euclid's geometry, by inventing special laws of nature to do it. The choice presented to us is something like the following. A description of a certain region of experience can be given by the combination, Euclidean geometry + seven special laws of nature, or by the combination, non-Euclidean geometry + two special laws of nature. And added to that is the wonderful inner harmony of the second system as compared with the first. But that is a consideration that appeals only to mathematicians, and it is difficult to say

what its precise evidential value is except that, in practice, it is almost overwhelming.

We can now say something about the way in which Einstein introduced non-Euclidean geometry. Bernhard Riemann, the great German geometer, showed that the difference between Euclid's geometry and all the others reduces to this : that they give different mathematical expressions for the distance between two points. The expression for the distance between two points is an *intrinsic* property of the kind of space that is being considered. The distance between two points on a plane surface, for example, is given by an intrinsically different expression from that which gives the distance between two points on the surface of a sphere. By no mathematical jugglery can you deduce the one expression from the other. On the other hand, the corresponding expression for a cone or a cylinder is the same as that for a plane, since by folding a plane without stretching or distorting it we can form a cone or a cylinder. But you cannot wrap a plane sheet of paper evenly over a sphere. Similarly, in three dimensions, Euclid's space, Lobachevsky's space, Riemann's space, are intrinsically different, and this intrinsic difference is manifested by the mathematical expression for the distance between two points. Now it was shown by Minkowski that the mathematical expression for the *interval*, in Einstein's *restricted* principle of relativity, could be interpreted as the expression for the distance between two points but, as time as well as three dimensional space was concerned, the points must be conceived as belonging to a four-dimensional continuum. There is nothing very abstruse about this. The mathematician is just as happy with four dimensions as with three, and the fact that one of these dimensions appears to us as *time* is a psychological fact of no particular interest to him. But the four-dimensional continuum so obtained is of the *Euclidean* variety. And in this continuum, that is, on

the special theory of relativity, bodies not acted on by any forces move in Euclidean straight lines. Now when a geometry alters, everything belonging to it alters. When we speak of a straight line we are assuming Euclidean space. The corresponding figure in other geometries is not a Euclidean straight line. The general name for that figure which is a Euclidean straight line in Euclidean space is a *geodesic*.

It occurred to Einstein that the motions of the planets and other bodies which are not being disturbed by impacts of some kind may be their *natural* motions. It might simply be that they are existing in a kind of space for which a geodesic is not a Euclidean straight line, but the line the planets actually describe. We must remember, of course, that Einstein was thinking of a four-dimensional continuum. He was not thinking of the elliptic paths of the planets, but of their four-dimensional paths, which are a kind of spirals. The question is, What kind of geometry must we attribute to the four-dimensional continuum to make the paths of the planets geodesics? The assumption is that in any kind of space a planet will move in the way characteristic of a body acted on by no forces, that is, in the straight line or geodesic belonging to that space. We see that the solution of this problem means abolishing the force of gravitation. The force of gravitation was only required because, assuming Euclidean space, the planets did not move naturally. They did not describe Euclidean straight lines, and this fact required a force of gravitation to account for it. But Einstein's way of solving the problem showed that no force is required. We merely have to assume that space-time is not Euclidean. It may be mentioned here, although not discussed, that in solving this problem he also solved the problem of obtaining laws of nature in a form independent of the motion of the observer, *whatever* the motion.

In the generalized theory of relativity, therefore, the interval, the spatio-temporal relation between two events, does not in general reduce to the Euclidean form. From this relation, the interval, various complicated mathematical expressions may be built up by purely mathematical analysis. At a certain stage in this process we reach expressions which obey exactly the same equations as density, stress, momentum, &c. Now these latter quantities, density and so on, form what a physicist means by a piece of matter. But the mathematical expressions derived from the interval refer to geometrical properties of the continuum—to its *curvature,* for example. What is the meaning of the fact that certain geometrical properties of the four-dimensional continuum, and certain physical quantities, characteristic of matter, obey the same equations? The suggestion is that the physical quantities and the geometrical properties are the same thing—that what we call matter is, indeed, only the way in which our minds perceive the existence of these geometrical peculiarities of the four-dimensional continuum. But the discussion of this and of other results of the theory, including the reasons we have for believing the universe to be finite but unbounded, would require separate treatment.

A GEM OF CRITICISM.—Frankly, I do not care for unexpurgated dialogue in the presence of women—of all sorts and conditions of ages. It hurts my sense of decorum and my tympanum, which in its cosmopolitan attunement rebels against the cacophony of boarish English words *coram populo.* Nor do I see the necessity for letting our actors say things which they would never utter among the polite society of themselves or others. If these be to the taste of the Stage Society—well, *chacun à son goût.* (*J. T. Grein.*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Feeling that knowledge of the facts leading to his canonization might exorcise the lingering vestiges of the spell he cast over my childhood, I passed many years intending one day to seek out the story of Botolph. And though I have never made my pilgrimage to the fount of fact, I still hope that one day on some quiet page this saint will flower for me into reality. But I doubt whether even when I possess the record that earned him the dedication of a church, the burden of his name will be quite lifted from my spirit.

Meanwhile I suspect, I hope, that he has not many churches. I suspect that the builder of the church that laid waste two years of my childhood's Sundays was trying, when he named it, for something uncommon. I may wrong him. He may have loved Botolph. May even have felt the misfortune of his name, its lonely ugliness amongst the saintly names, and have offered him therefore with a special tenderness a stately church. For the church, as I remember it, is stately; in size. All else, save the smell meeting one at its open door, I have forgotten. And my other churches, the one preceding and the one following the church of Botolph, I remember well.

St. Botolph's is the void, flatulent of horror, that prepared my small mind for the agnosticism assailing it two years later in the church I loved best and from whose sheltering grace my childish repudiations could not, even for a single Sunday, keep me away.

It was St. Botolph's, though at the age of six I could not bodily absent myself, that saw my first spiritual desertion. St. Botolph's that first separated church from home. And though there must be, a scattered band, souls homing in memory to Botolph's church, the

unhappy choice of its founder has robbed them of much. For there is in his name neither shelter nor fragrance. There is no breath of any kind of beauty in the word that in English touches the mind like the edge of an inflated balloon. Botolph no doubt earned and should have his churches. But not in England.

There are certain names that fit English churches. The straightforward and, for the ear alone, uninspiring SS. John, James, George, Martin, and Mary. These names can be all things to all men. But *Botolph* . . . .

Then there are the subtle names that have increased with the growth of Anglicanism: Olave, Magdalen, Cecilia, Jude. Very many of them the names of women. Churches emanating from the Catholic spirit that while it excludes woman from the ultimate sanctities of the church on earth is yet constrained to set her above, crowned; Queen of heaven. And it is to a woman that my first church was dedicated. My first church, hear its sweet sound, was St. Helen's. St. Helen's—gentle interior, living in my memory as soft bright colour broken upon carved stone and wood, continuous colour upon rooted form, in every direction an eyeful of beauty —I have never left. There was another church, an alternative, the church I was taken to in the rain. It, too, was an abode of beauty, but sterner, less coloured, less warmly welcoming, and dedicated to Martin. The Martin who gave his cloak. But Martin never enfolded me as did the gentle Helen.

St. Helen's was my mother church and wraps my spirit still, though the love of my earliest independence was to be given to the church, plain brick, and sparsely decorated, that first gave me music. There was a long journey to a new home, and almost my first memory of the new home is of hearing the opulent name of the new church: All Saints, and of imagining its upper air filled with winged figures. My first visit found its cool sternness veiled by the flowers of Easter and their scents.

And always it was veiled by the music of its services music, ruled by a master and confined to the work o masters, that caught and for years trained and disciplined my young senses unawares.

There was a shock, following hard on the heels o that first revelation and dimming for a while the joy o my escape from Botolph. I learned that the new secre home was a Chapel of Ease to the Church of St. John Disquieting mystery. I saw John afar off, difficult anc stern, and my crowd of winged saints easy and indulgent. Ease there was. I knew that at once. Ease for my two years' soreness of spirit. But John's church challenged and beckoned. Until I was taken there and found it musty, too large to be filled with the scents of no matter how many flowers ; dark without being mysterious, and harsh without austerity. I refused a second visit and no longer minded that my church was called a chapel.

And when my final rebellion came, when my young mind rose up and smote the creeds, it was the creeds imagined as recited in the churches of Botolph and of John that I repudiated. Still faithful to All Saints I gave up taking my mind there and felt as my senses feasted, a dawning nostalgia.

But it was at Botolph's hated door that my mind had first drawn back. I remember the moment, the loneliness of that first assertion. There was, leading to the church, a straight road, treeless. Long it probably was not. But I remember it as interminable. At intervals there were houses, large brick houses soured by being heralds of the final bitterness of St. Botolph's, and surrounded by high walls that allowed no glimpse of gardens. My spirits, flagging always on leaving the winding ways of the old town for this bleak stretch of road, one day failed utterly, and I wept my despair aloud. That my spirits would be high and my pace eager if at the end of my walk there waited something that I loved, was the burden of the rebukes administered

by outraged elders. That was true. Too true. But my logic had no words. And for words if I had had them, my bitterness was too deep.

What actually did wait at the end of that dreary road, what was the quality of the food offered to youth and age in the hated edifice, I shall never know. But I know that always, treading that *via dolorosa*, I heard the sound : *Botolph*. I heard it in the porch, where the flat damp smell came forth to slay the outer air. I identified it with the figure of the corpulent verger. A church by *any* other name. . . .—DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

POETRY AND "THE SUBLIME."—The late Herbert Trench's complete works have just been published (Cape : 25s. net), and criticism has to make up its mind about them. Trench was a "serious" poet if ever there was one. He took himself and his art "seriously"; and the result—if we are to be honest—was disastrous. It was not really his fault. It was merely the example to prove that "serious" poetry cannot be written in an age when a "serious" attitude to "serious" things is impossible. I am inclined to think there have been only two really serious and philosophical poets in the English language since Keats and Shelley died (for Wordsworth was poetically dead after 1805) : they are Walt Whitman and Thomas Hardy of "The Dynasts."

To justify that assertion (and in particular the omission of Browning) would need much more than a note. It implies definite views on the nature of poetry and the character of the Victorian Age. I must confine myself to the poetry of Herbert Trench. It contains much that is admirable, much that is dignified, much even that seems to have been truly felt; but the spontaneous revealing, compact, concrete, inevitable phrase is far to seek. There is also plenty of sonority—a sonority that is sometimes impressive—but no music. The supple

strength of the true poetic language is missing from this deliberate elocution. "Requiem of Archangels for the World" is a dignified poem that had a considerable reputation some years ago; but who would dare to say that only a poet could have written it?

> Hearts, beat no more! Earth's Sleep has come,
> All iron stands her wrinkled tree,
> The streams that sang are stricken dumb,
> The snowflake fades into the sea.
> Hearts, throb no more! Your time is past;
> Thousands of years for this pent field
> Ye have done battle. Now at last
> The flags may sink, the captains yield.

There is a fine clangour about it so far, but nothing more memorable than a clangour. With the next lines a more serious doubt begins.

> Sleep, ye great Wars, just and unjust!
> Sleep takes the gate and none defends.
> Soft on your craters' fire and lust,
> Civilizations, Sleep descends.

One is inclined to say of the last two lines, that a poet could not have written them: more precisely, that no poet could have put the word "craters" where it is. Once the first doubt has crept in, they follow thick and fast.

> Across your passes, Alps and plains
> A planetary vapour flows,
> A last invader, and enchains
> The vine, the woman, and the rose.

It is rhetoric, after all: not ignoble rhetoric, rather a kind of rhetoric which will delude any man who has gift enough to utter it, but rhetoric without any original, self-creative thought behind it, a rhetoric that is not the master of its words but is mastered by them. As we read on through the poem, the sense of this rhetoric steadily deepens, till it reaches an extreme point.

> The thing unborn bursts from its husk,
> The flash of the sublime unsheathes.

We are not troubled so much by things unborn burstin from husks, or flashes of the sublime unsheathing, as b the essential vagueness. Yet great poetry can b vague. What, in a sense, can be more vague tha "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming o things to come?" Yet that vagueness belongs to th inmost soul of poetry, while the vagueness of "the flas of the sublime" is its sheer antipodes. Perhaps th naked opposition can only be exhibited and never ex plained. We scarcely reach an ultimate by declarin that such a phrase as "the sublime," though Longinu wrote a whole treatise about it, is, in itself, everlastingl alien to poetry. And yet it is so. "*The* sublime" ir its vague, metaphysical sense is an anti-poetic concep tion, and an anti-poetic phrase. Give the word bac some touch of its concrete meaning of visible height "the dun air sublime," as he used it who "rode sub lime upon the seraph wings of ecstasy," and poetry ca rejoice in it: denude it of that concrete meaning int a phrase that will stand for the absolute, or for eternity or for nothingness, and it is sufficient by its own nega tive and disintegrating power to take the life out of a whole poem. Perhaps it is that "the sublime," how ever much critics may impute it to poetry, is the poet's natural enemy. The "sublime," whatever else it may be, is that which he has to reduce into concrete imagery, to fix immutably in words that are not abstract. To let it into a poem without compelling it to put on a wedding garment is to invite poetic annihilation, for this ogre will spread a blight of nothingness over whatever he touches.

This, it may be thought, is a pedantic and trivial criticism of the work of a serious poet. Pedantic, it may be; but trivial it is not. Insensibility to the effect of such a phrase as "the sublime" is a vital poetic weakness. Every poet is at once a creator and a critic. It is a vital weakness in the poet-creator to conceive exist-

ence in such terms as " the sublime " ; it is a vital weakness in the poet-critic to let such language pass. And both these weaknesses are apparent in Herbert Trench's work whenever he leaves the ambiguous realm of minor poetry. It is in the final and climactic lines of " Milo " :

> But neither in themselves, nor what they change
> Or make, do lie the centres of the strange
> Movement, wherewith the whole tree moves
> Spacing men's minds to measured harmony.
> Its centres lie in little glowing cores,
> Them that alone change forces into loves.

It is in the critical lines of *The Battle of the Marne* :

> They shall conquer who become
> Chasm-leaping flashes, spirits self-transcendent—
> Transmitters of the harmonies of honour
> Breaking familiar from the wasted Earth.

Of these " things unborn "—" forces," " loves," " harmonies of honour," " chasm-leaping flashes "—there is nothing for an honest critic to say than that they are not only not poetic, but that the poet who conceived them had ceased to be a poet, if indeed he ever was one.—HENRY KING.

A FREE MAN'S DILEMMA.—A contributor in THE ADELPHI some months ago became a little exclamatory because the memoirs of Alexander Herzen revealed to him, though that was not the memoirist's intention, that there was not a pennyworth of difference, so far as human happiness was concerned, between the statecraft of Tsardom and the ideology of Lenin ; the ikons looked different but they signified the same thing. He thought he was drawing conclusions from an experience Herzen never had. Had he waited for the third volume of *My Past and Thoughts* (translated by Constance Garnett and published by Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net), he would have seen Herzen, with the ruins of his dreams about him, contemplating in a gloom of mind

we thought to be the exclusive affliction of sensiti
souls who have endured our war years, the unbridg
able gulf between the world as it is and the world
the thinker would like it to be, the thwart thing that w
never let the dream become life.

Change the names of people and events, and Herze
waxing ironical over the ways of the great, and arde
in anger because tricks are played upon the mee
might be THE ADELPHI'S Journeyman writing
Europe to-day. There is a difference. To Journeym
life is a spectacle for pity and irony, but not, throu
some inner light that Herzen never knew,
despair. Herzen was a scientist, a philosoph
a romanticist, and a socialist. He had experienc
much and read deeply. He had assimilated
the ideas of modern Europe. He was a theorist a
a man of action. He was a sentimentalist in so
matters, but he could face realities : he never tried
mix the facts of biology with the dicta of theology ;
knew nothing about the Truth that can be revealed
a process of mental gymnastics, he was concerned o
with the truth revealed by decent people in their da
acts. By temperament he was a revolutionary ; his soci
ism was a real thing, not a plaything of the intelle
in our sophisticated minds " the religion of humanity
is now a phrase to provoke derision : to Herzen it wa
living thing. Russia under Nicholas was impossi
for him ; he was also impossible for Nicholas. So
had to leave Russia. Had he been a young man in t
year 1913 he would have called himself a Europea
He travelled, and found that Europe did not come with
any serious vision of Europeanism. He made oth
discoveries, all of them disconcerting to a fine min
especially after the setback to his hopes in the disi
tegrating year of 1848 : that some of his revolutiona
colleagues, though they talked like the Nazarene, d
not live quite like the Nazarene ; that they we

doctrinaires till the emergency arose when doctrines should be realities in practice; that Demos cared no more for democracy than the Little Father of Russia for his children. That pigs that are washed return to their wallowing in the mire.

We who saw with dismay the entry of gangs of vulgarians to direct affairs during the brutish period from 1916 to 1923, and the endorsement, in the khaki election, by the free votes of people who stayed at home of the betrayal of the sacrificed, get cold comfort from the journals of Herzen. History appears to be nothing but a record of betrayals and disillusionments, which are to be endlessly multiplied till man has disappeared from the world. In 1849, as in 1918, the idealist experienced the horror of living in the wreckage of what seemed to be an expiring world. Society was in its political death agony. Perhaps it always is. There were no real leaders, because the trusted leaders of democracy became autocrats and the leaders of the old order fought for their own lands, fought without belief in their rights and without dignity or self-respect. Leaders not fit to lead, and people not fit to govern. Progress a delusion. History a swinging to and fro from disbelief to vanity. The brightness that suffused the early writings of Herzen's, the steeled heart that kept its courage and its faith in spite of prisons, vanished after 1848. He struggled to free his mind of its preoccupation with the arid barrenness of politics. He craved for air and escape from "the refuse of life." He had had great friendships, but henceforth he held aloof from intimacy with men. At first he was like a lost traveller asking the way: "but every meeting and every event led to the same result—to *humility* in the face of the *truth,* to meek acceptance of it." If there were culture, it was the exclusive possession of a few elect, who differed from the rest in kind. "The heavy substratum of popular life formed by the ages, and

evolved by instincts and by laws . . . are little understood. . . . European culture does not penetrate into those foundations in which, as in the works of the Cyclops, the hand of man is indistinguishable from that of nature and history passes into geology." . . . " Man has *de facto* become the appurtenance of property; life has been reduced to a perpetual struggle for money."

The problem of '48 is the problem of 1924. On the one hand is the unquestionable advance of the democratic current, and on the other the seeming impossibility of any control but the autocratic: democracy an unrealizable ideal, and leadership, great spirits being rare and only the coarser kinds of minds taking to politics, a degradation of human dignity. The value of the democratic idea would appear to be purely psychological: it is a denial of the assumption of human superiority, of the legend that there is any quality in the Lord Curzons and Lord Balfours that entitles them to direct the affairs of their fellows. A pretty dilemma. Morris's dictum that no man is fit to be another man's master is the oriflamme of the Socialists. Yet leadership cannot be dispensed with. Organization means oligarchy, leadership means domination. We cannot fall back on the old hope that a new *élite* of politicians will keep faith better than the old, for events have falsified it. Robert Michells, whose sympathies were entirely with Socialist theory, made researches into the history of human communities with the precision and impartiality of a naturalist inquiring into the life of the hive-bee, and he had to conclude that the formation of oligarchies within the various forms of democracy was the outcome of organic necessity. "At the outset," he said, "leaders arise spontaneously. Soon, however, they become professional leaders, and in the second stage of development they are stable and irremovable." From vanity to vanity. No growth, only

change : from Egypt to Greece, Greece to Rome, Rome to the Middle Ages, the culture of the Renaissance to the John Bullishness of the twentieth century. When the free man refuses to bow and has shed his rosy hopes, what is he to do?—PHILIP TOMLINSON.

"OLD ENGLISH."—Sylvanus Heythorp, nicknamed "Old English," the Chairman of a Liverpool steamship company, is a "character." He sits in his office, surely very near death, but hearty still, full of bite, and having the whiphand over the directors and shareholders of his company, and even over his numerous creditors. It is rather exciting to see him so immensely enjoying the sensation of power. But he has one weakness : he dearly loves a girl and little boy, the children of his dead natural son, and he, so sure of himself, is afraid of what life might do to them. In order to provide for their future, he effects a neat piece of roguery—takes secret commission for a deal his company makes, and gets the fruits of it safely settled on his grandchildren. Unfortunately his little irregularity is discovered by an angry creditor, who begins to blackmail him. The old man simply won't allow himself to be browbeaten by this whipper-snapper. He has long ago provided for the straight-laced daughter who keeps house for him—why should he worry? He solemnly does them all—his company, his creditors, and his doctor—in the eye by eating an immense dinner and taking, for once, as much drink as he chooses. He lies back in his armchair . . . and that's the end of him. Apoplexy or suicide, a way out for a suddenly frightened old hero, or a gesture of disdain for existence? That doesn't really matter.

In "The Forest," Mr. Galsworthy partly exhorted his audiences to do whatever they deliberately choose to do with all their might and all their strength. Perhaps he positively had the courage to say that it was better to be an efficient sinner than a half-time saint. "Old

English " tries to say very much the same thing, though never very coherently. Perhaps this is because the author does believe that it is good that the individual should try to be a superman, yet recognises that it is also apt to be distressing for others when he does so. For the individual harbours besides a desire for supremacy, a need to be in a pleasing relation with other individuals, and who can love a superman? Only those who see his weaknesses. Old Heythorp is, in his little world of business, supreme: there and in his own home he is an autocrat. But even so he is a fairy godfather to his pretty Irish housemaid, even so he is a dashing old dog to one of his city cronies, and with what humility and gentleness he turns himself into a crusty but benevolent old guardian to his ridiculous daughter-in-law and her children. And so he has it both ways. Heythorp is not a moving, only an interesting character, just a jolly old soul, another of those Victorian business men of the old school who succeed one another in the Forsyth Saga.

For this reason partly, the play is dramatically poor. Nothing happens, for the old man's death is only a negation, an end, not a resolution. There is an excellent General Meeting of his company, full of blustering shareholders each trying to make an impression. But this is not drama. Neither is the scene where the old man visits his grandchildren. There is only a lot of exasperating " business." The girl makes a to-dc about drying her hair, her young man trips over foot-stools, there is a dead rat in the offing, and crumpets anc banknotes. All we learn is more and more about " Olc English," particularly in the last act, where he talks tc his daughter, his valet, his housemaid, his grandchild, his antagonist. He eats, drinks, gets up painfully, sits dowr with difficulty, sleeps, has a slight seizure, and so on Again, this is not drama, it is a character study.

And yet somehow I enjoyed the play as much as I have done much better made things. It is a sufficien

evening's entertainment to meet the gruff old man, such a personification of that pride which makes continentals find English "independence" so frightful. Besides, one was so grateful to Mr. Norman McKinnell as the hero and Miss Louise Hampton as the daughter for allowing us to forget, as actors rarely do, that they have personalities, and for being with great talent simply Sylvanus Heythorp and his "hard-as-wood" daughter. Mr. McKinnell does an almost impossible thing: in Act III., he is alone and absolutely silent on the stage for surely over five minutes, though all he has to do is to totter about the room and drink brandy. No actor ought to be asked to do such a thing in the theatre: it is the prerogative of the cinema to interest us in bodily movement without words. Very few actors *could* do it: but Mr. McKinnell's interpretaton of this painful, awkward business was supreme. It came off.—IRIS BARRY.

At Athens

By H. D.

WHEN blight lay and the Persian like a scar,
and death was heavy on Athens, plague and war,
you gave me this bright garment and this ring;

I who kept still of wisdom's meagre store
a few rare songs and some philosophising,
offered you these for I had nothing more;

that which both Athens and the Persian mocked
you took, as a cold famished bird takes grain,
blown inland through darkness and withering rain.

THE HERD AND THE PANIC

By The Journeyman

As usual, the General Election surprised nobody so much as our practical politicians. One may but hope they manage the country's business better than they do their own. For it appears there were Liberal leaders who estimated a Tory majority which would be dependent on Liberal support; accordingly, as Lord Beaverbrook assures us, they met, presumably at his house for the purpose of arranging another Coalition Government for us. The pursuit of this interesting game necessarily hampered the success of the Liberal candidates at the polls. Undue success for their Party was not desired; the support of its candidates with funds, therefore, was meagre. Who were to form the Cabinet, if this pleasing scheme had succeeded, we do not know precisely, but we may guess. And once again the more noteworthy promoters of live Liberalism found that their artful devices had given it to their poor party in the neck. Is that what they wanted? Then they were eminently successful. This time its head came right off. We should dearly love to have, in the next volume of her reminiscences, Mrs. Asquith's candid comment on all this, in her liveliest vein.

Some readers of the ADELPHI appear to suppose that I have some reason, unrevealed but wicked, in thus commenting on our politicians. I have a reason; but I had hoped that it was sufficiently plain. I don't like them; some of the most important of them are men who say the thing which is not, because the world is full of

noodles. This may be fruitful in the quack medici industry, but for curing the State of its ills we might well take Bottomley out of prison for serious consult tion. The mentality of the politician works on a lev which would not get a man promoted higher than t doorkeeper at Greenwich Observatory. For to an hone man in politics knowledge appears to be more of hindrance than anything else. If he does not adultera his knowledge with an attractive but a quite dishone factor, then he is not likely to obtain the suffrage the enfranchised but ignorant.

For some reason, contact with the actual affairs the State appears to dissolve the intellectual integri of administrators. Consider, for example, the report the Cabinet Committee which examined, immediate after the election, the Zinovieff letter. The electors, large numbers, went to the polling-booths to save Go the Army, the King, and hearth and home, by votin Tory, because of that letter. What the then Premie Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, really knew and thoug about it we have no means of discovering. He sa much during the election, but nothing could be deduc from what he said—nothing that could be given evidence in a newspaper office or a court of law. Aft the election he and his colleagues had an opportuni to satisfy the very real curiosity of some of us. I unde stand that one man whose name appears on that lett flatly declares that he knows nothing about it; whic to me is not evidence either, so far as his mere deni goes, but is certainly interesting, and his apparent sha in it ought to be tested by the Public Prosecutor.

Have you examined the report of that Cabinet Com mittee? It says nothing whatever; excepting, decrepit English, that the letter "has not been pro duced to, or seen by, a Government Department."

Perhaps the committee meant by "produced" th it had not been shown to a Government Department

so why add the words "seen by"? Now, what on earth was it the Cabinet Committee was trying to avoid making clear to us? They were dodging something; but what was it? For the Foreign Office *acted* to the extent of endangering our peaceful relationship with a foreign State. What, on a document which neither Mr. MacDonald nor Mr. Ponsonby had seen? Were they such simpletons as that? We don't believe it. Is the simple truth of the matter merely the fact that the head of our Secret Service has declined to give away the source of his information, even to the Prime Minister, and on the ground that if he did so he would upset the people on whom he depends in Paris or Poland or elsewhere? That, in fact, is how one must now read the affair.

Anyhow, that was my interpretation of it till a day or two ago, when Mr. Brailsford, the editor of the *New Leader,* said in his paper that "the head of the Secret Service had himself rejected it (the letter) before it reached the Foreign Office." Mr. Brailsford, we may be assured, has no hidden motive in protecting the Secret Service. I have no doubt that he imagined, after the Cabinet Committee had issued its report, that it was an imbecility of Scotland Yard which had stampeded the mob to the polling booths in a panic to save God from the Red Dragon. But no, it appears that General Childe is not to blame. And one cannot blame the Foreign Office, so far as the published evidence goes. And Mr. MacManus, a British citizen whose name is on the letter, has not been prosecuted for sedition; perhaps that is because the letter has "not been produced to, or seen by, a Government Department." It would be absurd to suppose that Mr. MacDonald himself, moved by a document he had not seen, would proceed to endanger our relationship with a foreign Power whose goodwill he had been endeavouring to win. A strong reply in such circumstances

would be inexcusable in a junior clerk at Selfridge's. Yet this precious " letter," which confuses us as much as an interpretation of a child's dream by a psycho-analyst, has deflected the course of British politics for four years, and roused a general fear only comparable with the hallucination of the old lady who looks under the bed for burglars every night.

In my own Parliamentary division the poor women in the mean streets were visited by " ladies," who talked about " Bolshevists " and " Communists," and left pamphlets which told these ignorant working women—many of whom were using the vote for the first time—that the purpose of Labour was to take their children from them, nationalize females, and to insult God. Every dark fear was invoked again. Russia was used as once Germany was used. The people were stampeded by a bogie to which the Red Letter added a terrifying light.

But these " ladies " invoking fears, and the famous " letter," really have brought us, I believe, within the possibility of grave troubles. For the election figures show that here, as in Russia, and as in Italy, we are to have a Parliament which is a directorate by a minority. That is to say, our august Parliamentary institution, designed to keep England from revolution when " lesser breeds without the law " are so subject to it, is now manifestly a false register of the popular will. Most people know it, too. They trust neither politicians nor Parliament. It is when anxious men and women, in a world grown more difficult, discover that their decent emotions have been tricked into giving sanction to what they find is not only fraudulent but cynical, that they turn in despair to the only course which is left to them. But luckily Mr. Baldwin appears to know this. He has put Mr. Churchill, for example, where the limelight may be even good for him.

MULTUM IN PARVO

One of our contributors has employed himself during a month in making a small collection of newspaper clippings. These need no comment, and are so instructive that they deserve the whole of this section to themselves.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Proposing "The Guests," Lord Leverhulme said:

"I sometimes hear it said that modern business cannot be conducted on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule. I can only say this: that any other principle would not give permanently successful business. With all the best firms across the Atlantic and in all the great firms of this country you will find that the greater the prominence of the firm, the closer they adhere to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount and the practice of the Golden Rule."

(*Daily News.*)

THRILLED BY AUSTEN.

I asked one of the women delegates to the advertising convention what had impressed her most in London. She put down the fork with which she was eating strawberry Melba—it was at Lord Waring's luncheon—and earnestly said that she had her greatest thrill on seeing Mr. Austen Chamberlain on the terrace of the House of Commons.

I can quite understand it. Mr. Chamberlain is one of the few parliamentarians left who have the grand air. He is always elegantly dressed, and wears a monocle easily; which is a great test.

(*Daily Express.*)

PRINCESS MARY'S PET DOG.

There is an anxiety in royal circles which can be understood. Illness is the cause; and the patient has

suffered a great deal, despite expert medical advice and the most loving care and blandishments.

Nor would any heart outside Buckingham Palace walls fail at the knowledge to beat in response. It is all due to the fact that Princess Mary's pet dog is sadly ill.

The little fellow is the victim of an unaccountable malady; the symptoms were both distressing and alarming; and the most famous canine medico left town yesterday to do his best to rescue the favourite from early demise. The very latest news is, I hear, satisfactory.

(*Evening News.*)

BABY PEGGY'S NEW FILM.

A story of the divorce court, of separated parents and of their reunion through the influence of their child who is the means of thwarting the "other woman," is told in the new Baby Peggy film, "The Law Forbids," which is being shown at the Rialto, Coventry Street W.

The serene Peggy has with her a pet rooster, Alexander, fond of fighting, but quite tame in her hands.

The child begins by captivating the divorce court judge, and ends by intruding (with Alexander) on the stage at the first performance of her father's new play based on his marriage experiences, and changes both the play and his life from failure into success.

(*Star.*)

CHILD'S BODY IN COURT.

In the case of a murder trial at Atlantic City, New Jersey, to-day, where a woman and a former New York policeman were charged with slaying the woman's seven months' old daughter, the question of the identity of the body was raised, whereupon the judge agreed to the production of the corpse. There was a sensation in court as the undertaker produced the embalmed body of

the child—a calmly sleeping baby, to all appearai
with a slight smile on its small lips. In the sunlight
cheeks were flushed with colour. The alleged par
refused to look upon the dead girl, which was labe
in the proceedings as an exhibit. A grandmother, h
ever, weeping, gave evidence regarding identity, ba
partly on the clothing on the body.

(*Daily Telegraph.*

POWDER LORE.

One powder is not enough for the modern wor
now. A well-known beauty specialist tells me she m
have one colour for daylight, and another for the nig
and a liquid powder for hot weather which is warran
to keep the nose from shining under all circumstance

(*Daily Mirror.*

M.P.s LASSOED.

A number of cowboys and cowgirls visited the Hou
of Parliament and were entertained at tea on
Terrace.

As the visitors were leaving, and were just outs
Westminster Hall, in Palace-yard, someone sugges
that they should have a little performance with the ro

One of the cowboys thereupon obliged.

Lady Weigall then laughingly remarked that s
would not be happy until she was lassoed, whereup
the cowboy, standing about six yards away, promp
threw his rope over Lady Weigall's shoulder.

Sir Harry Brittain then went alongside, and the co
boy lassoed them both.

(*Evening Standard.*)

THE SECRET OF NECKWEAR.

Colour in neckwear, as also in shirts, is of the utmo
importance. It is a good plan never to adopt blindly t
colour of the moment but to be guided by what suits o
personally. Just now beetroot is very fashionable, a

looks exceptionally well with grey flannel, navy, brown, and almost any colour suit, but it is a shade that should be avoided by the man with a ruddy or very blond complexion.

Eyes are the best guide in the selection of neckwear. Roughly speaking, I would recommend all men with blue eyes to wear blues, greys, and blacks, and the man with brown eyes to choose reds, tans, and the new shades of walnut.

The wearing of a tie-pin in foulard club, school, or regimental neckties is one of the greatest sartorial errors a man can make.

(*Daily Mail.*)

THE PERFECT MAN.

A girls' organization known as the Triangle Club, met in session at Fresno, California, and came to the conclusion, says a Central News message, that the perfect male must have certain qualifications. He must be :

An all-round sport, able to dance, drive a car, and take an active part in athletics.

Be neat, although his hair need not always be "slicked back."

Not conceited, especially about his looks and accomplishments.

A gentleman at all times, and courteous to girls and women.

A real pal, never "fresh."

(*Evening Standard.*)

THE SPIRIT OF DANCING.

After seeing Cortez and Peggy dance at the "Midnight Follies," some of the gay fox-trotters of the older school may well have felt a tinge of dissatisfaction at their own dancing, or, if they were ungallant enough, at that of their partners.

Possibly both, of course.

Peggy, wearing a white silk wig and a glittering dress,

is the embodiment of lithe grace. As she waltzes with Cortez—the gloss of his black hair is almost mirror-like! —you feel that here is the spirit of dancing.

As a contrast, they have a hurricane dance which ends with a breathless thrill when Cortez seizes Peggy by ankle and arm and whirls her, head downwards, round and round.

Peggy was asked how this dance was rehearsed, and she replied quite simply, "Well, he dropped me—sometimes!"

(*Evening News.*)

LORD BIRKENHEAD'S EARLY TURN.

Lord Birkenhead's black morning coat may have been a necessary concession to the House of Lords, where he was shortly to go, but his light check trousers were undoubtedly more in harmony with the sunshine in Bond Street, when he looked in at the Æolian Hall to open the international congress of the Anti-Prohibition League.

(*Daily Mirror.*)

CHARLES LAMB.

The Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb, is an ideal holiday book: of course, to readers unaccustomed to essays—except those with which they struggled, and hated, when at school—the name is rather forbidding. But imagine some of the very best articles that have appeared in this page, at least five times longer, and there you have more or less a faint idea of what to expect in Lamb's Essays.

(*Daily Mail.*)

THE STANDING BRITANNIA.

The chorus of praise for those who organized the pageant at the Heart of Empire ball is thoroughly deserved. Though I have seen many such functions

at the Albert Hall, I have never seen one better tim
or grouped or with more real dignity.

Lady Diana Cooper, the Britannia, whose out-throw
arms led us in song, was a lovely finale to the parad
She was borne in, standing on a small stage carri
by six men. I heard that everyone tried to persuade h
to adopt the familiar enthroned position, thinking th
she could not keep up the pose so long on her rath
unsteady ground. But Lady Diana's confidence in he
self was not misplaced, and her marvellous balance wa
commented on by everyone.

(*Daily Chronicle*)

HEAD OVER HEELS FEAT.

A message from Quentin states that a man has carrie
out the original feat of rolling on his head, hands an
knees from Amsterdam to Marseilles, where he arrive
yesterday.

His average rate of progress was 6 kilometres a day

(*Evening Standard.*)

STOP PRESS.

Miss Barbara La Marr has had a telephone installe
in her bathroom.

But television is coming !

(*Sunday Express.*)

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Unhappy : Poor little girl, I do feel so very sorry fo
you, but it isn't any good crying so much, for that onl
makes you look and feel ill. Try not to worry abo
your troubles quite so much, and when you go to be
take a book with you and read. That will make yo
forget most of the tiresome, irritating happenings of th
day, and then you can go to sleep without crying you
self to sleep, as you say you do nearly every night. I
office work is so very distasteful to you, why don't yo
look out for some resident post. I think you would b

far happier in a shop or even serving in a restaurant, for there you would see more people, and though it is tiring work, it would be much better for you than spending all your days in a little stuffy office all alone. Do think about making a change. Now about those tear stains—the very best thing is to bathe your face and eyes with cold tea. If you have time make a compress with a handkerchief or piece of linen soaked in tea, and let it stay on your closed eyes for five or ten minutes. But do try and get out of the habit of crying so much. Try and have more courage, and remember you are quite young, so plenty of nice things are sure to be coming your way.

(*Star.*)

"AIR RAID ON LONDON."

During the first presentation of the "aerial attack on London," before an audience of six hundred children at the Admiralty Theatre in Wembley Exhibition, a miniature bomb exploded, and caused excitement among the youthful spectators.

The first part of the performance consists of a film demonstrating the necessity for being prepared for aerial attack, and the second is a representation on the stage of an aerial bombardment of London.

The children particularly enjoyed the remarkable representation of the bombing of the Houses of Parliament and of Westminster Cathedral.

(*Star.*)

THE ABSTEMIOUSNESS OF THE PRINCE.

The Prince is abstemious in the matter of food. This comes chiefly from his desire to be always fit. I had the privilege a few nights ago of being present at a small dinner party at which his Royal Highness was the chief guest. It was noticeable that he drank hardly any wine, and that he avoided soup and sweets. All that he ate was a small portion of sole and of chicken.

(*Evening News.*)

BOOKS TO READ

Space, Time, and Motion. By Prof. A. V. Vasiliev. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. net.

The author traces the genesis of the theory of Relativity from Pythagoras to Einstein.

The Earth: its Origin, History, and Physical Constitution. By Harold Jeffreys. (Cambridge University Press.) 16s. net.

An outline of present knowledge of the physics of the earth. For general readers, perhaps even for geologists, the mathematics in this work will be a stumbling-block. The non-scientific mind, leaping—very nimbly—over the mathematics, will find much fascinating material about the age of the earth and the origin of the moon.

The Psychological Theory of Value. By George Binner Dibblee. (Constable.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Dibblee writes for the specialist. He insists, against the claims of the Marxists and economists of other schools, that the psychological element cannot be left out of the study of political economy. He defines political economy as "the science relating to the psychological forces and the physical conditions which control the production, partition, exchange, and consumption of wealth." The essence of Mr. Dibblee's own contribution to economic theory is that "the impulses that constitute value are double. As far as the individual alone is concerned their effect is in one direction. But with regard to his relations with his fellows, the circumstances are more complicated and the result is by no means simple. It is desire which is common to many, and leads the many in the same direction. It is concrete effort which becomes competitive in the face of scarcity. Desire makes values; competitive effort makes high values. What determines the particular exchange value of any single object is the interaction of the whole group of values which we call demand."

Crossings. By Walter de la Mare. (Collins.) 7s. 6d. net.

A fairy play in five acts, with music by Mr. C. Armstrong Gibbs. The play was performed by the boys of the Wick School at Hove in June, 1919, Mr. Edward Dent being the producer, Mr. Adrian Boult conducting the orchestra.

Tidemarks: Some Records of a Journey to the Beaches of the Moluccas and the Forest of Malaya in 1923. By H. M. Tomlinson. (Cassell.) 12s. 6d. net.

The Conflict of Dreams. By Robert Graves. (Cecil Palmer.) 6s. net.

Mr. Graves's sanity—a poetical quality?—is refreshing after the neo-Freudians. His dream interpretations have little in common with, and in one important aspect are a fundamental break from, the libido interpretation. His argument is that dreams spring from mental conflicts, the dream mind releasing the desires which do not find their natural expression in the waking life, or the "real world." Too much could be made of this theory, too, as is being done with Freud's and Jung's, but Mr. Graves makes out an interesting case.

A Nineteenth-Century Childhood. By Mary MacCarthy. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

"Deliciously quiet" is the descriptive phrase used by Mrs. MacCarthy about the reign of Victoria. That depended upon the circumstances of the Victorian, but it is a happy epithet for the surroundings in which Mrs. MacCarthy was brought up. Her father was Warden of Eton College, and she was born into "a sheltered, comfortable, upper middle class, religious and literary circle." It is a story of sheltered people, for the most part, and we feel no envy of their untroubled, undoubting, and placid way of life; but Mrs. MacCarthy's writing has a quality which endows the story with much charm.

To the Unknown God: Essays Towards a Religion. By John Middleton Murry. (Cape.) 6s. net.

The London of Charles Dickens. By E. Beresford Chancellor. (Grant Richards.) 15s. net.

Dickens lovers are insatiable, so there is a public for Mr. Chancellor's latest essay in fictional topography. The London Dickens wrote about is imperishable in his books, ever distinct and familiar. But there are people who like classifications and footnotes, and Mr. Beresford, who knows more about London than most people, does these things very well.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. By Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

A reprint after thirty-six years. The material of which to make a life of Congreve was scattered and not very ample when Mr. Gosse started upon his research. The critical passages are unexceptionable, but the chief interest is again Mr. Gosse's gift of portraiture. Congreve was "a handsome, plump man, whom Sir Godfrey Kneller painted for the Kit-Cat Club in an olive-green velvet coat and in that voluminous fair periwig which delighted Thackeray so much. He looks at us with his fine dark eyes, and he points with bediamond forefinger towards the beauties of a sylvan scene; but the picture scarcely gives us an indication of what this elegant personage may have been at his ease and among his intimates. Yet it is certain that it was at the chimney-corner that he showed off to most advantage, commonly in the evening, and after a repast washed down by profuse and genial wines. . . . No unkind word is recorded to Congreve in all the bitter gossip of two generations."

THE ORGANISED THEATRE. By St. John Ervine. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Ervine's habit of striking the reader in the teeth to conclude an argument, after ragging and dragging him into conviction, is apparently irremediable. Really, he is an urbane gentleman with enthusiasm for the good things of the theatre; but a sense of conviction, he seems to believe, can only be conveyed by pounding us. He has many sensible things to say about the repertory theatre, and many interesting reforms to propound, but he bruises rather than persuades.

1,700 MILES IN OPEN BOATS. The Story of the Loss of the S.S. *Trevessa* in the Indian Ocean and the Voyage of her Boats to Safety. By Cecil Foster, Master Mariner. (Hopkinson.) 10s. 6d. net.

How certain well-trained literary men would have made a hash of this wonderful story! Adventure of this order gives such scope for decoration. They may even think that Mr. Foster has not risen to the height of his great opportunity. But the discerning, and all those who care for vital things for their own sakes, will detect that there is both knowledge of the significant and sensitiveness to words in Captain Foster's simplicity. This story of the loss of the *Trevessa* and the perilous journey of the crew in open boats across nearly 2,000 miles of sea is one of the most moving we have read for a very long time. The vessel foundered on June 4th, and the crew of forty-four—twenty in the captain's boat and twenty-four in the chief officer's—sailed for over twenty days (they parted company after three days) before reaching land. Eleven of the forty-four lost their lives from privations—shortage of food and drink.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT (1759-1797). By Madeline Linford. MICHAEL FARADAY (1791-1867). By Wilfrid L. Randell. (The Roadmaker Series. Leonard Parsons.) 4s. 6d. net each.

Mary Wollstonecraft's activities on behalf of the rights of women still have historical importance, but it is almost impossible to excite our interest in aspects of a question so long settled and taken for granted. Interest in her personality remains, and Miss Linford skilfully stimulates it in this well-made biography.

Mr. Randell had a severe task in presenting Faraday the man. The salient facts in the life of Faraday were chiefly scientific facts. He has, however, created a picture of a strange personality without overlooking that the most interesting things about Faraday were the great discoveries he made in science.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CZECH LITERATURE. By Professor F. Chudoba. (Kegan Paul.) 5s. net.

Professor Chudoba, who on the Continent is recognized as an authority on English literature, and has translated Shelley's essays into Czech, has here written for English readers a survey of Czech literature. His enthusiasm for the things that count in literature make his book attractive reading even for those who have no knowledge of Czech writers.

A STUDY OF THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN DONNE. By Evelyn Simpson. (Oxford University Press.) 15s. net.

A [illegible] and well written essay containing some new material, including a sermon and a collection of letters.

SOME CHEAP REPRINTS

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, by Lawrence Sterne. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, by Oliver Goldsmith. THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas A. Kempis. (Philip Allan.) 2s. 6d. net each.

THE KREUTZER SONATA, AND OTHER STORIES. Edited by Aylmer Maude. (World's Classics. Milford.) 2s. net.

SELECTIONS FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY. Edited by Ralph E. C. Houghton. (Methuen.) 3s. 6d. net.

Twelve "Everyman" books: Swift's JOURNAL TO STELLA; THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES JAMES FOX; THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX; LIVY'S HISTORY OF ROME (Vols. V. and VI.); LOCKE'S TWO TREATISES OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT; THE PASTON LETTERS (2 Vols.); POPE'S COLLECTED POEMS; Trollope's THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANDPERE; SHORT STORIES FROM RUSSIAN AUTHORS; Morley Roberts's THE WESTERN AVERNUS (Dent). 2s. net each.

THE WORKS OF J. M. BARRIE: SENTIMENTAL TOMMIE. (Cassell.) 5s. net.

SWINBURNE'S COLLECTED POETICAL WORKS. (Heinemann.) 15s. for the two vols.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

PASSION AND PAIN. By Stefan Zweig. Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE THREE MULLA-MULGARS. By Walter de la Mare (Selwyn & Blount.) 6s. net.

SCHOOLING. By Paul Selver. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

IN THE LAND OF YOUTH. By James Stephens. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

REDCLIFFE. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHER'S NECK. By James Branch Cabell. (Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

BALISAND. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

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